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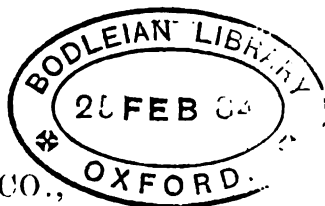
MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF INTERESTING

AND

AMUSING LITERATURE.

"Would'st thou hear the melodies of Time?—Listen!"—THOMAS HOOD.

VOLUME VIII.



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Oh, pray for me, all the night of her rage to the ground at her feet.

❖ TIME. ❖

—❖*❖—
JANUARY, 1883.
—❖*❖—

A REAL QUEEN.

CHAPTER I.

I call
This gift before all other good—
To have the rose of womanhood
Mine own, from bud to fall.

“ROSAMOND!—why you must have taken leave of your seven senses, my dear boy. Rosamond! Do you know her age?”

“Yes. She is old enough for me to know that the older she grows the better I shall love her. But I don’t think you quite understand.”

“Well, that’s soon seen. I’ll state the case, as if for the judges. My niece, Rosamond, was just fifteen yesterday. You are—let me see, how old are you?”

“Three-and-twenty last July.”

“Quite so. And you, Oswald Hargrave, who were only her age eight years ago, actually offer marriage to a child who in eight years will be only as old as you are now! Come—put such nonsense out of your head; and, if you can’t, come indoors, and I’ll show you a flint hatchet—found only yesterday in Patchett’s Piece, Oswald!—which will. A real Celt, my boy.”

“No, Mr. Fane,” said Oswald Hargrave, colouring a little at the slight put upon the number of his years, but with certainly no other sign of indecision; “I’m afraid—or rather I’m not afraid—that the flint is still unfound that can work that miracle. You haven’t stated the case quite fully, after all. It’s true Rosamond’s but fifteen, and I but twenty-three. Well, I suppose most people are, at some time in their lives, either one or the other. Some day she will be twenty-three, and I shall be thirty-one. Of course, I’m not asking to marry Rosamond to-day.”

“To-day! God bless the boy!”

VOL. VIII.

"But, as I surely mean to marry her some day, the sooner that's clearly understood by everybody the better it will be. I'll wait two years—three—four; but if I have to wait a hundred it will be the same."

"Bless the boy! Why in a hundred years she'll be *too old*!"

"Rosamond, Mr. Fane, will never be either too young or too old. I made up my mind to marry her when she was seven and I was fifteen, and I've never changed my mind, not for an hour. But now she's fifteen, I must be prudent, you see."

"Prudent? No, Oswald, the prudence I do *not* see."

"Never mind. I'll make it as plain as a pike-staff before I've done. At fifteen—well, she won't be much longer a child. I know she lives out of the world down here, and it may be long before she finds a face to her liking. But then, on the other hand, it mayn't be long. All sorts of things may happen, and all sorts of faces may come in her way. And I may be out of it; her world's small, but mine's wide. I want to work my way through it with the knowledge, as fixed as fate, that I shall find Rosamond at the end—as the end. And so, if she understands, and you understand, that she is mine even as I am hers, I shall go off with a good heart, and come back as soon as her finger's large enough for a ring."

"Bless the—you could talk the skin off that flint hatchet! Oswald, if I didn't know you better—I *do* know you, my boy, but the world doesn't, yet; and what'll the world say to a man with nothing but his fists for his fortune, coolly proposing that a child, with something more than her face for hers, should be kept for him under lock and key?"

"I hate that sort of talk, and I despise it; and so do you. If Rosamond had a million a-year, and I were without a sixpence, what difference would it make to me? I'm not a man in a story, to think himself bound in honour not to care for a girl unless she's got nothing. Yes; if Rosamond had twenty million a-day I'd care for her just the same. And as for the world, it won't even be troubled to tell a single lie. If in two years I'm not richer than Rosamond, then I don't love her, that's all."

"Ah, it's a fine thing to be three-and-twenty; a very fine thing indeed. I sometimes think I'd almost give my Macedonian Stater to be three-and-twenty last July. But three-and-twenty has other tricks besides faith in itself, Oswald. If I were to shut up Rosamond in my cabinet, and label and catalogue her as the property of Oswald Hargrave, how would that shut Oswald Hargrave's eyes from seeing a prettier face before he was twenty-five?"

"Of course I shall see prettier faces than Rosamond's. I've seen scores. But what does that signify? I mean to marry Rosamond not because she's pretty, or ugly, or rich, or poor, or good, or anything."

"Then, bless the boy! what *do* you want to marry her for?"

"For the best of all reasons. Because she is—She."

"And for a still better, because you're an ass, my dear lad. Come in and see that flint hatchet; there's a thing that remembers the Ancient Britons and isn't changed! Think of that, an axe that links Queen Boadicea——"

"With Queen Rosamond," said Oswald, without a smile. "Yes; I'll see that hatchet. I like the thought of a thing that has cut its way through two thousand years, and found Rosamond at the end. I will take it for my crest, sir: a flint axe, proper, with the motto *Semper Idem*—'Always the Same.' I accept the ass, sir. It's a stubborn brute, and knows its own mind."

"Quite so; it's naturally easy to know—nothing. Take care your heraldry doesn't turn out false, my dear lad, before you've done. But come, we've talked nonsense enough for one day. Rosamond! Bless the boy!"

This talk, whether it were truly nonsense, or whether there were on one side of it more sense than the somewhat rusty philosophy of that worthy magistrate, Eneas Fane, was carried on in the kitchen garden of a hybrid kind of house overlooking the sea. If the character of a house be any index to that of its occupants, then the character of the occupants of Cliff Cottage must have been nondescript indeed. But more probably the result was due to the conflicting views of many generations of tenants or owners. The house had really been a cottage once—perhaps a fisherman's. Then the fisherman had drawn to himself a neighbour, as was natural enough, seeing the convenience of the lofty outlook for catching first sight of a school of mackerel, and the single cottage had grown into two. But these had been prevented from forming the nucleus of a colony by their transformation into one farm-house, and as such it had for long continued, with the addition of necessary out-houses and offices. The farmer (as in former times happened to farmers now and then) prospered, and the occasional ruins wrought by winter storms were repaired with brick-work that very ill corresponded with the original lath and plaster buttressed here and there with stone. In another generation or two crept in a green-house, a modern stable, and a yet more modern structural addition, fancifully termed Elizabethan—had it been yet more modern it would have been yet more fancifully named after Queen Anne. Doubtless that also would come. Meanwhile Cliff Cottage was large, rambling, and incongruous, with rooms as little on a level as those of an Eastern palace, and with neither ground-plan or elevation that an architect could understand. Of course it is the fashion to admire such abnormal growths, but it was the hereditary custom of the Fanes, a desperately Philistine race, to deplore the inconveniences of the cottage, even while increasing them for the disadvantage of posterity. And this was the more inconsistent, because it would have been so perfectly easy to make a clean sweep of the whole house, and to build another. But then, on the other hand, the Fanes had not made their money by

investing it in bricks and mortar. They had been content to enlarge their elbow room from time to time, according to immediate and indispensable needs. Thus it happened that the stable, which formed an actual wing of the house, was the best devised and best built portion of the whole.

All the parish of Crossmarsh had once known, but had also completely forgotten, that Æneas Fane—though that descendant of the original fisherman had become squire and justice—was not the actual owner of the cottage and the large farmlands of which it served for the mansion. He was, in law, merely the trustee and guardian of his two nieces, Rosamond and Sophia, the motherless daughters and co-heiresses of his deceased elder brother, Anthony. Under the circumstances, it was only natural that he, being a middle-aged bachelor, should live with his nieces in the capacity of second father, and should in time come to be popularly treated as if he himself were the Squire of Crossmarsh—that delightfully unknown corner of the coast to which not even a landscape painter had pioneered the path of iron till Rosamond was fully five years old. He did not fall into the popular error, however, as some men might have fallen, for the simple reason that he was entirely indifferent to the adding of scrip to scrip and of rood to rood, which had been the otherwise universal tendency of all the Fanes. Indifference, not virtue, made him an absolutely honest steward. His carelessness of his own interests extended even to the future. No doubt Rosamond, or Sophia, or both, might marry some day, and the cottage pass away from the name of Fane; but, even so, he could not conceive of circumstances under which a decent sort of nephew-in-law would grudge space enough among those many rooms for a certain cabinet, and for the easy-going uncle who served the same.

For Oswald Hargrave, the son of the late rector of Crossmarsh, had, even in his babyhood, learned to connect, indissolubly, the idea of the tall, lean, hard-featured, dry old gentleman in spectacles with a wonderful cabinet of bits of stone and battered buttons. Probably Æneas Fane had not really been old when Oswald first emerged from long clothes more than twenty years ago. On the contrary, he could hardly have been middle-aged. But the child's impression had been right, all the same. Æneas, indifferent to the present, careless of the future, was absorbed in the past, heart and soul. He was a born collector: he had really gathered a unique museum of coloured pebbles and pierced far-things until, in maturity, Celts were substituted for pebbles and ancient coins for the disfigured effigies of the later Georges. That was his way of displaying the inherited acquisitiveness of the Fanes. He had been a pupil of Parson Hargrave, and his taste had made him something of a scholar—indeed, in these unscholarly days, what would pass for a ripe and good one. And at last, when his guess proved right that the Pix-Knoll, in Patchett's Piece,

was a veritable and possibly prolific barrow, the mission of his life was found. He passed from the barrow to the cabinet, dealing justice among his neighbours by the way. No—it was absurd to dread the advent of a nephew-in-law who would break such a life in two. How could it be within the bounds of natural reason that Rosamond or Sophia would marry a fiend?

To Oswald, that cabinet had once been a fountain-head of infinite delight and wonder. It had been a treat when his baby fingers were allowed, on days of special favour, to grasp a flint weapon or to touch the brightly-polished face of some king of Macedon. The magician in spectacles, who ruled the cabinet, would even read him lectures, fascinating with their crack-jaw words, hoping, it might be, that he was educating a pair of shoulders on which his mantle might hereafter descend not unworthily. But, alas, neither Rosamond nor Sophia cared for any of these things; especially Rosamond. Did Æneas ever quite forgive Oswald for dropping a *decudrachma* into a chink of the floor because Rosamond tumbled down the three steps leading from the next room, and cried? I think he did, for none but rival and critical collectors were beyond the pale of pardon. Nevertheless, as time went on, Oswald and the cabinet fell more and more apart, and Oswald and Rosamond more and more together, until—until a schoolboy, of the mature age of fifteen, who ought to have been above such girls' nonsense, took to scrawling upon his slate "Rosamond," "Rosamond Fane," "Rosamond Hargrave;" and all for a rather plain little girl of seven, who could not even read. He was, nevertheless, boy enough to prefer a slate for the purpose of the inscriptions, for the excellent reason that he could at any moment easily rub them out again. He never went beyond "R" upon a wall.

What Rosamond thought of this shy but stubborn adoration, or even if she so much as knew of it, was her own affair. The question of how early little girls begin to discover their power has never yet been solved. At the same time, she could scarcely, at her age and in the seclusion in which she had always lived, have learned to think of that far-off dream called marriage with her old playmate, the good-looking young gentleman farmer from the next-door parish of Windgates, who had studied at an agricultural college, and looked so grave and talked so wisely. He was like a grown up brother, or a young uncle, or an intimate cousin; a part of the daily life she had known. Only, if he had been any of these, he would surely have kissed her now and then, and Oswald Hargrave had never committed such an act of sacrilege, except once, when he at twelve had been commanded to kiss the baby, and had gone through the process sorely against his principles and his will. I dare not say that her eyes had never caught a glimpse of the nature of Oswald's resolve; but I will say it as nearly as I dare. For the rest, Oswald Hargrave, though far from able to

keep a wife like a co-heiress of Fanes, and with the bulk of his capital spent upon an as yet unproductive education, was worth looking at with older than fifteen-year-old eyes. Possibly Rosamond's thought him already on the verge of middle-age; and it may be that he really looked a little older than his by no means excessive number of years. He was a brave looking young Englishman, stalwart, and the owner of a becoming friendship with wind and weather, whose fair face served for the clear window-pane of a very honest heart and a sufficient share of brains. For, though Æneas Fane had called his old friend's son an ass, he did not mean anything of the kind—except so far, indeed, as a young man must needs be of that persuasion who prefers a little girl to a flint axe that had been made before Boadicea was Queen.

This was the state of things at Crossmarsh-by-the-Sea on the day after Rosamond became fifteen.

CHAPTER II.

She stood upon the charmed height
Between the vales of Day and Night,
And sighed, "But all in vain
My secret path I strive to seek,
While clouds conceal the mountain-peak,
And mists are o'er the plain."

Yet, who may stand in doubtful wise,
'Twixt clouded earth and cloudier skies?
On moments hangs the way,
By Chance's chasms creeps the path
She dares, unknowing if she hath
Fared forth toward Night or Day.

BUT, as well as a Rosamond, there was a Sophy—a very good little girl, with wits as quick as lightning, and two eyes which only wanted to be a little less blue in order to be as sharp as needles. It was she, not her sister, who happened to be looking out of the precise window which had a full view of the kitchen garden up and down which uncle Æneas and young Mr. Hargrave were pacing. Somehow it always did happen so—that, when anything happened, great or little, Sophy, by the merest accident, chanced to be at the only window which overlooked them. The visitor was welcome, for Oswald had never been shy with Sophy, and she ran off to let her sister share in her piece of good news. But, on her way through that devious house, she chanced to pass another window, and that happened to be the only window with a clear view of the entrance to the carriage drive at the precise moment when Mr. and Mrs. Pitcairn, the Rector and his wife, were entering. Sophy did not care for the Rector one quarter of a straw, nor for the Rector's wife more than three; so it was with mingled feelings that she continued her flight, seeing nothing

more by the way—whereby it was proved to demonstration that there was nothing more to see.

From the second window, she ran along a dark and narrow white-washed passage, full of bulges and beams, then plunged down three steps into a sort of lumber room, with a sky-light, and then struck with her fist a solemn blow upon a closed door. Counting three, aloud, she struck two blows; then counted five, and struck three blows. Then she waited to see what would come of this somewhat complicated manner of tapping at a door.

But Sophy was certainly not of the sort to wait long for anything; so, after a minute, she showered a rain of raps, and called out,

“Rosamond! aren’t you there? But I know you are, for the door’s locked. Let me in—I’ve got such heaps of news!”

Presently she was answered by the grating of a rusty key in an exceedingly stiff lock, and the door was opened, showing the interior of a loft not unlike what a prison cell of ancient times may have been. It was gloomy, being lighted only by a barred and latticed window nearly as high as the ceiling; the walls and floor were bare, and it was furnished only with a chair, a table, and a thick heap of straw piled up in one corner.

“When will you give the signals right, Sophy?” asked Rosamond—not impatiently, but with sad reproof in her tones. “Didn’t we settle that three knocks—three between the first and second, and five between the second and third, was to mean ‘Everything all right, and nobody wants you?’”

“Of course, I know that—but I made, indeed I did, five—no, three, between the first and second, and five—no, *that* was three—between the second and third; and I know that’s the sign for ‘Come out at once—important news!’”

“Oh, Sophy,” said Rosamond, “you must be more careful—you must indeed. Just think what would happen, if the enemy—if signals were to be mixed up in a war! We might as well have none at all. Before we go to bed I’ll make you go over all the secret signs all over again. But what *is* the news? And I’m so busy—*must* I come down?”

Sophy was already pretty; but Rosamond, the elder sister by a year, was not beautiful yet, although there was no reason why she should not, some two or three years hence, wake up one morning and find herself—or go out some evening and be found—beautiful. Meanwhile, it was perfectly clear that she was magnificently alive. When out of doors, as every fisherman in Crossmarsh knew, her dark grey eyes were as good as telescopes for the horizon, and as microscopes for every tiniest caprice of nature among the rock pools. She ought to have been an invaluable niece to a collector of the caprices of nature and art like Uncle Æneas; but, alas, she was nothing of the kind. She was content to see things, and disliked gathering them. Though not a down-right brunette, she was by

no means so fair as became her historical name, and her complexion, not as yet clear enough for beauty, had no suggestion of the lilies of her namesake, nor her hair of the gold—of the rose, about which the sea breezes had much to say, there was something; her hair was brown and heavy, not to say at present shaggy, with an undertint of chestnut: a good colour, and not too common. The lips had much of the child left in them, and had yet to form; they promised to become the outward signs of a large and generous nature. She was well grown for her age, as the phrase is, and might remain at her present height for good and all without disadvantage. For she had already obtained a graceful and stately bearing at once erect and free; Diana herself, at whatever age among goddesses answers to mortal fifteen, must have been curiously like Rosamond. Brotherless as they were, there had grown up between Sophy and Rosamond something of the relation of girl and boy, for, where but two are in company, the one must serve and the other must rule. In this case the ruler was unquestionably Rosamond. Sophy was all blue-eyed littleness and liveliness, with a suggestion of the kitten, both in its softness and in its peculiar style of mischief; but if Rosamond was in any sense femininely feline, it was in the lioness's way. And it is good for a girl to have a touch of the boy in her, just as it is good for a boy to have a touch of the nature of the girl.

"Yes, you must come down indeed!" answered Sophy. "Oswald's here!"

"Oh!" said Rosamond; "that all? Sophy, you are incorrigible! Just on the very point of raising the murderer's ghost, and to be interrupted for nothing, and the ghost rising so nicely, too. No, Sophy. If it's only Oswald, I don't think I'll come down. He can't want *me*—it's only that new flint thing that's brought him, you may depend. We'll have a new signal for Oswald. If he asks after me, tell him I'm particularly engaged."

"With the ghost of a murderer?" asked Sophy, simply; but perhaps not quite so simply as it seemed. For she represented the humour of the household in her blue-eyed way.

"For goodness sake—no!" exclaimed Rosamond, colouring to the hair. "You might just as well let him into all our secret signs. We understand, Sophy, but, when you come to know the world, you'll find that people like Oswald only laugh at such things: and it isn't nice to be laughed at. He'd call me a witch—and—and all sorts of things."

"Yes, I think very likely he would," said Sophy. "And the ghost—is it very dreadful? Is it really rising well?"

"You'll see! I only knew it haunted me all last night—at least till I fell asleep—till I really thought I should never close my eyes. You see, I had committed such a terrible murder——"

"The ghost, you mean?"

"Of course—before it *was* a ghost, you know—that what came

afterwards—But I can't tell you now. No. I can't leave the ghost now. He's just coming out of his grave, and he might go in again if I went away, and then I should have to begin to raise him all over again."

It is lamentable that Sophy was not of an imaginative nature, for thus was thrown away a picture that more than one of those few painters who had as yet discovered Crossmarsh and Windgates and all that country would have thought worth risking an academic rejection for. There was the witch's magic chamber—dark, silent, secret, cell-like, as such chambers ought to be. Only enough sunlight came through the lattice to bring out the gloom of the background, and, by leaving the corners untouched, to leave an unexplored further region of darkness, in which the fancy might work spells at will. A veritable ghostly outline was afforded by the heap of straw—at any rate, any ordinary brush could easily conjure up the suggestion out of a material whereof ghosts have been so often made. And there, at the entrance, framed by the black oaken doorway, stood the witch herself, with the pale day of the skylight bearing full upon her face—a wild young witch, disturbed in the midst of her ghastly incantations by a smiling blue-eyed child.

"Oh! but won't the ghost wait?" asked Sophy. "And you've been with him all day!"

"No; he *can't* wait," said Rosamond, "and I can't wait——"

"Then he's a selfish creature," said Sophy. "Can't you tell him that if there's one thing I hate in all the world, it's having to talk to those Pitcairns? And you do it so nicely, and I've so much to show Oswald. Oh, Rosamond, I don't like your ghost to-day!"

"The Pitcairns? Are they here too?"

"Yes; but I'm sorry I said it now. Of course, if you wouldn't come down to Oswald, you won't for the Pitcairns. Well, what shall I say about why you can't come?"

Rosamond looked lingeringly behind her, then up at the skylight, and pushed back her tumbled mane.

"Of course it's dreadfully provoking: but—I do really want to see—the Pitcairns," said she. And she meant the Pitcairns, and did not mean Oswald Hargrave, for all that she made that pause before the name—so false a witness a tell-tale pause may be. Whatever the nature of her secret incantations, the heart of the witch was too honestly absorbed in them to desire the company of an earthly farmer who knew no magic but that of phosphates and steam boilers. But there were reasons why Mr. Pitcairn, though reputed a bore, represented to the mind of Rosamond the great, wide, unknown, wonderful world that lay beyond Crossmarsh—nay, even beyond Wingate: beyond everywhere. "I have a question," she said, "that I want to ask Mr. Pitcairn. I want to ask him if, when he was a missionary, he ever saw the upas tree."

"Oh! that will be delightful!" cried Sophy. "I can take Oswald into the garden, and uncle can show Mrs. Pitcairn his cabinets, and you can talk to Mr. Pitcairn about the upas tree. They're all safe to stop to tea, and that will suit us all. Rosamond, you *will* get the ghost to wait till after tea?"

Rosamond looked down—some distance down—at her sister, and then, for the first time, smiled. She had, at any rate, laid one ghost—that of temper. Sophy, after all, was dearer to her even than her murderer's spirit, and the more masculine nature, as a matter of course, gave way. I have said that Rosamond was the one who ruled. And even so do men rule nature—by obeying her. If there be one grain of paradox in the relation between Sophy and Rosamond, between man and woman, between mind and matter, Science shall decide.

The scene in the witch's cave had not occupied many minutes, but still, with its necessary sequence of a slight toilette, long enough to have assembled the visitors in the drawing-room. Except as regarded the stables, there was a decidedly old-fashioned air about everybody and everything about Cliff Cottage which unmistakably embraced its two young mistresses. Both Rosamond and Sophy were certainly what is called old-fashioned young people, each in her separate and different way. Indeed, it would be surprising had it not been so, seeing how completely out of the common air of the living modern world their bringing up had been—all in all to one another, and otherwise companionless, save for an antiquarian uncle and a grave, grown-up young man. Even in their talks with one another, simple and unaffected as they were, they had developed certain mannerisms, which might strike outsiders as being quaintly set and formal. Sophy, in spite of her own individuality, very considerably reflected Rosamond when in company, and the contrast between her own self and Rosamond's reflection made her often appear the more singular child of the two. The grown-up sayings and the long, sometimes even pedantic words were odder in her than in the elder and statelier Rosamond, who might at times pass almost as a real woman for an hour together. Oswald wondered sometimes whether Rosamond had ever been a real child—sometimes whether she would ever cease to be one. And nobody else ever studied her at all.

This, however, is to stray from the drawing-room, where uncle Æneas and his visitors were gathered. The host himself was very decidedly and appropriately old fashioned, in accordance with his surroundings, for it was full two generations since the Fanes of Crossmarsh had bought any new furniture worth mentioning. The room was therefore as little like the results of modern fashion, and as much like what modern fashion fancies itself to be restoring, as can possibly be imagined. Art was utterly absent, and chance reigned supreme—that chance who alone is possessed of really good taste in such matters. Moreover, the place had its traditions,

which Rosamond and Sophy accepted as matters of hereditary faith, without any insight into the æsthetics of them. The window was open, but the air of the room was mysteriously fragrant with the forgotten mysteries of *pot-pourri* instead of the stinging scent of the sea shore. The frame was ready, but empty; and, when Rosamond entered, with Sophy's hand in hers, the picture, so Oswald thought, breathed into being, and the frame became full.

Oswald was lounging in the window; Uncle Æneas was displaying the ancient British hatchet to a plain little old lady, in a real bonnet and flat grey curls; and the Rector, a burly clergyman, evidently considerably younger than his wife, was apparently delivering a lecture to the world at large. The two girls had not seen enough strangers in their lives to have caught the shyness that only seeing more and more strangers is a partly cure. Sophy at once left her sister for Oswald, and Rosamond, taking a quick kiss from Mrs. Pitcairn, and a beaming handshake from the Rector, without interrupting the discourse, settled herself quietly on an out-of-the-way sofa. Oswald could certainly have gone to her, but he was Sophy's prisoner; and, though bold enough to uncle Æneas, that very boldness had rendered him embarrassed before the girl. However, he would speak to her presently; and, meanwhile, any common, public speech would be out of keeping with his humour. And besides, there seemed, to his eyes, always something new about Rosamond. Whenever he saw her again, after however short an absence, she had spread out some new and unexpected charm--and a new charm meant a change that required fresh study before adding to his heart's familiar picture.

For his love for this child was still childlike; he foresaw the passion that it would become some day, and, meanwhile, lived in an air of conscious hope, which is the purest air that a man can breathe. He, rightly or wrongly, revered in Rosamond the woman who was yet to be, so soon as the unapproachable angel of the bud should give place to the visible and gracious angel of the open flower. These were not his conscious words, but they were his thoughts; and it did not end in sentiment, but in the fixed resolve he had spoken to uncle Æneas--that he, who alone had perceived the beauty of the bud, should alone gather the flower. That he did not wholly understand what was hidden and growing in the closed petals he perfectly well knew. But he was content to be aware of mysteries, without a thought of forcing the petals apart before their time. And so, where Rosamond was, it was Oswald, for all his age and knowledge, who was shy.

"As you're so curious in axes, Fane," said Mr. Pitcairn, in his rich voice, by which an Ulster man would have been reminded of his allegiance to the pious and immortal memory of the Prince of Orange, "you must come over some day soon--drop in to pot-luck, you know--and see some of mine; I've got axes--aye, and some with the blood on them still!"

Uncle Æneas smiled superior, and stroked his own last new treasure gently—a singularly perfect specimen of the times before flint had wholly yielded to steel.

“I dare say you must have gathered some curious things,” said he. “But they are the work of savages, after all. Now this—how old this is, heaven knows.”

“And what were any of us but savages, before Cromwell?” asked the Rector. “Come, Miss Rosamond, you’ve learned your books well enough for that, I dare say. Now I like natives myself, because I know how to deal with them. Maria can tell you that: I forget, though—the savages were in my first wife’s time. Anyhow, *she* could tell.”

“Do you like Mr. Pitcairn, Oswald?” whispered Sophy, in the window. “Because if you do ——”

“The first Mrs. Pitcairn,” said the second, as if the allusion, and the error, had been the most delicate and natural in the world, “was the lady who shared the earlier portion of Mr. Pitcairn’s life when he was working among the South Seas. I never had the pleasure of her acquaintance, but I have her portrait among the other curiosities at home. She was not exactly what in England, at least, would be considered beautiful, but she must have been interesting, decidedly. She, her picture, has an extraordinary darkness of complexion, and there is a singular crispness about the hair which is quite unique in its way. I consider it one of my misfortunes that I was never acquainted with the first Mrs. Pitcairn.”

Having thus, in the sweetest manner, executed condign vengeance upon the Rector, the second Mrs. Pitcairn, whose money had paid for his presentation to Crossmarsh, embraced the whole company with a contented smile.

“Do you detest Mrs. Pitcairn, Oswald?” whispered Sophy again. “Because if you don’t ——”

“But the question is, Pitcairn,” said uncle Æneas, ever ready to effect a diversion in the direction of peace and harmony, “how you did deal with the savages in the South Seas. I must say it would puzzle me, magistrate as I am, and with savages enough in Crossmarsh, and in Wingates to——”

“How did *I* deal with them?” asked the Rector, upon whom the delicate satire of his richer half had been entirely thrown away—“why, as easy as I looked at them. I took the natives one by one, man to man. I kept a lot of blue glass beads in one tail pocket, and a bit of stick, with eight ounces of lead at the end, in the other. Then I preached at him just as hard as I could, till I’d done. If he gave in before I was hoarse, I gave him a handful of beads; if he didn’t, I took out the bit of stick and made him feel reason. I made more converts that way than any man on the station; and there wasn’t one I made but stuck to his guns and turned out well.”

"Yes, Sophy," whispered Oswald back, "yes, I think I do rather like Mr. Pitcairn."

"But did they never preach back, or strike back?" asked Rosamond. "I don't think you'd have converted *me* that way."

"Certainly not, my dear; I should have begun on you with the blue beads."

"You must not take everything Mr. Pitcairn says seriously," said Mrs. Pitcairn. "Of course he does not mean that he really converted the heathen of the South Seas with those sort of things. But you know his way."

"But I do mean it, Maria," said the ex-missionary; "I do mean it, every word. I used every device but rum. To that I never would give in. I just took hold of a semi-brute, and by main force I made a man of him, or as much of a man as might be. If I'd taken any other tack I should only have made a humbug of him. Perhaps I didn't make quite so many bad Christians as some did, but I know I made a good many decent savages. And that, I maintain, is the only way to begin. Treat your native like a child, tell him to be good, and tell him how; and if he won't obey you, knock him down till he's tired."

"Didn't any native ever try to convert you," asked uncle Æneas, "on the same lines?"

"Often—often; but the same man never tried again. But about that new old chopper of yours, Fane. What barbarians our ancestors must have been—before Cromwell. My savages would be ashamed to turn out a weapon like that. You should see my lances and knives, as I said before. It would make another chapter for your book. By-the-way, how's that getting on? Have you found out who was buried in Pix-Knoll?"

"Ah," said uncle Æneas, with a shake of the head, and a wise smile, "you've hit the question there. When the world reads the twenty-seventh chapter of the History of the Barrow in Crossmarsh, commonly called Pix-Knoll, for which I am collecting the materials at this moment, I think the world will stare. Think of it—every pre-historic theory that has ever been invented, overturned in an instant by things like this that I hold in my hand! I cannot but feel myself justified in thinking that a special Providence caused such an overflowing mine of pre-historic discovery as Pix-Knoll to be discovered on *my* land."

"Oh, Mr. Fane!" protested Mrs. Pitcairn.

"Why not? If Providence, as we believe, watches over history, why not over the records also? As I was saying to Moldwarp only the other day, if he could only find in that Barrow a Phœnician sundial, of a certain peculiar form, my theory would be *totus teres atque rotundus*—that is to say, Mrs. Pitcairn, without a flaw. Yes, as sure as we are sitting here, Rome herself was a colony, not from Troy, but from Pix-Knoll."

"A strange fellow, that Moldwarp," said the Rector.

"I'm told," said Mrs. Pitcairn, "that he works in the Barrow on Sundays. But, surely, that *can't* be true."

"I know nothing about that," said Mr. Fane, with some guilty haste. "He is certainly an extraordinary man. With no education, and, when he came here, without even local knowledge, he can hardly walk ten yards without coming upon some most important relic of antiquity. He brings me everything he finds that strikes him as out of the way, and it's wonderful how seldom he brings me what isn't worth its weight in gold. And yet, with all his talent for finding, he learns nothing. I reasoned out once that there must have been a coin of King Caractacus in that Barrow; *must* have been, or else a most important piece of evidence would have been wanting to my theory. Now nobody ever found, that I heard of, a coin of King Caractacus anywhere. Well, about a month after, Moldwarp finds, in the Barrow, what turned out to be a coin of King Caractacus beyond doubt or question. And yet Moldwarp can't be got to call him anything but the King o' Carrots to this day! If he could only find that Phœnician sun-dial—but, well, one can't have everything."

"Too true," said Mrs. Pitcairn, solemnly. "Yes; I found that out long ago. And it gets truer and truer every day."

"And a good thing too," said the Rector. "A good big want's the best thing a man can own. I only wish I had one myself, but with such a parish as Crossmarsh, and such a wife as Maria, faith, I'm afraid it's past praying for. And what's the result? I'm the only miserable soul in the room. There's you, Fane, wanting a Phœnician sun-dial; and when you've got it, and Moldwarp has drunk the price of it, he'll be all the worse, and you none the better. There's Hargrave—being a farmer, he wants wet weather, since it's fine; that's the calling for a man to enjoy himself in, for it's all 'I want' from year's end to year's end. There's Maria: she wants new furniture for the drawing-room; so, as I like to make her happy, I won't let her lose her want too soon. There's Sophy, wanting a new doll. And here's Rosamond, wanting—wanting—no; I don't know what Miss Rosamond wants, unless she'll tell."

"Pooh," said uncle Æneas, remembering what Oswald wanted of Rosamond, and glad of an opportunity for once more setting his foot down, "pooh—Rosamond wanted the purple jar."

"And she got it too," said the Rector, "and made another point to my moral thereby! But she wasn't the only Rosamond, Fane. There was Fair Rosamond, who wanted—who got, any way—what she chose, and wasn't the happier for that, anyhow. And there was Rosamond who was made to drink wine out of her father's skull. And there was Charles Lamb's Rosamond, poor thing. By-the-way, what a queer thing it is, Fane, that all the Rosamonds, in history, or fiction, or drama, are always unlucky, or miserable, or no better

than they should be, and come to bad ends! That's queer; and then they ask, What's in a name? Faith, I'll give old Moldwarp five shillings if he'll find me a Rosamond that didn't come to a bad end, either through somebody else's fault or her own."

"Oh, Maurice!" exclaimed his wife, "how can you say such dreadful things? And with the girl in the room! It's enough to frighten her!"

And, when they came to think of it, it did, as their exceedingly unpolished specimen of a rector had said, seem very strange that so graceful a name should have proved so invariably unfortunate to its bearers. It struck Oswald, though he scorned superstition, more than merely unpleasantly. Why could not that vulgar Irish parson from the South Seas hold his blundering tongue? But love and superstition are substance and shadow, and he racked his memory for a Rosamond of good omen in vain.

"Oswald!" said Sophy, pulling his arm, "is that true?"

Rosamond herself felt a curious sensation, as if a spell had suddenly been cast upon her. Of course, it is a fine thing to have a tragic destiny—people make one the heroine of histories and romances—but she had rather liked her name hitherto, and now it seemed to turn against her, and to put out a poisoned sting. Perhaps ninety-nine girls would have felt nothing of the sort, and have taken the Rector's awkward chaff with a laugh. But Rosamond chanced to be the hundredth girl.

"Then, Mr. Pitcairn, I will be the first fortunate Rosamond!" said she, flushing.

"And the first good one, my dear," said Mrs. Pitcairn, with more kindness than her small sub-acid manner would have led one to expect from her.

"There, then, you have found *your* want," said the Rector, feeling that he had been making some sort of mistake somewhere and somehow. "So you want——"

"There, that'll do," said uncle Aeneas, "don't tease the girl. How should she know what she wants at her age? The thing's absurd." It almost seemed as if he were out of temper about something less than an injury to a Celt. But Oswald knew why: and, feeling through sympathy that she was feeling strangely, though it was impossible that he or any other reasonable person should guess the cause, he left Sophy and seated himself by Rosamond.

"I think I'll tell you a story," said Mr. Pitcairn, *à propos*, as it seemed, of nothing. "When I first went out as a missionary, I got acquainted with a curious kind of a customer named Green. He'd knocked about for years in those parts, and certainly knew a lot more about the tracks and the natives than any other Englishman. By the way, it was from him I got one or two of those little wrinkles we were talking about a minute ago. Some people said he was a liar, and some said he wasn't—but, though he had

unquestionably seen strange things, it's equally true that there were strange things to be seen. He wasn't much of a Christian, but he wasn't a bad sort for a man of the world, and we got on very well, on the whole, though I was uppish in those days, and thought—well, never mind. Anyhow, we agreed to differ: and there are worse sorts of friendship than that, by a long way. One day we were taking a walk along a cliff, when I saw distinctly, with my naked eye, an outline of coast that I'd never yet seen with a spy-glass. I supposed it was some effect of refraction, and pointed it out to Green. It was a low, dark blue line, with white specks of breakers here and there. I shall never forget his reply. He told me that to that coast, only visible, as I had guessed, in certain abnormal states of the air, he had once gone—I forgot from where—years ago. He had found an island, I forgot how large, where no European foot had ever stepped, but where he had found a civilization—yes, a civilization—that puts our highest dreams to shame. Everybody was good, and everybody was happy. I suppose there were no Rosamonds there."

Oswald's eyes were secretly upon Rosamond, towards whom his open declaration of his life's plan had inspired him with deeper feelings. She was listening intently, as a child to an Arabian voyage. At her name he felt her start, and he took her hand, while Sophy came from the window, and laid her golden head upon his knee.

"Green was not well up in theology," continued the Rector, "and all he could gather was that the people were expecting a kind of natural death, or national euthanasia, to be preceded by the reign of a woman from over the sea. Their institutions, oddly enough, were the exact contrary of ours—and yet they were happy! I'll tell you all about that, later on. They treated Green well, but wouldn't let him go, for fear he should discover the existence of the island, though how it had never been discovered before was certainly a mystery: unless, indeed, Green was lying. But he got home-sick, though where his home was he would have been puzzled to say; and at last he persuaded them to let him go. But it was on condition that he would never name the place to mortal man or woman, or give the faintest clue to its discovery."

"Yet he told you?" asked Oswald, who certainly hesitated between acceptance of the general reputation of Mr. Green and a suspicion that the Rector was inventing an allegory, after the style of the vision of Mirza.

"A man must tell somebody," said the Rector. "He had no Maria, so he told me. Of course I said I'd boat over my beads and my bit of stick the very next day. Don't, said Green—the people swore, like the Genii in the Arabian nights, that the next foreigner who set foot on their shores, they'd kill him, and the next, and the next, and so on, taking for granted that Green had betrayed them; and they'd no more look at my beads or care for

my stick than if they were Britons—and not half so much, said he. They'd turn up their noses at our crown jewels, and were proof against words and blows. However, he said he'd teach me the language, so that if I wanted martyrdom I might go under the best advantages. I got as far as the eighty-ninth letter of the alphabet, and, to my shame, gave in. Whether Green invented that alphabet as he went on to keep me from finding out—Green, I don't venture to say. That nameless island, with its extraordinary civilization, has never, I believe, been discovered to this day : and Green disappeared, I'm sorry to say, under a cloud. But, for all that, his account of everything was beyond invention, and invariably held together : especially about the expected woman who was to bring everything to an end. However, the most wonderful part of the story is still to come, and the moral. One day Green was carried before the Sultan, or whatever they called him—”

Boom ! It was the sound of a heavy gun from the landward side.

Mrs. Pitcairn started from her slumber over a thrice-told tale with a broken snort ; uncle Æneas rubbed from his eyes the dream of a Phœnician sun-dial ; Sophy slept soundly on, with her head still on Oswald's knee. It was monstrously impolite, but the weather was warm, and the Rector's yarn was unquestionably dull as well as preposterously absurd ; it was a parable that seemed likely to end in a sermon. Only Oswald and Rosamond were wide awake ; Rosamond alone was listening to the Rector with all her heart in her ears, as if the tale were fascinatingly true. The heavy “boom !” seemed to mark a crisis : and she also started, and looked round.

“What's that ?” said the Rector. “I didn't know we had artillery here.”

“It's a convict escaped from Lowmoor !” exclaimed uncle Æneas, rising as if at a sudden call of duty. “That's what *that* means—by George !”

CHAPTER III.

He'd find you almost Everything,
 From Venus' Zone to Saturn's Ring :
 Each stray that ever Earth or Sky had
 From Jest's lost Point to vanisht Pleiad—
 The Crown that Cæsar ne'er put on ;
 The Crystal Shoon of Cendrillon ;
 Last Summer's Rose ; lost Lover's Vow,
 Or Lay that killed the ancient Cow ;
 The perisht Books that we assign
 To Titus Livius Patavine,
 And eke the Secret of the Rune
 That's writ on t'other Side the Moon,
 And Wand of Witch, and Drug of Hakim —
 And, if he cannot find, he'll make 'em.

THE inland part of the parish of Crossmarsh is not beautiful.
 VOL. VIII.

The cliffs and bays are magnificent, but the moors leading up from them are barren and dull—at least for all those who do not understand the beauty of Nature nude. The dullest and the most barren part of all, and also the most solitary of all, is distinguished by a long mound rising sharply and clearly from the Downs, in shape and size suggesting the grave of Goliath. On a closer approach one used to find the mound cut through in three trenches, one from end to end, and two, at equidistant intervals, crosswise. And this was the wonderful Barrow of Crossmarsh, vulgarly called, from immemorial times, Pix-Knoll.

This was the centre to which the mystery which enfolds the pre-historic history of Man was to be traced back and thus revealed. Enthusiastic hobby-rider as he was, uncle Æneas had been guilty of no sort of exaggeration in stating that extraordinary, nay incredible, results had been already obtained from Pix-Knoll. For full exposition Uncle Æneas, like a prudent antiquary, who foresees a contest with all British and all German learning, was biding his time. He knew that Cliff Cottage contained a collection of startling evidences of a startling theory that no museum in Europe could approach, much less rival: but, a true collector, his own satisfaction was all-sufficient for him until the day should come—nay, it would be sufficient even if that day never came. For the present his notes and materials were in too chaotic a condition to be of use to any but the owner, wherefore there is as yet no occasion to make a critical examination of a theory that made Tyre and Sidon colonies from Crossmarsh, and England the mother instead of the daughter of the world.

Rosamond and Sophy held prime places in the museum of uncle Æneas's heart: but uncle Æneas's soul was buried in the Barrow. Uncle Æneas had been fortunate in his Barrow, but thrice fortunate in Silver Moldwarp, the man who found—Everything.

Silver Moldwarp was indefatigable in the search for evidence that he did not understand. It was true that Sundays as well as week days found him in or about Pix-Knoll, and it was in one of the cross cuts that he was sitting now—not exactly searching, but working hard, though the sun was blazing. In the corner of the cut he had chosen he was invisible to all eyes save that of the sun. He was a lean, wiry, undersized man, of an indefinite age, one who could never have been really young, and seemed incapable of ever becoming really old. He was dressed in a rough, almost ragged suit of clothes, in which elegance was recklessly sacrificed to ease. In spite of the heat, his head, chest and arms were bare, displaying a superabundance of hair and muscle. The man's strength was evidently out of all proportion to his size, and very likely to his age. His face was extraordinarily full of character, considering that he did not appear to be above the condition of a common labourer, if indeed he stood so high. Aquiline features, worthy of a field marshal, and a full, low, projecting brow, befitting

a lawyer or an engineer, were flatly contradicted by a pair of comically twinkling eyes, suggesting that union of cunning and folly which constitute the buffoon. The mouth, in its character, though partly hidden by a scrubby moustache and half beard, agreed with the eyes rather than with the nose and brow, so far as it could be seen. It was weak, and hung half open, displaying teeth that were the reverse of ornamental. Yet—to come at once to the essential matter—he looked an honest fellow, despite his want of facial harmony.

Sophy, with the unreasonable impulsiveness that characterised her opinions of her fellow creatures, had said, at first sight, that she did not like Mr. Moldwarp; and to this opinion she had stuck, with consistent obstinacy. In this opinion, however, she stood almost alone. There was a tacit and mutual avoidance between him and the Rectory, but then the Rectory did not guide the parish in social matters. So far as these were concerned, the "Corfield Arms" beat the Church hollow: for even the ploughmen and fishermen of Crossmarsh, as became the proven fathers of civilized humanity, had certain aristocratic sympathies, and felt that the parson was somehow too much one of themselves to take the command. And Silver Moldwarp had proved a real acquisition not only to the customers of the "Corfield Arms." He was a capital customer himself, while it would have paid the landlord to have kept him in drink for nothing, or even to have given him a trifle for what he consumed. He could do wonderful things. He could make a jack-knife disappear from a fisherman's fist into a ploughman's hat, and play a score more tricks, which, being coarser, were even better calculated to please their simple minds. Better still, he could break a kitchen poker by striking it upon his bare arm, and straighten a horse-shoe between his ugly fangs. And he could pay for other men's beer, as well as for his own. Finally, he had the prestige which attaches to an accomplished stranger: nobody knew whence he came. But, as both his honesty and his good-fellowship proved above reproach, and as he seemed, though well able to maintain a quarrel, incapable of making one, and as he had regular employment as Squire Fane's hobby-grubber, he speedily became a recognised institution into whose origin nobody dreamed of enquiring. A fellow parishioner who should make handsome weekly earnings by picking up bits of flint and cracked crockery would have been regarded with envy. Moldwarp, as a foreigner, had been entitled to take a line of his own, especially as it interfered with nobody. When he was neither in the barrow, nor at the "Corfield Arms," nor searching, inch by inch, along the ploughed furrows, or the streams, or the sea-shore, he lived in a two-roomed stone hut in the middle of a potato patch, which Squire Fane allowed him rent free.

The most noticeable point about Silver Moldwarp, however, and at the same time the least likely to escape ordinary masculine

observation, was the extraordinary contrast between his general strength and roughness and the delicacy of his hands. His fingers were long and fine enough for a lady's, and were distinguished by those tapering tips that are supposed to note the artist, or at least the exceptionally skilled craftsman. Such fingers have also been observed in the superior order of pick-pockets, to whom their sensibility in touch is as important as to a surgeon. At the present moment, instead of following his unlearned instinct upon the traces of an ancient coin or specimen of stone-ware, he was using his fingers, with a rough file in them, upon a large piece of flint, raw from the hands of nature.

There was the absorption of the artist in the man's whole being as he crouched over his rather niggling labour, and he worked with such energy that the perspiration poured from his forehead, less from the heat than from his obvious mental strain. A separate thought seemed to enter into every touch that he gave with his file. So deeply occupied was he that he failed to hear the gallop of a horse over the hard turf that led landward from the barrow, and he started up in doubly hot confusion, as a strong voice called out,

"Holloa there, my man! Stand fast there; which way is he gone?"

Moldwarp, with a practiced hand, threw his flint and his file under his hat, in such a manner that only a professed conjurer could have been aware of the action, and saw a prison warder, in the well known uniform of Lowmoor, reining his horse at the edge of the barrow.

"Which way? Who's gone?" he asked, in a rough country accent, which had, however, no kindred with the Crossmarsh tongue.

"An escaped convict. Didn't you hear the gun? A youngish man, in the prison uniform——"

"I've seen ne'er a soul," said Moldwarp; "nor e'er a body nyther. No convic' 's been nigh here."

"Who are you? What's your name?"

"Silver Moldwarp, labourer to Squire Fane. That's who I am."

"To Squire Fane, eh? How long have you been on this hill? All day?"

"Ay—all day."

"And you've seen nobody."

"Nobody never sees nobody nigh here, but me and Squire Fane."

The warder looked baffled, and swore. With the best of reasons in his own mind for believing that the convict had made in the direction of Crossmarsh, and with the certainty that he had disappeared close by the convenient excavations of Pix-Knoll, it was hard to swallow that a man, who had been on the spot all day, and was notoriously hawk-eyed and quick eared, should have seen nothing of the Lowmoor uniform.

"Hold my horse here," said he, "I must have a look into those cuttings of yours."

Moldwarp obeyed, while the warder, cocking a revolver so that any temptation to horse-stealing or to any other tricks might be put to instant flight, let himself drop into the barrow. The search was easy enough, for the cuttings were of the simplest kind, and contained no corners where a man might hide.

"Any way, nobody's there now," said the warder, still half suspicious of Moldwarp, "whatever there may have been. He must have made for one of the caves. I'll ride on to Squire Fane's. If you see or hear anything, let your master know."

Moldwarp scarcely waited to see the warder ride off, before returning to the spot where he had left his hat, resuming his incomprehensible work with flint and file.

"That's always the way with the likes o' them," he thought, or rather muttered more than half aloud, after the manner of men who live and labour alone. "A man must be sharp to get clear of Lowmoor in this sunshine—and a sharp man wouldn't make for Squire Fane's Folly, nor the caves—he'd know that's where a fool would go, because it's there a pack of fools would go straight to find him. There must be a spice o' fox about that chap there. Well, 'tis naught to me."

At the end of about an hour, the careful and minute filing came to an end. He put the file into his jacket pocket, and drew from the same place a small hammer of a rather peculiar shape, with which he began to clip his flint lightly. It was curious to watch the dexterity with which he made tiny flakes of stone obey the delicate touches of his hammer—how, if he required to remove the smallest speck in one particular point, just that speck came off in exactly the right place and the right way. Presently the flint grew visibly into the form of an arrow-head, of a shape well known to antiquaries, and the resemblance was rapidly increased when the barb also came into being under the presence of a bradawl that took the place of the hammer. The barbed arrow-head was made quite as well as the best in the cabinet of Uncle Eneas; and yet it was not made a bit better, which was certainly more curious still. In short, it was an exact reproduction of the real thing, and—for a triumph of modern art—bearing similar signs of age and burial.

The long and ceaseless practice, the manual skill, and the artistic, even scientific instinct which had gone to the production of the forgery were worthy of all admiration, and should have given Silver Moldwarp high rank in a more recognised calling. As things were, he was compelled to find for himself the admiration which circumstances denied him from others. "There: that's older than old King Carrots," said he, as he examined his *chef-d'œuvre* for a possible flaw. "It is wonderful what a man can find if he goes the right road to look for 'em. I wouldn't wonder if I

chance upon that Fenian sun-dyle some day, after all—if I could only get hold of a big enough block to seek for'n in. Granic, now, might do: it ought to be worth two pounds—Ugh!”

The knuckles of two fists were pressed tightly into his throat, and forced from him a strangled cry. In the same breath he was dragged and forced down backwards, while his feet flew high into the air.

Moldwarp was a strong man, and struggled strongly. But, taken at this complete disadvantage from behind, his efforts were vain, and he could only lie back panting, under a knee upon his chest and the two hands that did not for a moment leave his throat free. His eyes were free, however, and they saw in his assailant a powerful young fellow, with a smooth-shaven brown face, cropped hair, and the unmistakable costume of a convicted felon.

“Murder—you’re strangling me!” gasped Moldwarp.

“Wait a bit,” said the convict, coolly, and in the accent of a gentleman. “It’s no use your calling for help: if we were in ear-shot I shouldn’t have turned up quite so soon. I don’t want your life, my man; but, you see the state of things, I want your clothes.”

“Ugh! how can I give ’em when——” The convict’s fingers relaxed for a moment, and Moldwarp gave a sudden spring that almost set him free.

“None of that, my man,” said the convict, giving his throat and his chest an extra squeeze. “I want your clothes. I don’t want to kill you; but if I can’t get them except off a dead body, then——”

There was a cool desperation about the convict that told of a man who would be as good as his word; and his plight was unquestionably at the last point of extremity. Moldwarp realised that the case was neither for feats of strength nor for sleight of hand.

“I give in—there! Only let go my windpipe and let me up,” said he.

The convict removed one hand, but only to reach a crow-bar. “Then get on your knees, and off with every rag you’ve got on. If you lift one knee one inch from the ground till you’re as naked as you were born, ’ware head, for down comes the bar.”

Moldwarp rose to his knees, drawing in a great gulp of delicious air. He moved slowly, for he was calculating the odds of a sudden rush, and of a wrestler’s hug with the convict at close quarter’s, and therefore within the reach of the crow-bar. He had the discretion which is valour’s better half, but he had the valour besides. It was valour that left him the wits to study his assailant, and to avoid rashness: so that perhaps it would be truer to say that valour is the better part of discretion.

In the first place, he could see that the convict was no common

felon of his own class, a forger, perhaps, or, at any rate, guilty of no savage or vulgar crime. Silver Moldwarp had a natural contempt for rogues who allowed themselves to be found out, and at the same time he could not feel that this particular convict, though he wore the garb of discovery, was contemptible. His artistic nature could sympathise with the cunning which, by not taking at once either to the barrow or the sea-caverns, had baffled the warder. He was also unconsciously influenced by that magnetic something about the convict, which distinguished the few who are born to be obeyed from the many who are born to obey. After a long look from the convict to the crowbar and back again, Moldwarp ended by smiling in a not unfriendly way.

"You're a rough customer," said he. "But I don't see why you'd a call to throttle a fellow creature, before you'd known you'd had a call. It's nought to me whether you're in or out of Low-moor—not to me."

"I don't want smooth words, my man—I want your clothes. I don't suppose my liberty means more to you than to anybody else, but I fancy the reward for catching me will mean a good deal. Now then—strip away. Off with your jacket, man, to begin."

He gave the slightest jerk to the bar; and Moldwarp was conscious of an uncomfortable feeling that there was only one thing to be done. As soon as his arms became embarrassed in getting out of their sleeves, the convict whipped off his own jacket, recovered the use of his own arms the first of the two, and was again ready with the bar. The process was repeated till both men were stripped to the skin.

"That'll be a new trick for the 'Corfield Arms,'" thought Silver Moldwarp—"how to get out of your bags and your boots, without lifting a knee over an inch from the ground. Well: live and learn." The convict threw his prison clothes in a bundle to Moldwarp, and began hastily to cover himself with the suit he had just acquired. He was considerably the bigger man, and the clothes were a bad misfit; but then they were also so much the worse for wear, that they had hung loosely about their former owner, and would not have looked conspicuously out of place on any tramp, of any size. "There," said the convict, "we haven't found one another such bad fellows after all. I won't apologise—my liberty is of more use to me than your old clothes are to you. You can get another suit, but I mayn't be able to get another liberty—if I lose this one. Good day."

Silver Moldwarp made no attempt to attack the convict, while the latter was dressing, thus, it may be thought, losing an opportunity. He had either yielded to a magnetic authority, or knew a better way of recovering his own.

"Eh, but the chap's a born fool, after all," muttered he, as he watched the man striding out quickly and boldly towards the sea. "He dodged the warders, that's sharp enough, and I'd like to know

how 'twas done ; but he shifts his gaol bird's feathers for clothes that's better known in Crossmarsh than the 'Corfield Arms,' and are enough to hang him in ; and he's let me see him naked, tattoos and all, so that I could swear to him when his hair's long, and his beard's grown, and his eyes under glasses. There's a fool's trick, if there ever was one : and now he's taken the straight road to Squire Fane's. Well—it's nought to do with me, barring that I'll get a new suit for nothing. I'll wear these canvas things to the 'Arms' to-night, and alter the twist of my mug, and give the folks a scare. Ay, I *will* have a try after that Fenian dyle. But——"

All at once Silver Moldwarp turned absolutely pale. Mechanically he put his hand to the part of his prison jacket, where the pocket should have been, and naturally, found that his hammer, file, only he knew what besides, had changed hands with the exchange of clothes. But it must have been something more than even this loss that made him groan aloud, scramble out of the barrow like a madman, and hurry to his own hut, a good mile off, at the top of his speed. He alone could tell what, when the convict came to be caught, would be found upon him besides a hammer and a file.

(*To be continued.*)

STELLA.

CHAPTER I.

My mother was noble. Her patrician parents, members of one of the oldest families of Italian aristocracy, were poor. But I should do my mother an injustice were I to hint that my father's wealth tempted her "to go into trade," as my grandmother used to say, with a haughty sneer on her poor, pale lips. No, my proud and passionate mother loved my father with an intense and dreadful love, such as even a southerner, inheriting all the ardent passions of the race, is seldom capable of feeling.

Still as I grew to womanhood, and felt in myself a repetition of my mother's nature, and, at the same time, recognised the lower and coarser temperament of my father, I wondered what she saw to love in a creature immeasurably below her, not only in birth and education, but in those inner feelings of the soul which alone could make me, while I recognised reverently a being nobler and better than myself, at once bow my head to any man as my lord and master!

My father had made his money in the colonies in some vague way my mother never understood. He realised a considerable fortune while still a young man, and returned at thirty-five to Europe to live at his ease, and marry when he should meet with a face that pleased him. He wandered about for a while, and at last he met my mother, who was living on the hills with her parents, poor and proud, a dozen miles from Rome.

My mother was tall and stately, with nobility stamped on her pale, proud face. Strangers called her cold; she was too refined for most men's fancy.

My father was a big, broad-shouldered man, with clear blue eyes, and gay bright humour. He could turn a pretty compliment and liked to look into women's eyes, and try his best to kindle love there. While suitors, noble, like my mother, had found her receive their admiration coldly and indifferently, left her in despair, to such a man as my giddy, laughing father, my mother completely lost her heart. She gave herself up to an intense passion, and he had one ambition, as many a man of mushroom growth before him—he wished to ally himself with a noble family, and was proud to be the husband of the haughty blue-blooded beauty.

And so they married and he brought my mother away to Paris, where she lived, and, when I, her little Stella, was nine years

old, died. She lived, and loved, she was intensely happy and intensely miserable. Thank God! the misery, though acute, was sudden and short. *It killed her!*

After two or three years of married life they called her more haughty, more cold, more proud, until at last, when I was four, I was her only friend. Gathered in her arms with her dear, proud head bent over me, I soon learnt in my little dim mind the reason she only smiled on me.

She was unhappy. Her face, as she kissed me, was very often wet with tears, which she took care the world should never see. To me she was ever the darling, loving mother from whom I get my eyes which can look so happy and so sad.

"My little Stella," she would say (so often, it became at last almost a prayer), "never love *man* more than *God*; your mother has, and, my darling, *it is killing her!*" I thought and wondered what my mother meant, and then I prayed in my baby way, I remember, to the stars which I could see from my bed. I could not realise—what grown person can?—the meaning of praying to what I could not see; but the stars were bright, I could see them, so I folded my little hands every night and said, "O little stars, ask the Great God to make my mother happy once more!" and I can look back now and think how sad it was that a tiny child should so often have cried itself to sleep.

Time passed, and I fancied my mother grew less sad, at least perhaps she tried to smile for my sake, for I was not always sad. I loved to play and laugh in the fields about St. Cloud, where my mother and I spent many summer evenings, when the heat of Paris stifled us. And then there were the butterflies to chase, and the river to glide home on in the twilight; when, cradled in her arms, she sang me, in a low voice, the songs of her country. Sang me to sleep so, and carried me herself, tired as she was, all through the town of Paris, up the many stairs to the flat where we lived.

My mother was my angel, my world, my God! How could I love the good God more than my mother? Of this she warned me, and I, sensitive and nervous child that I was, while I dreamed what might happen to me as a punishment, loved her all the more.

I did not spare myself afterwards as I looked down on my black frock. More than God, more than all the stars and angels, I loved my mother, and I lost her.

One morning very early she came and kissed me in my little bed, and told me she was going away to see a poor friend who was ill, and had sent for her, and our good Père André was going to take care of her. She told me she should come home at night and straight to her little Stella's room, and I must be very good alone.

She had never left me before. It was more than I could bear.

I clung to her and sobbed, and made her quite angry with me. She had to pull my arms from her neck, and positively run out of the house, and I was stunned with grief.

The servants brought me food, and turned their eyes up to heaven because I said, "How can I eat when my mother is away?"

"*Mon Dieu! qu'il est drôle, ce bébé.*" Mathilde liked the children downstairs better. I was "*triste,*" but they were so gay, playing all day in the sunshine.

"Not when their mother is away," I corrected her with dignity.

"*Mais oui, ma petite, la mère de ces enfants est morte!*"

I screamed and kicked poor Mathilde, and tried my best to hurt her for telling me anything so altogether impossible. So they took the food away, and left me to wait, wait, wait, with my head pressed against the pane, and my eyes worn out with looking.

Now I knew my mother would walk part of the way home with Père André through the Bois, and that I should hear her step as she ran up the stairs, where her Stella would be standing to meet her, so that when a carriage drove up to our door I turned away impatiently.

Everything that happened then was so confused—I remember nothing more than that I was at last where I had all day longed to be, in that haven of rest, her arms!

But I trembled and turned as white, they told me after, as my mother's face, when I found she could not speak, or hear my voice, and that the doctor and Père André were leaning over her and listening at her heart!

I could not say how long I lay in her arms, they thought I might be able to rouse her, so I called her all the names she gave me, and all the beautiful things I could think of, and at last she gave a deep sigh, and said, very painfully, in gasps, "Stella, remember—that your mother—was noble," and she raised her proud face in faint imitation of days gone by. I don't think she was conscious yet. We waited breathlessly.

Again she raised her eyes, and, clasping me to her, she said,

"Farewell, darling—it killed your mother"—

And then, very passionately, she cried out—

"Oh! Stella, love me—you are the only thing in this world I love now," and she fell back—dead!

CHAPTER II.

If I could have cried they said it would have saved me from the brain fever which nearly lost me my little, unwanted life. But, even as a child, when I felt most, I could not cry.

They told me when I began to grow stronger, that I fell asleep

on my mother's cold breast, and was removed to my bed where I stayed so long.

They cut all my dark curls off. My curls which my mother loved, and Père André brought me grapes, and remained from that day always my good friend.

My father came up to my room once, and said I looked like a starved monkey; he meant to be kind. He stroked my hair, and said as soon as I was well I was to be sent to school. I was glad when he went away because he did not look sad like Père André, and he never spoke of her, or I could have tried, I remember thinking in my childish way, to forgive him. For what? How could I know *then*? Only those who know how to love intensely know the meaning of the word hate.

Some such thoughts as these began, when I was nine years old, to take the place of all that was good in my nature. That seemed crushed out by the shock and horror of my mother's death. I grew hard and cold. I gloried in hearing people say "like her mother," and shrinking alike from the embrace of Mathilde, and of my father, I was driven far away, a little lonely thing, choked with hidden grief, to a large, gray house with bars up against the windows, without garden, bird, or flower—which I learnt meant school!

CHAPTER III.

It was from Père André years after, when I went to him about some trouble of my own, that I learnt the story of my mother's sudden death.

My father had led, before he married, a wild and merry life, with that money he liked to talk about. He denied himself nothing, and was free in the way of living and loving before he married, and—after—

No proud beauty of noble birth had, however, smiled on him before in all his wanderings, and so he married my good mother! The pride that he at first felt at his marriage died out by the time I was born, and because my mother was capable of lofty and refined feelings and had an artist's soul, he could not appreciate her. He never cared for the songs she sang so sweetly, or the flowers she painted, or the little Stella she loved. Very soon he ceased even to admire her. She was too pure and statuesque for him, and then, after a few years, he fell away altogether, and lived the life of his free days. He drank, and played high, and in some way lost more than half his fortune. He declined to be questioned when he chose to leave my mother alone for weeks, and used coarse words to her, when, on his return, she shrank from him.

But although things went on like this for some years before the

end, and I alone saw the tears my mother shed when night after night we waited, I half-asleep in her arms, for his return; still my mother clung to the memory of her only love, and loved, and loved him still!

To women like my mother, love is life or death!

And so the day came when she left me to visit her friend, to whom my mother and Père André, my mother's confessor, had been suddenly summoned. They walked home about nine, in the delicious calm of the summer evening, through the Bois, and sitting down to rest in one of the lovely avenues, they talked, the good father assured me, of holy things. My mother was resolved to bear all things bravely and well, if it was only for Stella's dear sake.

I was sure that on such a night my mother, with her artist's soul, would paint in all the details which good André failed to see.

At last, in the distance, they saw a man and a woman leaning against each other, as lovers will. His head was bent very low over her, and she looked up to him with eyes of love.

"Ah!" said my mother, with a sigh, "this brings my thoughts to earth again, my father;" and then she added, with a smile, "it only wanted lovers to make that avenue perfect"—so they watched them.

The couple came a little nearer, and then sat down. They were too far off to allow the observers to distinguish more than that he was a big broad-shouldered man, and she a slender girl.

My mother watched them, and laughed, and sighed again, as in the distance she saw the man stretch out his arms, and the girl, like a bird which had found its nest, shelter herself on his bosom.

"It is a lovely picture for an artist," said my mother. "And now the moon is out we shall see their faces, for now, Père, our path lies that way; we must pass them." Even as she spoke a terrible shudder passed over her, and she put her hand on her heart, as she told Père André she had suffered already in her life great pain there.

They walked on; the distant figures grew nearer and nearer, till, with the aid of the moon, they could distinctly see them locked in each other's arms!

A few steps farther, and my mother suddenly stopped. She had caught the sound of the man's voice! And it said:

"I know no love but you! I love you madly! And only you, my darling, my life, my love!"

It was my father's voice!!!

With all her passionate nature roused to the utmost, and with a piercing shriek, my mother threw herself on the slender girl, and exclaiming, "He lies! *I am his wife!*" she flung her with all the might of her rage to the ground at her feet! Then she turned to denounce and curse her husband, but Père André said

the Good God spared her that, and with a cry in which offended love and the memory of cruel years of bitter wrong were mingled, she fell back into Père André's arms insensible !

They brought her home, and I was put into her arms, and the doctor sent for. But it was too late. The poor hurt, offended heart was *broken* at last. She only lived to tell me she had ceased to love my father, and died, leaving to the little girl of nine the task of avenging the cruellest insult it was possible to offer to a noble life !

CHAPTER IV.

I HAD been at school a month, and the governesses and girls began to leave me to myself, finding me a strangely silent, timid thing, without any of the spirits of natural girls of my age. And so, living in a world of my own, where I dreamt of my mother, of my dear bird, and of how I used to pray to the stars, I was not always so unhappy as they thought, because I could dream so much.

I learned quickly, and hurried through my daily lessons so that I might have more time to think and dream. It was unnatural, when other children played, that I could sit and dream.

No wonder I grew pale and hollow-eyed, and more like a starved monkey. One day, about this time, my only friend, Père André, came to see me, and begged a holiday for me. How grateful I felt to the good old man when he led me through those great gates, and drove me into the open country, where I could breathe again. I ran about again a happy child, living for this day in the present, and, tired at last, the father carried me back to my cage when the birds went to roost.

Holiday time grew near. How happy the girls were ! What did it mean for me ? Some change ? Should I be sent home ? What should I do there without *her* ? While I was wondering, I was summoned into madame's private room, and told briefly that I was to be sent home, where I was to give no trouble, as my new mama was not equal to the noise of children ! "My new mama !" I said, astonished. "Yes, mademoiselle, your father married again one month after he had placed you under my care. On the day Père André gave you that holiday, which your father wished you to have in honour of his marriage."

I trembled and felt that I grew pale, but no words would come. I was feeling, child as I was, the insult to my mother's memory ; and I hated my father, for had he not made me acknowledge myself happy on his wedding day ?

"Mademoiselle, you will be sent home to-morrow, and will, I hope, do all in your power to prove a good, obedient child to your father's beautiful young wife."

Still no words came. I was tingling all over with rage, with sorrow, for my dear mother, who to me had died but yesterday!

Madame rose, saying, as she passed into another room—

"I cannot occupy myself longer with one young lady. Leave me and prepare your clothes for packing."

But I drew my little self proudly up and said, "I hate my father for forgetting so soon. I shall never be obedient to another mother. I could not be untrue to her whom I have lost, I had rather not go home."

"Nonsense, mademoiselle! My pupils are obedient to my will. I have no more to say." But I fell down at her feet and besought her with all the eloquence I could command, to keep me there for the holidays, my father did not want me, and I could not look upon this new mother's face. I begged her to write and tell my father, and at last I said, amid sobs which shook my slender frame, "Ah, madame! sooner than go home now, I would rather live here always and never see a flower again."

Madame frowned and shook me off her, but no look of kindness came across her stern face. I was always looking into faces for kindness, but I never found it. I gained a respite anyhow. She promised to write to my father.

The morrow came, and the happy girls went away one by one, nearly all speaking of their mothers coming to meet them, of their brothers and sisters, of dogs and flowers. And I had not even my dear bird. I was alone! The last carriage rolled away, the door banged, and madame shut herself into her room, and the servants went below stairs, glad to rest. I strolled through the big dormitory, and shuddered as I remembered what an atom I should feel there to night, surrounded by nineteen empty beds. Then I went into the big schoolroom, and climbed up on to the casement of the high, latticed window. For I felt anyhow nearer to the stars, which surely must come out soon.

The room grew darker and darker, and I still crouched like a cold bird in winter-time close to the pane. At last the door opened, and madame stalked, majestic as ever (although the holidays had begun, and I had visions that she might grow kinder) into the room. At first she could not see me, but very soon I was told to come down from that ridiculous position, and hear what my father had to say. This is what I read—

"DEAR MADAME, —

"Since my daughter Stella shows such a bad spirit towards my young wife, by all means let her remain with you, not only during these summer holidays, but for the future, until she grows out of her eccentric and absurd ways. She has always been a grave and serious child, very much older than her years, and as my wife is extremely merry, and very much what my daughter is not, I fear her joyous nature would be considerably damped by contact with one so naturally '*triste*' as Stella. This I do not wish. They had better therefore remain apart."

After I had read the letter, and thanked madame, I began climbing up to my seat again, but was requested to go to bed, and

madame said, meaning to be kind, "Stella, beyond a holiday task, and a walk once a day with me, you are free of the house and playground. Be a good child, good-night."

"My dear madame," I said to myself, when I was once more alone, "you are a nasty, hard bit of flint." Of course she could not love, but then she's not a mother! Now, *my* mother! And lost in sweet thoughts of her, I forgot I was going to be frightened at the nineteen empty beds staring at poor me, I fell asleep, and awoke the next morning sad, but not unhappy. One day was very like another in the holidays. After my *déjeuner* I learnt my holiday task, a difficult poem, which I would spout out loud in the big empty room, and act little bits of, and try how many different voices I could say it in. Then in the afternoon there was my walk with madame down ugly streets, whose hot pavements scorched my feet. She hardly spoke, except to improve my mind by telling me whose monument that was, or how many years somebody's dry bones had reposed under such and such a church! Still I was in the air, I could see people, and had much rather not have talked to madame. I could always amuse myself with looking about me. For the rest of the day I read anything I could find, crouched up in the window seat by the hour together, knees and chin touching, absorbed in my book! No one spoke to me all day, and I sat alone in the schoolroom, sometimes, when my book was finished, and grew to weaving little stories about myself. I was cut off from everything in the world I loved, and yet God comforted me by giving me the gift of imagination.

One day, before the girls came back, my good Père André took me for another holiday, to a wood far off, where I played and laughed with some children I found there. He was good to me, the only kind friend I had in the world. Going back, we went into a church where mass was being said, and I heard the organ thrilling out some glorious notes. I was spell-bound with delight, nor could the good father draw me away till the last sounds had died on my ears. It brought me nearer than ever to my mother, and I longed to play. I begged the father to ask permission for me to learn music. I felt I loved it. To play some of the songs she loved; to sing them! I cannot explain how my heart yearned to play my mother's music. It thrilled me all over, the notes of this organ. Ah! surely her spirit must be in it, whispering in her Stella's ear, "Learn music, my darling, and our souls shall meet in the voices of the air."

Père André was good and faithful. In a few days I took very eagerly my first music lesson, and gave myself, heart and soul, to studying the drudgery of lines and spaces because of the afterwards, and the whisper of the voices of the air.

Henceforth, I devoted most of my time to music, and lost myself in living, as it were, away from school in some spirit-world made glorious with a hundred voices like my mother's. I grew

cheerful, I mixed more with the other girls in play hours, and became, even at school, a happy child—

“And the wind was tempered to the shorn lamb.”

CHAPTER V.

My mother had been dead a year, and I was ten. It was my birthday, and I was sent for into madame's room.

Now I was a little nervous about going into madame's room. We girls knew it meant a scolding or something very unpleasant. This time it was that I might be told my new mama was dead, leaving behind her a baby-girl, born but yesterday.

I was shocked. They said she was only twenty, very pretty, full of frolic and fun, with golden curls and merry eyes, and she was dead.

My father, perhaps, was right when he said I was older than my years. I was ten to-day, and though I took as great delight in fairy stories, and clung, in spite of Père André, to my belief in talking to the stars, yet I knew as well as possible that my mother was avenged, and that my father would feel the death of his child-wife bitterly. I could leave off hating him now this sorrow had fallen on his life. I was sorry I had wished to kill my new mama, and I asked madame when I might see the baby. And now I had a sister as much alone in the world as Stella, for had she not lost her mother too?

Music had begun to comfort my heart, and now that I had a baby-sister, I felt that my days of loneliness were over. I should never be unhappy again. Two days after Mathilde came and carried me off, and I saw my home and my father once again. He was very much changed; he never smiled, and looked years older. He put a little baby in my arms and said, in a choked strange way—

“Be kind to this poor little wretch, Stella, I am going away for years—she has no one in the world but you.”

Then my father gave a great sob and left the room.

My heart was frozen to him long ago, and I don't think his sob made me cry, but I pressed the baby in my lean arms very tight, and covered its poor wee face alike with my kisses and my tears. The nurse went out of the room and left us alone.

I wiped my tears off the infant's little face, and drew her closely to me, as I felt the instinct of possession, that I had something in my arms my very own. Something that no one in all the world wanted, any more than I was wanted.

• • • • •

I was happy now, and left home the next evening for school quite cheerfully, because nurse, who was always to live with Mathilde,
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and me, and baby, said I was to come home once a month to see my little sister, until I grew up, and then I was to take care of her always. So my father had said before he left for his voyage to New Zealand, where Mathilde said he had gone, broken down with grief, without again looking at his little daughter, or bidding farewell to any one.

And now the months flew by quickly, and I was happy in the possession of my music, which I loved, and my baby-sister whom I adored! I saw her once a month; she grew bigger and bigger, and got to know me. Ah! my delight when she held out her arms to me, and clasped them round my neck; and then, as time went on, and she could lisp my name, my gratitude to God knew no bounds.

And still my father neither returned nor wrote, and year by year passed by. I hardly measured time now—no one had ever kept my birthday. I only knew when the month came round, for then I saw my baby.

She was such a merry, laughing thing, full of fun, and fair as a lily—exactly my opposite. But how I loved her! What did it matter to me, the monotony of perpetual masters, as year followed year and no change came; I was wrapped up in the study of my beloved music, in which my master told madame I had great talent, and then I had my baby-sister. And so I grew to womanhood, still yearning to be loved myself, but almost forgetting self in my devotion to my little sister.

When I was sixteen Père André told me my father had written him a letter, asking for news—not of me, but of baby. He said I was to remain at school till I was eighteen, when I was to live for good at home, to take care of my sister till he returned. He said nurse and Mathilde, who had been my nurse, would stay on, and Père André had the money matters in his care till I left school, when I was to be mistress!

What a bright and happy future it seemed, and how I whispered all my thoughts about it to my mother, as of yore.

Good Père André took me sometimes into the churches in Paris to let me hear the glorious organs, and once about this time he took me to a concert, where I heard a very young man play the violin and piano superbly. He was only two years older than myself, and had already composed. They told me his name was Fritz De la Rue. His uncle was anxious he should learn his business, but had not the heart to tear the boy from his beloved music yet. That was the first I ever heard of M. Fritz. Père André knew him well, and told me that my father and Fritz's uncle had started in life abroad in the colonies together.

From time to time I heard from my good André that M. De la Rue was already gaining success in the musical world, not so much for his own compositions as for his wonderful playing and brilliant touch. This made him disinclined to go into his uncle's business.

And for a year I heard no more of him, and my school-life drew to an end. Bébé was quite a big girl now, and I was eighteen at last !

Marie Rosel, the only friend I made, had left a year ago, begging me to renew our acquaintance when I returned, as she lived with her brother—who was years older than Marie, and very stern and grave—quite near my home.

And so the day came when I said adieu to my masters, and madame, and the girls, and drove away happy and light-hearted as a bird, to my home. Free at last !

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT a welcome home I had ! They were all at the door to receive me ; Bébé and her nurse, Mathilde and dear old André, my faithful friend. Bébé clung round my neck and ran with me up and down stairs. I *was* a happy girl, and I think a pretty one, as I looked at myself, with Bébé's golden curls about my neck !

Now I began in earnest to take up the reins of government in my small kingdom, and I arranged and filled up all my day, so that I might never lie down at night feeling I had been idle. Idle ! my life was too full, and much too happy for such a word to have any share in it.

My days passed rapidly with Bébé's lessons, and my music, and my housekeeping.

When the evening came, we went often —Bébé, I, and nurse—by boat to St. Cloud, where we rambled about, light-hearted, contented and gay.

Bébé was so merry, and full of fun, I couldn't make her understand she must learn anything so serious as lessons. She would throw her arms round my neck, and say :

"How *can* we learn to-day, Stel—the sun shines so brightly in my eyes, I cannot even *see* the book ?"

My father wrote that she was to go to school in two years. I could deny her nothing. I should have completely spoilt her. She never left me night or day for those two years, and my first grief came since I left school—we had to part. It was best for her, and best for me I suppose. Anyhow it was my father's will. One thing I did, I wrote and begged my father to let me find a school less severe, less cold, for I thought unkindness and neglect would kill her, because she had not the feelings that somehow kept me alive, unloved and unwanted so long. He wrote that Père André might find a school near home for Bébé. This pleased me, and I could have her home now and then, and write him word if they were good to her.

Ah, he cared for Bébé very much. He never cared for me—for mother and me.

At last I settled to send my darling to a pretty house quite near, where there was a garden, and flowers which grew quite gaily near the schoolroom window. Madame la Supérieure was a widow with children of her own, and had a sweet, though firm face. It seemed cruel to send our Bébé anywhere. It was like cutting the wings of a beautiful butterfly; but it had to be, so I took her there one evening, when she was ten, and I had just reached my twentieth birthday.

Until she went to school all my love had been Bébé's and Bébé's only, but it was not to be always so.

A year ago Marie Rosel and her brother came to see me, and we grew very friendly. At least, Marie and I did. Her brother was a man of thirty, very imperious and dictatorial in his manner, and such a giant to look at! Such shoulders! He was not handsome, though his eyes were gray and his forehead clever. His mouth was very perfect, but, oh, so firm! It was a large mouth, too, full of strong white teeth. He showed so many of them when he deigned to smile that I used to amuse myself by trying to spell determination, a tooth a letter, whenever I caught a glimpse of them. It was not often, for he did not often smile. He generally sneered and contradicted. He was a man with a will of iron and yet a kind heart; a man more to be feared than loved, but always very much respected. Now I was firm and determined, too, and this man, who by accident had crossed my path, was nothing in the world to me. So I resented his masterly way of ordering his sister and me about whenever I happened to be in their house. Of course we quarreled. Marie was afraid of him, not I. I gave him back his cold and haughty stare, and returned him, so to speak, blow for blow. I was my own mistress, free as air. It was a new phase of my existence which I rather enjoyed than otherwise; especially when I saw it puzzled him.

However, they were kind neighbours to me, and often took me with them to concerts, where he always tried to come the school-master over us both, and I was the naughty pupil who refused to be obedient. It generally ended by his being too cross to shake hands with me when we parted, or else I ran up the steps of our house, and would not give him the chance, and laughed and smiled to him from my window, which he either did not, or would not, see.

One day they took me to a concert, and for the first time since I left school, I again heard M. De la Rue play. I forgot to reply to M. Rosel's most cutting satire: I forgot everything but this lovely music.

The young musician was very much applauded, and bowed again and again, to the right hand and to the left, his great, dreamy eyes at last resting on me!

M. Rosel asked me why I was blushing, and rose and took us both away, just as the audience were calling loudly for an *encore*!

The piece had evidently made a hit! He would play it again, and we had to go. I turned my head in spite of myself, as we went out of the door, and found the eyes of M. De la Rue still fastened on me! He bowed again, but, in spite of deafening cries for an *encore*, he refused.

"Mademoiselle has very much flattered that young enthusiast, by appreciating his music—not wisely, but too well."

What had I done? For once my tongue had not its ready answer, but I blushed stupidly and, declining M. Rosel's arm, I walked very quickly home with Marie, and felt I disliked her satirical brother very much indeed.

From Père André, I heard that M. De la Rue was mad as ever about his art, and that his uncle was growing more and more enraged. Here was this good business—they were merchants trading with New Zealand—and Fritz declined to give up his music and compositions, which were becoming his only interest in life. The uncle had no sympathy with art. Poor M. Fritz! I made a little hero of him, as I sat alone all day, or played scraps of his beloved Mozart in the twilight. He had gained just enough success to tempt him to go on. How *could* he give it up, and trade in petticoats and silk dresses with coarse people in New Zealand?

Every one I knew blamed him. But I understood, sympathised, and was silent.

I was lucky enough to hear M. Fritz play two or three times soon after, and every time I understood more, and sympathised more, and was more silent. One day, just before dear Bébé went to school, Père André promised to take me to another concert where M. De la Rue was advertised to play. At the last minute he sent me the tickets, saying I must ask a friend to take me, for he was called away to see some sick person and could not go. I sent for Marie, but she was out. Either I must give up this great pleasure, or, for once, I must go alone. It was summer-time, the evenings long, the concert over at nine. I went alone!

M. Fritz surpassed himself! He played again and again. He was surely getting popular in Paris at least! I was lost to everything. His music carried me out of myself back to my sad baby-days, when, pillowed on my mother's bosom, she sang me some such passionate notes as these! I sat on, staring at that young figure, my soul elsewhere. I never noticed that the concert was over, that the music had ceased. It had not ceased for me! It was ringing on and on in my ears! My thoughts were far away! At last a tear rolled slowly down my face, and a low voice whispered in my ear—

"Pardon, mademoiselle! that tear is my best thanks! These people of Paris, I stir them! I excite them; but I cannot move one of them to tears. Silence and sympathy, believe me, mademoiselle, is an artist's best reward."

I roused myself, drew myself up in my proudest and coldest manner, and, looking hurriedly round, to my horror I saw the room was all but empty! What would he think?

"Monsieur, your music made me forget all else; I did not think it was so late."

"Will mademoiselle again pardon me, and allow me to escort her home?"

I ought to have said "no." I said faintly, "Thank you, but I know my way, it is still light." But he began speaking of Père André, and how he had promised to introduce him to me this very evening; and so, rightly or wrongly, he walked home with me, and my foolish heart was in a flutter of delight. He spoke of himself, and said he despaired, even in the face of such applause as I had heard to-night, of ever making a great name. I said a man never despaired, because no man worthy of the name was without ambition; and with ambition, and talent, and art there surely must be hope, and he said—

"Ah! mademoiselle, even had I possessed all those things, until to-night there has in my life been one thing wanting, and that is sympathy."

How could I answer this!—or this?—

"Mademoiselle, in your eyes I read it, and I thank you—who knows I may not yet have to thank you for having with your sympathy blotted out despair!

I hurried into the house, upstairs, and locked my door, and fell down in front of my glass and looked at my crimson face.

"Oh! what have I done? What did he read in my eyes? That single foolish tear!" And because that one tear had betrayed me, I added to it, and cried gently, and tingled all over with a new and strange sensation I had never felt before in my life!

The next morning I went to Père André, and told him all about it. He said he was sorry not to have been able to be with me to introduce M. De la Rue himself to me. It was a promise made a year ago, the day after M. Rosel had taken me to hear M. Fritz play.

The good father said he would bring M. De la Rue to call on me, and that it would be better for M. De la Rue to keep from addressing me till he had been introduced. A few days after this, when I was out, I met M. Fritz, but I gave him such a stiff bow, he had no opportunity, even had he wished, to speak to me!

At this time I was so busy getting Bébé off to school, and was so dreadfully sad at parting with her. But she soon grew very happy. The first time nurse and I went to see her she came running up to me, followed by a lot of little girls, with whom she had already grown very intimate. She was not the least afraid of madame, and was as sunny and bright as ever. I ought to have been very glad at this, but I felt a shade of disappointment that my Bébé could find life as happy without me as with me.

It was just as well, perhaps, she was so unlike me. Everyone would love Bébé. No one in my school days loved me.

One evening, a month after Bébé had left me, I was singing to myself the songs I loved, when the door opened and M. De la Rue and Père André walked into the room, and I was formally introduced! Monsieur Fritz laughed and teased good old André, because he had been more than a year in introducing him to me! I knew the dear old father must have some good reason, so I said nothing, for I saw my old friend's face was very grave. M. De la Rue and I seemed to know each other already, and we spent a very happy hour together. He played to me, and begged me to play and sing to him. I never had found anyone yet, but my master, to listen as intently as Fritz listened. When I had finished, he said, as he left—

“Mademoiselle, I knew there was strong sympathy between us.”

A few days after, he sent me tickets for a concert, to hear another piece of his own composition, which he dedicated to me! I went with Père André, who constantly came in and out my house now, and wore a very anxious look.

From that time M. De la Rue and I met often. Sometimes he called with Père André, sometimes without, until his coming or his going grew to be my one chance of a happy or an unhappy day. But this I kept to myself, for Père André watched me, and grew more anxious.

One day, six months after he introduced me to Fritz, he came and told me that Fritz's uncle had promised to give him the money to travel for two years to try his luck, on condition that after that time, if he had not attained some lasting success, he would abandon his art and go for good into the business.

“He starts in a week,” said Père André quite cheerfully, and I felt angry for the first time in my life with my good old friend. He said, by the time Fritz returned very likely my father would be back, and he should be released from further responsibility.

Ah! well! I tried to think it would not matter to me. After all, I was very happy six months ago. Why should I not be again? I even tried to hum a little gay air, as I opened the door to my good André, for he was looking at me so. And then I stood quite still and thought—what would parting with Fritz be like? I was nothing to Fritz but a girl who spurred him on to ambition in the art he loved! He could go and never miss me very much—but for me? Ah! I must busy myself. I dare not speak!

I arranged fresh flowers around my mother's picture, and I prayed very earnestly to learn how to forget, and to think, as of yore, only of my Bébé.

The days were long, I found now, for the first time in my life, for he did not come.

Marie Rosel and her brother called once or twice, and he was

ruder than ever, and I resented his manner of talking more and more, as if not only Marie, but *I*, were his property.

To be his property, would mean to become his very humble dove, whom *when* he had completely crushed to his iron will, he could be very gentle with.

Imagine Stella crushed to any man's will! or becoming any man's very humble anything. Thank God! I was free as air, and this I took every opportunity to let him see. I talked much more defiantly than I really felt, on purpose to raise that devil in him it seemed good for my particular complaint to see.

But it tired me very much when they had gone, and I sat alone, and, in spite of myself, compared this iron man to Fritz, who being yet manly, had all the graceful courtesy of a woman, and suited my temper better.

I knew that M. De la Rue would never go away without saying good-bye to me. I determined to hide my feelings and be very firm when we parted.

At last he came. I was glad it was twilight, for I was very pale. But I put on my mother's proudest, most indifferent manner.

"Mademoiselle Stella! I have come to thank you for your sympathy, your friendship, and to wish you a long adieu! I am going away."

"So I hear, from Père André—I think you are quite right to go—but I am sorry."

"And yet, mademoiselle has spurred me on to dreams of writing something which the world will acknowledge, by giving me a place among the musicians of the day!"

"Yes, to see the world, to play in London, in Vienna, at Berlin, to get your name known at great courts, to spend many a tiring day, to walk many a difficult path, never to look back or to despair, seems to me to be the only way to fame."

"I shall miss you, mademoiselle, believe me, I have opened my heart to you from the first, since that night I read the truest sympathy in those—ah! mademoiselle, forgive—those dear eyes."

I am flattered. "Be ambitious, M. Fritz, never despair or return till you have given your art a fair and honest trial! Then, if M. De la Rue will come and see me again, I shall be very proud."

"But for you, mademoiselle, I should never have risen above myself in Paris. It is through you I am anxious to go; and yet, mademoiselle, it is through you—I find it very hard."

"M. Fritz, if you care to be my friend, you will not linger. Remember there are many before you in the field! There is in you a great name to be made. *You must make it!* Ah! monsieur, if I had been a man, with your talent, I would have been a great man—or died!"

"Mademoiselle is right! My better angel always. You will hear from me from time to time, and do not learn in two years to withdraw your sympathy, or, mademoiselle—your regard.

He held out both his hands, which I clasped.

"You do not speak, *mon amie*?"

"Ah! M. De la Rue, why should I speak? You should feel that women like me, never forget!"

He bent his head and kissed my hands with all the reverence of a knight of old. And then he was gone!

It seemed an hour that I kept up my proud and stately manner. Drawn to my full height, a pale and cold queen! And then as the twilight deepened, I sat down to the piano, and my fingers wandered over the keys, as I tried to play one of the airs we loved. Suddenly it rushed over me, all that I had lost! I knew my own heart, alas, too well!! *I loved him!!!* Away went all my pride, my cold and studied indifference. I slipped down by the side of my piano and, with head bent low over my arms, I sobbed unrestrainedly.

But hush, the door moved. M. Fritz came back into the room.

"Mademoiselle, I forgot to say——"

I turned my head away and rose quickly from my knees—but *it was too late!*

In a moment he was beside me, saying, breathlessly—

"Mademoiselle! what does this mean! I was afraid you would not care. *Mon Dieu!* do not be any longer cruel—I have so longed for this, my Stella—is *it love?*" He pulled away my hands from my face, and made me answer with my eyes! "It is love, on my part, Stella."

I drew myself away, and cried, passionately, "Take care, never say that word to a girl like me, unless it is true! True on your honour?"

"I swear it, Stella! Now answer me, my darling, *is it love?*"

I looked up into his dear face, I looked through and through his eyes with mine, and while every fibre of my nature vibrated with exquisite happiness, I murmured, "*It is love!*"

He drew me to him, and our lips met in one long, passionate kiss, and for a little while two creatures on this earth were very near the angels.

(To be continued.)

FUGITIVE AMERICAN HUMOUR.

I.

ONE of the most remarkable products of the free-and-easy American press is the humorist of the newspapers. His name is legion. No journal with the least pretension to importance is considered complete without him. He is a privileged low comedian, whose "gags" are not only forgiven, but demanded. He is the talking clown of the circus ring who goes on in every "act," and the more elegant the performance the better his chance of achieving success. Thanks to the favour and indulgence of a public prone to forgive many slips of style and statement in one who possesses the capacity to excite laughter, his gabble is seldom deemed gratuitous or out of place. The mere humorist of the newspapers must not be confounded with the masters of the great school of American humour. These need scarcely be named. They are as popular, and their peculiar gifts as humorists are, we should suppose, as keenly appreciated on this side of the Atlantic as they are on the other. Even before Mr. John Bright quoted Hosea Biglow in the House of Commons we had "discovered" Mr. James Russell Lowell. Bret Harte, Mark Twain, "delicious Artemus" (to quote Mr. Charles Reade's cordially enthusiastic epithet), and Max Adeler were no sooner introduced to our notice, chiefly by discriminative pirates in the publishing trade, than they in various degrees became famous. A qualification of the same remark applies to Petroleum V. Nasby, Orpheus C. Kerr, Josh Billings, and a few other American writers of the humorous class whose names might be mentioned. If the political allusions of this writer, or the grotesque spelling affected by that, sometimes failed to produce the effect upon us which it had doubtless produced upon readers at home, we were not slow to find the vein of humour underneath, and to pay the humorist our tribute of either a smile or a hearty peal of laughter.

Our present concern is less with the masters of American humour, whose writings are preserved between the "boards" of books, than with the comic story-tellers, poets, and paragraph writers of the newspapers. The characteristics of American humour are so well known and so easily discerned by those who are blessed with a healthy capacity for the enjoyment of wholesome fun, there is scant necessity for giving the learned analysis which one has been encouraged to look for in a paper of this description. We know by its flavour, its twang, that the humour is American,

just as we recognise the flavour of American cheese. We have no doubt whatever of this, although we might experience considerable difficulty in assigning the "lo-cation" where this or that specimen of the article had been "raised." It might be possible to find in Barrow's famous description of Wit and Humour, which was quoted by Hazlitt in one of his lectures on the English comic writers, a passage or so appropriate to the humour of the Americans, but there is no need to make the search. Hazlitt himself, one is whimsically inclined to think, beheld with an unconsciously prescient eye the birth of the humour of the Far West when he said, "Lying is a species of wit and humour. To lay anything to a person's charge from which he is perfectly free shows spirit and invention; and the more incredible the effrontery the greater is the joke." A recent writer, of some insight, albeit given to refining over much, says that, "in some respects, though in some only, Charles Lamb's humour anticipates the type of humour which we now call in the main American." Well, "in some respects" may be conceded. As the critic in question admits, "There was certainly nothing in Lamb of the grim impassiveness of Yankee extravagance."

"Sir," said an American dramatic author, who, before gaining distinction on the stage, had used the sub-editorial scissors, "in America the comic and satirical paragraph is a power." He was right. It is a power. But there are paragraphs and paragraphs. It is not vouchsafed to every American journalist, who, in relation to the other members of the staff of his paper, occupies a position which answers to that of "the corner men" of a minstrel troop in relation to the graver members of the company, to be funny at all times and under every conceivable set of circumstances. Obviously there must be occasions when the joke that has been summoned refuses to come. It is then that he lays down the pen and takes up the scissors. Thanks to "the exchanges," namely, those journals sent him in return for copies of his own sheet, he is never at a loss for material for his column of humorous scraps. Fortunately for the raciness of his collection, he is unhampered by considerations of a delicately personal character. And he may be irreverent, not to say blasphemous, to an extent that readers of the respectable family newspaper of this squeamish country would consider shocking in the extreme. It rarely happens that one humorist speaks disparagingly of the workmanship of another, but when he does the criticism is instructive. The following "receipt for Western humour" appeared in a journal called *Puck*, which, we believe, is published in New York:—"Take one mule, one goat, one 'purp,' one Tom-cat, one 'cayote,' one mother-in-law, one 'Injun,' one 'pious cuss,' and one Jersey man; chop as fine as time and opportunity permit; add about equal parts of judge, colonel, gambler, preacher, horse-thief, bigamist, deacon, burglar, road-agent, Sunday-school teacher, Vassar College girl, faro sharp, deaf old

lady, country editor, rum-seller, and son-of-a-gun-from-Texas; mix well together, and season with vulgarity, bad grammar and worse slang; cook rapidly, and serve red-hot in the favourite weekly newspaper."

The attitude of the American humorist of the newspapers towards his brother jesters on this side of the Atlantic is undeviatingly contemptuous. He scorns them the while he appropriates their feeble pleasantries. "When the funny man of a London paper," observes one of those "satirical rogues," "writes a good joke the editorial staff is called up, oysters are served, and the paper don't appear that day. And it is a noteworthy fact that no London paper has missed a publication day for ten years back." To be robbed of his jokes, which, as is stated above, are seldom or never worth annexing, might be borne with equanimity—indeed, he and his fellow labourers in the literary field have become callous to that kind of operation, just as eels are supposed to be indifferent to the process of skinning—but to be informed at the same time that the commodity is undeserving the attention of a master of the art and practice of appropriation is apt to ruffle the serenity of the producer. The British humorist! As his American cousin would say, he is "very small pertatoes, indeed," and yet times were when his productions were absorbed into the literature of America, and for a considerable period preserved there as "native" and decidedly "to the manner born." For example, "Colonel Quagg" and the American ballads in "Bon Gaultier" were thus absorbed. In a book of poems by the late Mortimer Collins there occurred these four lines, which, naturally enough, were quoted by the majority of the reviewers:—

"There was an ape, in the days that were earlier,
Centuries passed, and his hair became curlier,
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist;
Then he was man—and a Positivist."

This felicitous bit of humour voyaged across the Atlantic, and was annexed—"convey the wise it call"—in due course it returned, and was requoted in not a few English journals with the words *American Paper* where the name of the witty author ought to have been!

Except from internal evidence we have no means of *nation-alizing* a humorous poem of two stanzas which appeared not long ago in several American journals, by which it was credited to the *Chicago Tribune*. At the risk of having to defend another Alabama claim, we hereby declare the trifle to be English. Judge by this sample:—

"Be lenient with lobsters, and ever kind to crabs,
And be not disrespectful to cuttle-fish or dabs;
Chase not the Cochin-China, chaff not the ox obese,
And babble not of feather-beds in company with geese.
Be tender with the tadpole, and let the limpet thrive,
Be merciful to mussels, don't skin your eels alive;
When talking to a turtle don't mention calipee—
Be always kind to animals wherever you may be."

Mr. Edward Draper, a delightful humorist, who exercises his rare gift less frequently than one could desire, relates two instances of "adoption" by the American humorist, which are unusually interesting. In 1851 Mr. Draper was editor of and (judging from the number before us) almost sole contributor to the *Smith Street Gazette and Institutional Review*, a monthly paper (four pages, post octavo) "of limited private circulation." It was the editor's custom to send a copy to his friend Albert Smith, with permission to utilize all that suited him in the *Month*, which serial was then in existence. From the number of the *Gazette* for June, 1851, Albert Smith transferred two of Mr. Draper's contributions, namely, "The Famous Duel between Paris and Menelaus" and "The School of Abuse," a letter to the editor showing that, at public meetings, "in the true science of abuse the English are strangely deficient." The description of the Famous Duel is conceived in the richest spirit of burlesque, and is full of felicities of humour. Planché might have been the writer. Although it has nothing to do with our subject, we cannot resist quoting a passage or two from Mr. Draper's "Fight," feeling confident that the reader will pardon the digression:—"He dropped his panther's spoils as he fled, which gave occasion to a vulgar-minded Grecian to observe that 'he had been frightened out of his skin.'" "By a solemn treaty it was agreed that this duel should settle all differences between the rival nations, and that the fair Helen, the rib of Menelaus and the bone of Contention, should be immediately given up to the best man." "Drawing back his mailed right hand, Menelaus aimed such a blow at the face of his antagonist as threatened to create in the features that preponderance of colour over form so characteristic of the works of Turner, R.A. His fist, however, only dashed into the interior of the helm, for just at that moment it occurred to Paris that as his casque was in such a critical position he could reap no personal advantage by keeping his head in it, and he withdrew from it accordingly." On reconsideration we are not at all sure whether this is a digression. There is something which is erroneously believed to be exclusively American about Mr. Draper's humorous gravity. However, to return. "The School of Abuse" was transferred from the *Month* to an American journal, and some years subsequently the author met with one of his model observations for public speakers, taken from "The School of Abuse," in an English benevolent home for jokes that have seen service, and labelled, "A Fellow Down East." It ran as follows:—"But, as some philosophers teach that even the lower animals run their course of Progress, and advance systematically towards perfection in the scale of Creation, we may yet entertain a hope for the moral, physical, and intellectual improvement of my opponent by his removal into a more elevated grade of existence. Who knows but that in a few centuries he may reappear upon earth refined into a Baboon?"

A comic lecture on birds was once sent by Mr. Draper, with other "copy," to one of those unprincipled adventurers in the publishing trade who are only too often successful in victimising literary men. The MS. was neatly bound in a little volume which the author prized. Long after the submission of the MS. to his plausible friend, who, of course, had disappeared, Mr. Draper, to his surprise, met with his lecture on birds in the columns of the *Morning Advertiser*. We called on the editor of that journal, hoping to recover his little book, but found that his "birds" had been borrowed from a Yankee aviary!

Everyone familiar with the ballads of yesterday and the day before has either heard or heard of "Woodman, spare that tree." The life of the popular ballad is short. This touching appeal on behalf of a tree which had sheltered the appellant in her youth seems to us a long-ago ditty, and yet the composer of the air is still with us. Well, some years ago, it is immaterial how many, Mr. Godfrey Turner wrote "The Woodman's Reply." This humorous piece is one of a limited but unique group of broadly comic pieces of verse which, at wide intervals—much too wide—have left the author's laughing pen.

THE WOODMAN'S REPLY.

I.

No, mum, this 'ere old tree
 Can't be no longer spared;
 It ain't no odds to me,
 If Muster Brown was squared;
 But Muster Brown says, "Green,
 You drop that there tree down."
 And what *he say he mean*,
 Sure-ly, do Muster Brown.

II.

I don't possess the 'ed
 To hargify with you,
 A lady born and bred
 Is safe to speak what's true.
 But, put a case, I takes
 A job from Mr. B.
 (And little 'tis I makes
 Out of the likes of he).

III.

Your heart-strings, and all that,
 Round this 'ere tree may cling—
 To contradict you flat,
 Would not be quite the thing;
 But if you talk of shade,
 There's other boughs than these,
 And other folks have played,
 Mayhap, round other trees.

IV.

It's very good to feel
 A mystning of the eyes,
 For chairs of oak or deal,
 And old straw-hats likewise,
 To keep, if you've a mind,
 The things as makes you weep;
 I've got no fault to find,
 If they're your own to keep.

V.

But this 'ere old oak tree.
 As you don't want cut down,
 Excuse me, mum, you see,
 Belongs to Muster Brown.
 To him you should apply,
 Though 'taint no use I think,
 And if you please, mum, I
 Should like your health to drink.

This is *English* enough, quotha! If there is anything upon which the American prides himself, and he prides himself on a good many, it is on his reverence for the aspirate, and his accuracy in the use of it. Besides, the Yankee lumberman in nowise answers to the English woodman. His method of effecting a clearing is not the method pursued by Mr. William Ewart Gladstone. Nevertheless, Mr. Turner's humorous trifle travelled through the exchanges of the American press as the work of one of the funny men of the *San Francisco News Letter*. A later example of the annexations of the reputable journal in question, and we pass on to meet the American humorist of the newspapers on his own unimpeachable ground. A volume of amusing verse, called "Songs of Singularity," by "The London Hermit," was published in 1874. It contained a ballad on the mother-in-law, a theme of never-failing fruitfulness to the satirist. That same ballad afterwards appeared in the *San Francisco News Letter*, duly appropriated and altered! In order to show how the *News Letter* humorist *re-touches* his importations to fit them for the local market, we subjoin the original poem and the "improved" copy thereof, in parallel columns:—

BY THE GLAD SEA WAVES.

AN IDYLL.

"O gai!"—*French exclamation of delight.*

He stood on his head on the wild sea shore,
 And joy was the cause of the act,
 For he felt as he never had felt before,
 Insanely glad in fact.
 And why? In that vessel that left the bay
 His mother-in-law had sail'd
 To a tropical country far away,
 Where tigers and snakes prevailed.
 And more than one of his creditors too—
 Those objects of constant dread—
 Had taken berths in that ship "Curlew,"
 Whose sails were so blithely spread.

HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

He stood on his head by the wild sea shore,
 And danced on his hands a jig;
 In all his emotions, as never before,
 A wildly hilarious grin.
 And why? In that ship just crossing the
 bay
 His mother-in-law had sailed
 For a tropical country far away,
 Where tigers and fever prevailed.
 Oh! now he might hope for a peaceful life
 And even be happy yet,
 Though owning no end of neuralgic wife,
 And up to his collar in debt.

Ah! *now* he might hope for a quiet life,
Which he never had known as yet,
'Tis true that he *still* possessed a wife,
And was not *quite* out of debt.
But he watch'd the vessel, this singular
chap,
O'er the waves as she up'd and down'd,
And he felt exactly like Louis Nap,
When "the edifice was crown'd."
Till over the blue horizon's edge
She disappear'd from view,
Then up he leapt on a chalky ledge
And danced like a kangaroo.
And many and many a joysome lay
He peal'd o'er the sunset sea;
'Till down with a "fizz" went the orb of
day,
And then he went home to tea.

He had borne the old lady through thick
and thin;
And she lectured him out of breath;
And now as he looked at the ship she was in,
He howled for her violent death.
He watched as the good ship cut the sea,
And bumpishly up-and-downed,
And thought if already she qualmish
might be,
He'd consider his happiness crowned.
He watched till beneath the horizon's edge
The ship was passing from view;
And he sprang to the top of a rocky ledge,
And pranced like a kangaroo.
He watched till the vessel became a speck
That was lost in the wandering sea,
And then, at the risk of breaking his neck,
Turned somersaults home to tea.

San Francisco News Letter.

The humorists of one state or county bandy chaff with their comic *confrères* in other states and counties in a manner that one hopes affords unceasing entertainment to their readers. A joker in a Boston paper declares that "Detroit editors get up in the middle of the night to hate each other." It is fortunate for "the hub" that it possesses jesters, both aggressive and apt at neat retort—not always courteous retort, by the way—for Boston is not allowed a moment's respite by jokers elsewhere. It would be easy to fill pages with merry jests that have been made at the expense of the eclectic city, but one or two will suffice as specimens: "At a seance held there, the medium called up the spirit of a deceased lady, the intimate friend of the circle. She was asked if her experience of her present happy state realized her earthly expectations. 'Yes,' replied the spirit, 'it is very lovely and nice here, but'—with a long, soft sigh—'*it is not Boston.*'" Here is another: "A Boston young man attended a prayer meeting, and heard so many confessions of crime, that he concluded it was no place for him. *He felt as though he needed better society.*" According to the humorist, the habits of thought and forms of expression of a Boston lady differ from those of young ladies who are "raised" elsewhere. She is a young person of culture. Behold her!—" 'Goin' to hang up your stocking, Christmas?' asked a Chicago man of a Boston girl who is visiting his sister, one day last week. 'I shall certainly suspend my hosiery,' she said, looking kindly at him over her eye-glasses, 'because I think the beautiful custom of bestowing upon our friends those things we think they will appreciate should be adhered to.' He put a copy of Emerson's works, Joe Cook's lectures, some annotated lectures on biology, and two boxes of chewing-gum into her blue, but long stocking that Friday evening, and is now her affianced oyster buyer." The real or alleged physical peculiarities of the inhabitants of certain parts of the States, as well as the staple trades of the more important cities of the Union, furnish the paragraphist with unfailing sources of merriment. An "exchange" speaks of a Chicago man who has one foot in the grave.

A commentator on this statement "presumes that it was all they could get in without enlarging the cemetery." These will speak for themselves: "There is a solidity, so to speak, about the smells in Jersey city which is wanting in those of New York. They probably have more time to become condensed." "An American cheese carried off the prize of a silver medal at the late great cattle and dairy show at Birmingham, England. It is just what might have been expected. Some American cheese is lively and strong enough to carry off an ox, without spitting on its hands." Cincinnati is thus made for the thousandth time to remember that, whatever its aspirations towards the higher life may be, it is a city which owes its greatness to—hogs. "And now they say that Theodore Thomas didn't refuse, while in Cincinnati, to beat time with a ham. The trouble originated in his inability to keep a firm grip on it, and when he was whacking out something very difficult, it would get away from him and take the trombone in the eye, or the 'cellist in the shirt front, and they did not like it."

From a sketch of a typical facial feature, as when "the reporter" describes Jones's nose as "a rouser," which "stands out on his profile like a good deed in a naughty world, or a lighthouse on a beach," to a portrait of a public man executed in the same startling style, is but one step—which the daring caricaturist in printer's ink frequently takes. We read, for example, in the *Portland Advertiser*, that "Mr. Spurgeon is a stocky man with high shoulders and no neck to speak of. His face is shaped like a pear, stem-end up . . . I have seen many a hotel clerk of a more imposing and awe-inspiring appearance." From a British point of view this will probably be considered severe; from the American standpoint it is mild, especially when it is contrasted with the way American non-conformist ministers are dealt with. Suffer the humorists to introduce to our notice "Dr." Talmage and the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. The following lines may be taken to represent the playing-in of the two eminent divines :—

There came to the Beecher
 Poor exile from hearing
 The Talmage. "O, preacher,
 To'ard Paradise steering,
 I want to be surer
 Of Heaven, great teacher:
 I want to live purer,
 For I'm a weak creature,
 To you I'd be nigher!
 O, prayerful beseecher,
 How can I go higher?
 By what pious feature?
 What orthodox flyer
 Will help sinners through?"
 Said Henry: "Go higher!
 Go hire a pew!"

"Beecher rushes to Whittaker's defence," writes a Boston para-

phist. "Shame! shame!" exclaims another paragraphist in Buffalo, "Give the poor boy a chance." Says the commander of the comic column in *Cincinnati Saturday Night*, "Talmage is so encouraged with his success in making converts at his revival he has invited Beecher to come over and take a reserved seat on the anxious bench." "The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher recently said," observes the *Morristown Herald*, "that 'in the morning when he picked up a newspaper, he thought a sewer had broken open in the house.' H'm. He must have picked up an old *Tribune*, containing a two-page report of the Beecher-Tilton trial." But this is for the most part cudgel-play. The man who compares the smile of a well-known English opera-bouffe actress to the opening of the Yosemite valley on a May morning is more than a humorist; he is a realistic poet. Of another English actress, equally renowned, it is said that she "reached the years of discretion four decades since, but not until lately has she worn long clothes." Others have said something similar, but it may be questioned whether it is "*generally* conceded that Tennyson should purchase a waste basket." The spareness of Madame Sara Bernhardt was a leading text for a joke in the American newspapers until Jumbo overshadowed her. "It is noted," writes a New Orleans trifler, "that Christine Nilsson has given her name to some matches, George Sand to a toilet water, and Sara Bernhardt to a face powder. This is not as it should be. Bernhardt should have given her name to the matches." In New York it is stated that "dolls, modelled after Sara Bernhardt, are being imported. They can also be used for crochet needles." All is fish that comes to the net of the "humorist paragraphist"—to quote his description of himself. And he is most impartial. The face and hair and calves and raiment and diet of Mr. Oscar Wilde have received almost as much attention from the humorists of the newspapers as had previously been given the height and girth and ears and appetite and trumpeting and delicate tread of the elephant Jumbo. We, at any rate, have no reason to complain. The sly humour of this will speak for itself. "Mr. John Parnell, a brother of the great Irish agitator, owns a peach farm in Alabama, which has yielded \$70,000 worth of peaches. Mr. Parnell does not charge his tenants any rent, pays them larger wages, gives them one-half the crop, and boards them free at his own house when the year is a bad one for peaches. That is, we suppose he does all this. We haven't been told so, but just thought he would run his plantation about that way, in deference to his brother's views. But then, may be he doesn't." English life and letters are laid under contribution by the paragraphist in order to give point to his pleasantries, as when he observes, that "Fanny Driscoll prints a poem entitled, 'Clothe me in dreams!' she has evidently had an invitation to attend one of Queen Victoria's receptions." Another in the same line, from New Orleans: "A Paris letter says; 'At a

recent Mackey ball, the toilet of the hostess was a poem.' If Mrs. Mackey wore one of Browning's poems, her dress was proper enough. No one could see through it." An Iowa weekly paper begins a leader thus: "As we advised him last week, Mr. Gladstone is shaping out a new policy."

No cant has been more unsparingly lashed by the humorist of the newspaper press of America than the cant of musical and dramatic criticism, and yet it is to America one must turn for the choicest examples of a kind of writing—two-thirds hysterical gash and the remainder technical knowledge of the cheapest sort—which now-a-days passes for criticism with the greater newspaper-reading public. There are evidently critics of all the types known to us at work in America. Here is one: "See the critic. He is tired. He has closed his eyes. His chin touches his breast. He murmurs through his nose. He will say that the violins were flat, and the conductor was out of tune, to-morrow." A wild humorist in San Francisco ridicules the method of the critic in a vein of extravagant burlesque. He is supposed to be giving his notions of Patti. "Her technique is bad, besides being too small. When a bran-new technique can now be had for three dollars, and a good second-hand one, holding over two quarts, for \$1.75, there is no excuse for this. Of course we all know—all we critics—that there are no tears in Mrs. de Munckey's voice, which is the reason for her having to wet her whistle so early and often. There is a marked deficiency in breadth, and depth, and thickness in the upper register, which does not admit the air freely in consequence, and a far-off nearness, a sort of inanimate after-taste, so to speak, in the diminuendo of her flats, particularly her French flat. Her singular mannerism of holding her chin lopsided during her G ups is in bad form, and the first thing, she knows, one of her sharps will come out edgeways and cut her throat. Then she opens her mouth too much and too often when she sings, which makes her chest-notes mouthy and her mouth-notes chesty. It would be much better, to say nothing of more artistic, if she were to open only one side of her mouth at a time. This would save wear and tear of her teeth, and at the same time give the other corner time to rest and brace up. She exerts herself too much in her trills, and it would save her both breath and expense if she had them hereafter done behind the scenes, by a boy with a dog-whistle or something." One of the smartest "personals" we have met with appeared in a Western paper called the *Statesman*. It strikingly illustrates the ease with which a humorous editor, who has been driven into a corner and has been deprived of all apparent means of defence, can escape with a laugh on his side. As a sympathetic commentator observes, "it is impossible to get ahead of the average Western paper." Well, the Boise *Statesman* published a glowing obituary of one J. B. Foster, who, it was alleged, was shot dead at Wood River. Mr.

Foster immediately wrote to the paper, denying that he was dead. The letter duly appeared in the *Statesman*, headed, "*A Card from a Corpse.*" Even a Count Smorltork would find it impossible to take notes of a tithe of the examples of the humour of ribald reviling with which the newspapers of the Union are replete during a political campaign. They are humorous to us, but it is evident that the Slurks and Potts of America are for the most part in deadly earnest. A thoughtful writer in New Orleans remarks that "pictures of the mouth of the hippopotamus would seem to indicate that the animal is making a political speech; but he is not." The allusion is not necessarily national. It might have been made by an English observer who had seen the mouth of the mob-orator in operation on Clerkenwell Green. Remarks another observer, in Massachusetts, "Were Ananias about in these campaigning days, how he would marvel at the rapid strides that have been made in the profession in which he once stood supreme." We are informed that "Politics are hot in Virginia, and they do pretty desperate things, but even there it is considered loathsome mean for a member of one party to break up a meeting of the other party just at a point when the speaker is in the midst of an impassioned appeal by starting a dog-fight outside." It is quite fair, however, for no protest is made against the force of the testimonial, to say that, "For a three-fly, four-story, double-distilled, double-refined, double-barrelled, copper-bottomed, square-toed, bevel-edged liar" a certain journal "has no peer. Its mendacity is equalled only by its envy and malice. Its breath is slander; its teaching vice. Its only happiness is in wallowing in the slums of its own putrescence." "Will some cross-eyed son of a street scavenger please send us the address of that sheet?" exclaims another journal, in a glow of humorous approval; "we want to subscribe for it."

TENNYSONIAN PHILOSOPHY.

It is interesting to contrast the present reputation of a great poet with the hostile criticism to which he was subjected during his previous career. Since the time when Coleridge declared that he "could scarcely scan" some of Mr. Tennyson's verses, nearly fifty years have passed by, and the Poet Laureate has now obtained a literary eminence and wide-spread popularity such as probably no poet has ever before enjoyed in his own lifetime. Almost every line that he now writes is greeted with universal applause, and the unsparing severity of former criticism has been succeeded by the almost servile adulation of a later age.

Mr. Tennyson's claim to be the first poet of our time is generally based on the ground that he is the representative singer of the generation in which he lives, and that he has appreciated and expressed in his writings, more faithfully and more delicately than any other poet, the thoughts and feelings of his fellow-countrymen. He stands before us less in the light of a great teacher than a great singer; and if the soundness of his philosophical views be at any time called in question, his admirers generally are ready with the answer that the true function of the poet is not to instruct, but to please; not to lead, but to represent the age in which he lives. This may or may not be true as a general principle and rule of poetry; but it certainly will not be found very pertinent or applicable to Mr. Tennyson's poems in particular; nor will it be possible in this way to avert criticism from the Tennysonian philosophy. There are of course many poems of Mr. Tennyson's in the subject of which no matters of living interest are concerned, as for instance *The Lotus Eaters*, *St. Agnes Eve*, *Ulysses*, and many others, all remarkable for their perfect artistic beauty and extraordinary power of word-painting, and all resembling Keats' poems in their total abstraction from the interests of practical life. But these are by no means the most numerous class; for there are also many others, such as *In Memoriam*, *Maud*, and *The Princess*, in which the Poet Laureate has deliberately entered on subjects of debateable ground, with the evident intention of contributing to their elucidation. And in addition to whole poems thus dedicated to one particular subject, he has of course drawn many individual characters which are presumably meant to convey some lesson to the minds of those who study them. It must be remembered, too, that even if a poet be considered merely the "representative" writer of his time, the important question must

still arise—What does he represent? Does he reflect in his writings merely the average intelligence of the age, or the most far-seeing wisdom that guides and directs it? For all these reasons one cannot avoid the necessity of criticising the philosophical and didactic powers of every great poet, and not resting content with the excellency of the poems themselves. In spite of the acknowledged supremacy of Mr. Tennyson's multifarious poetical powers, I believe that those who best understand and appreciate his writings must admit that even in his obviously didactic poems he has no claim to the distinction of a great teacher or leader of thought. It must be confessed that, when once he enters on matters of debateable ground, there is often some fatal flaw in the thought which mars the effect of the whole poem, and always a total absence of such vigour and intense moral persuasion as are necessary to carry conviction to the mind of the reader.

Admitting, then, what indeed it would be impertinent to deny or discuss, that, in matters of purely poetical or artistic expression, the Poet Laureate must ever be classed among the greatest masters of English verse, let us now consider those of his poems in which he treats of such debateable subjects as philosophy, morality, politics, and the like; and in which, if he is to be regarded as a great thinker, we may justly expect to find some more profound feelings than those of an ordinarily well-educated and thoughtful Englishman.

In the poem called *Wages* the abstract character of virtue is discussed, the object being to show how the aim of virtue is "to right the wrong," without regard to glory or any temporal reward.

"Nay, but she aimed not at glory, no lover of glory she:
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be."

This is a high and noble ideal; but it appears to me to be sadly stultified and debased, when, in the second stanza, it is discovered that after all virtue *is* looking for a reward; that her activity in this world is only conditional, and depends on the existence of a future life—

The wages of sin is death: if the wages of virtue be dust
Would she have heart to endure for the life of the wo'm and the fly.

This, in fact, is one of Mr. Tennyson's most favourite themes, that morality in this life depends on the certainty of a future state, and this seems to me to be the cardinal weakness of all his religious teaching. Even the harmony of *In Memoriam*, otherwise so perfect in tenderness and depth of feeling, is marred by this discordant note—

"Not only cunning casts in clay:
Let science teach we are, and then
What matters science unto men,
At least to me? *I would not stay.*"

And in his late poem, *Despair*, he draws a terrible picture of the

hopeless misery and weariness of life which are caused by the loss of faith in God and a future state. We need not here discuss whether such a picture be correct or not ; but surely all who love virtue for virtue's sake must protest against the immorality of the assumption that men cannot be moral in this world unless they are certain that their existence will be prolonged hereafter. What are we to think of a religious teacher who can base his plea for morality on no firmer ground than this ? Contrast with this the noble words of Robertson.¹ "If there be no God and no future state, yet, even then, it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward. Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who, in the tempestuous darkness of the soul, has dared to hold fast to these venerable landmarks."

When we come to consider the poems in which Mr. Tennyson treats of social subjects we shall find that here, even less than in religious questions is he entitled to the position of a leader of thought. Perhaps the theme which he has handled most powerfully is the iniquity of the loveless marriages of fashionable life, the "woman-markets of the west." In at least two poems this is the direct cause of the tragic ending, and in another and greater one it is closely connected with it. All readers must admire the noble scorn and indignation which are the key-note of *Aylmer's Field* and *Locksley Hall*, and in few other poems can one find such splendour of language and imagery. Yet the mingled weakness and violence of Leolin in *Aylmer's Field* disgust us almost as much as the amazing folly and selfishness of the hero of *Locksley Hall*, and in both poems the moral effect, which might otherwise have been very great, is ruined by the utterly foolish and immoral bearing of the most important character. It is very interesting to compare *Locksley Hall* with Mr. Browning's *The Worst of It* and Mr. Swinburne's *The Triumph of Time*. In all these poems we find the same subject—the character of a disappointed lover ; but while Mr. Browning's and Mr. Swinburne's heroes bear their sorrows with noble and unselfish magnanimity, we find in Mr. Tennyson's hero such vulgar selfishness and almost brutal violence as make the poem unspeakably inferior in dignity and moral effect.

The subject of *Maud* is, of course, a much wider and deeper one, but its defects are substantially the same. The surpassing charm of this poem ought not to blind our eyes to the strange moral blemishes which are the more monstrous and unnatural owing to the beauty of their surroundings. *Maud* herself is indeed eminently pure and faultless, but the character of her lover is so drawn as to make him, apparently unintentionally, almost contemptible in the eyes of the reader. The duel which brings

¹Address to working men. Brighton.

about the final catastrophe could not have taken place but for his own wicked pride and childish folly; yet, amidst all his subsequent ravings, we never find a trace of repentance or remorse. Then, again, the whole poem is saturated with "Jingoism" of the worst description, which reaches its culminating point when it is discovered that the one event which can comfort the bereaved lover, and restore him to a sphere of usefulness and activity, is—the Crimean war!

What are we to think of the moral teaching of a writer who was so carried away by the bellicose spirit of the time as to use all the resources of his art and poetical skill to vilify peace and glorify war?

It is a strange fact that the terrible mental condition described in *The Vision of Sin*, the process of deterioration in a human soul, hardening first into indifference, and then into sheer malice and hatred of its kind, appears to be to some extent the common fate of Mr. Tennyson's disappointed heroes. Few of them seem to be upheld by any sincere and unselfish love of their fellow-creatures, or by any great and genuine and enthusiastic belief: they are what Mr. Swinburne calls—

"The little lovers that curse and cry."

Leolin, on receiving the news of Edith's death, can find no better comfort than in the dagger which she had formerly given him. Lady Clara Vere de Vere is politely reminded that "young Laurence," when his passion was unrequited, had cut his own throat. The hero of *Locksley Hall*, before he takes his departure "seaward," can think of no more generous farewell to his lost love than to invoke a thunderbolt on her ancestral residence. The hero of *Maud* can find no higher aim or comfort in life than to go off to the wars and kill other people because his own affairs have gone wrong. Surely there is a terrible moral defect in such characters as these. Yet, as far as we can see, they are all drawn approvingly by Mr. Tennyson: certainly there is no sign of reprobation or disapproval.

On the other hand, there is another class of characters, of a less violent and unreasonable type (and these are distinctly held up for our admiration), in which we shall find defects which, if not so glaring, are at least as inveterate and dangerous. How is it that in the Arthurian Idylls the sympathy of the reader is rather with the erring Launcelot than the blameless King? Surely because in the character of Arthur there is a deep blot of selfishness and unctuous self-approval. That long sermon which he pronounces over the prostrate Guinevere could hardly have been uttered by a man of deep and tender feeling; a true-hearted husband could hardly sum up his wife's offences with the *sang froid* of a judge. The purity of Arthur is what Carlyle calls "the purity of dead dry sand;" and after reading his story one feels

more strongly than ever that "best men are often moulded out of faults," and that the blameless Arthur is not one of these.

In *Enoch Arden*, we have, perhaps, the most truly heroic of all Mr. Tennyson's heroes. Yet the plot of the story, though the intent is pure, is strangely unfortunate in its conclusion. The noble endurance and self-sacrifice of Enoch is, as far as Annie's peace of mind is concerned, spoiled and stultified by the result. The object of communicating the news of Enoch's death is to relieve Annie's mind of the fear that he may still be living; yet what would be the state of mind of a wife who learned, not that her former husband had long been dead, as she had hoped and been assured, but that his funeral was even now to take place; that he had been dwelling for a year in the same village as herself, and haunting her window like a ghost? It seems to be overlooked that there could be nothing but torture in such news as this, and that there is an unpardonable moral grossness in leaving the story in such a helplessly morbid position.

If we turn to the political teaching of Mr. Tennyson, we shall find in it little more than a mild optimism, and an attempt to strike the golden mean by avoiding "the falsehood of extremes."

"Ah yet, tho' all the world forsake,
Tho' fortune clip my wings,
I will not cramp my heart, nor take
Half views of men and things,
Let Whig and Tory stir their blood;
There must be stormy weather;
But for some true result of good
All parties work together."

The wisdom of such a doctrine is apparent rather than real; for history surely teaches us that truth does not always, or of necessity, lie between two extremes; there have been great questions as of Peace or War, Liberty or Slavery, where one party has been wholly and entirely in the right, and the other party wholly and entirely in the wrong. There are some great principles, even in politics, which one must accept and believe altogether, or not at all, and which one cannot afford to calculate or compromise. To be for ever straining to strike the balance between rival parties, and to assume a position of philosophic impartiality, is the characteristic of one who follows and does not lead the age, the mark of political scepticism rather than political wisdom.

These then, it seems to me, are the pervading faults of Mr. Tennyson's didactic poems; a lack of genuine belief in any great cause; and a tendency to spoil the moral beauty of his characters by the introduction of mean and unworthy attributes and strange perversions of the plot. Though all his works show signs of consummate art, they do not seem to be dictated by the deep conviction and sublime enthusiasm of a great thinker, except in the

case of *In Memoriam*, where his heart was most truly and profoundly stirred. They are the masterpieces of a cunning workman, but there is little of the genuine inspiration and divine fire of genius which finds vent in spontaneous and unpremeditated utterance. There is extraordinary felicity of expression in giving words to the thoughts that are uppermost in men's minds, but little real fertility of imagination, no "great direct thought, a glance at first-hand into the very fact of things!"¹ In most literal fulfilment of the prayer which he himself utters, in his invocation of *Will Waterproof's* muse, his

"Barren commonplaces break
In full and kindly blossom."

The barren commonplaces of the thought are clothed in the full and kindly blossom of the rich and luxuriant language.

In short, the whole philosophy of Mr. Tennyson's writings is that of a "representative" and not an original poet. One may find in his works the current theories and speculations of the age, stated with marvellous force and unexampled felicity of expression, but the man who, amid the din of conflicting creeds, seeks for moral or religious guidance and support, such as thousands have sought and found in the teaching of Carlyle and Browning and Ruskin, will look in vain for such assistance in the writings of the Poet Laureate.

"The man of science himself is fonder of glory and vain;
An eye well-practised in nature, a spirit bounded and poor;
The passionate heart of the poet is whirl'd into folly and vice.
I would not marvel at either, *but keep a temperate brain.*"

Such seems to be the leading and ever-present idea of the Tennysonian philosophy. But in this endeavour it may be that something more is lost than is gained, for it is sometimes forgotten that the passionate hearts of poets are whirled into other things besides folly and vice, such things as noble enthusiasm, unshaken faith in mankind, and uncompromising love of the good. However temperate the brain may be, no system of mild optimism, expressed in however magnificent language, can be weighed in the balance against the wiser and truer, though more passionate, utterances of those poets who are the real teachers of mankind.

This may perhaps seem harsh and ungracious criticism, but it is written in all earnestness and humility of judgment by one who is fully aware of the mightiness of Mr. Tennyson's powers, and the reverence due to all true poetical genius. But reverence is far removed from adulation; and those are not the wisest of his admirers who would ignore or deny the serious blemishes by which his chief poems are marred, or even claim for him the title of a great didactic writer. Those who best love his poetry should be the first to examine such a claim with the utmost jealousy and

¹ Carlyle Heroes.

minuteness, in order that the fair fame of his genuine poetical supremacy may not be tarnished by a spurious reputation for a quality which he does not possess.

Since the above lines were written, the production at the Globe Theatre of Mr. Tennyson's rustic drama, *The Promise of May*, has given a rude shock to his reputation as a didactic writer, and has furnished a signal illustration of the weakness of the Tennysonian philosophy. No doubt the conspicuous failure of the piece was partly owing to its dramatic shortcomings; but many indignant protests have also been called forth by the strange attempt to fix on intellectual free-thinkers the stigma of personal immorality. Yet in this respect *The Promise of May* is merely a repetition and amplification of the extraordinary teaching conveyed in the poem *Despair*, of which I have spoken above.

H. S. S.

PORTIA;

OR, "BY PASSIONS ROCKED."

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS," "MRS. GEOFFREY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Sir. You are very welcome to our house;
It must appear in other ways than words;
Therefore I scout this breathing courtesy."

SHAKESPEARE.

FROM Christmas Day to New Year's Day, we all know is but a week—but *what* a week it is! For my part I think this season of supposed jollity the most uncomfortable and forlorn of any in the year. During all these seven interminable days, the Boodie still clings to her belief in Roger, and vows he will surely return before the first day of '82 shall have come to an end. It is very nearly at an end now; the shadows have fallen long ago; the night wind has arisen; the snow that all day long has been falling slowly and steadily, still falls, as if quite determined never again to leave off.

They are all sitting in the library, it being considered a snuggler room on such a dreary evening than the grander drawing-room. Stephen Gower, who has just come in, is standing by the centre table with his back to it, and is telling them some little morsel of scandal about a near neighbour. It is a bare crumb, yet it is received with avidity, and gratitude, and much laughter, so devoid of interest have been all the other hours of the day.

Nobody quite understands how it now is with Dulce and Stephen. That they have patched up their late quarrel is apparent to everybody, and as far as an ordinary eye can see, they are on as good terms with each other as usual.

Just now she is laughing even more merrily than the rest, at his little story, when the door opens, and Sir Christopher and Fabian enter together.

Sir Christopher is plainly very angry, and is declaring in an extremely audible voice, that "he will submit to it no longer;" he furthermore announces that he has "seen too much of it," whatever "*it*," may be, and that for the future he will "turn over a very

different leaf." I wonder how many times in the year this latter declaration is made by everybody?

Fabian, who is utterly unmoved by his vehemence, laying his hand upon his uncle's shoulder, leads him up to the fire-place and into the huge arm-chair, that is his perpetual abiding place.

"What is it?" asks Sir Mark, looking up, quickly.

"Same old story," says Fabian in a low voice, with a slight shrug of his shoulders. "Slyme. Drink. Accounts anyhow. And tipsy insolence, instead of proper explanation." As Fabian finishes, he draws his breath, hastily, as though heartily sick and tired of the whole business.

Now that he is standing within the glare of the fire, one can see how altered he is of late. His cheeks are sunken, his lips pale. There is, too, a want of energy about him, a languor, a listlessness, that seems to have grown upon him with strange rapidity, and which suggests the possibility that life has become rather a burden than a favour.

If I say he looks as dead tired as a man might look who has been for many hours engaged in a labour, trying both to soul and body, you will, perhaps, understand how Fabian looks now to the eyes that are gazing wistfully upon him from out the semi-darkness.

Moving her gown to one side Portia (impelled to this action by some impulsive force) says, in a low tone—

"Come and sit here, Fabian," motioning gently to the seat beside her.

But, thanking her with grave courtesy, he declines her invitation, and, with an unchanged face, goes on with his conversation with Sir Mark.

Portia, flushing hotly in the kindly dark, shrinks back within herself, and linking her fingers tightly together tries bravely to crush the mingled feelings of shame and regret that rise within her breast.

"I can stand almost anything myself, I confess, but insolence," Sir Mark is saying, *à propos* of the intoxicated old secretary. "It takes it out of one so. I have put up with the most gross carelessness rather than change my man, but insolence from that class is insufferable. I suppose," says Sir Mark, meditatively, shifting his glass from his left to his right eye, "it is because one can't return it."

"One can dismiss the fellow, though," says Sir Christopher, still fuming. "And go Slyme shall. After all my kindness to him, too, to speak as he did to-night! The creature is positively without gratitude."

"Don't regret that," says Dicky Browne, sympathetically. "You are repining because he declines to notice your benefits; but think of what Wordsworth says—

"I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds,
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the *gratitude* of men,
Has oftener left me mourning."

Look here, Sir Christopher, my experience is, that if once you do a fellow a good turn he'll stick to you through life, and make you feel somehow as if he belonged to you, and *that* isn't pleasant, is it?"

Dicky pauses. Wordsworth is his strong point, and freely he quotes and misquotes him on all occasions. Indeed, I am of opinion he is the only poet Dicky ever read in his life, and that because he was obliged to.

"I have done with Slyme," goes on Sir Christopher, hotly. "Yes, *for ever*. Now, not a word, Fabian; when my mind is made up (as you all know) it is made up, and nothing can alter it." This is just what they do *not* all know. "As for you," continues Sir Christopher, indignantly, addressing himself solely to Fabian, "you plead for that miserable old sot out of nothing but sheer obstinacy—not because you like him. Now, *do* you like him? Come now, I defy you to say it."

Fabian laughs slightly.

"There, I knew it," exclaims Sir Christopher, triumphantly though Fabian, in reality has said nothing, "and as for him, he positively detests you. What did he say just now?—that he——"

"Oh! never mind that," says Fabian, poking the fire somewhat vigorously.

"Do let us hear it," says Julia, in her usual lisping manner. "Horrid old man; I am quite afraid of him; he looks so like a gnome, or—or—one of those ugly things the Germans write about. What did he say of dear Fabian?"

"That he had him in his power," thunders Sir Christopher, angrily. "That he could make or unmake him, as the fancy seized him, and so on. Give you my honour," says Sir Christopher, almost choking with rage, "it was as much as ever I could do to keep my hands off the fellow!"

Portia sinking further into her dark corner, sickens with apprehension at these words. Suspicion, that now, alas! has become a certainty, is crushing her. Perhaps before this she has had her doubts—vague doubts, indeed, and blessed in the fact that they may admit of contradiction. But now—*now*——

What was it Slyme had said? That he could either "make or unmake him;" that he "had him in his power." Does Slyme, then know the—the *truth* about him? Was it through *fear* of the secretary that Fabian had acted as his defender, supporting him against Sir Christopher's honest judgment? How quickly he had tried to turn the conversation—how he had seemed to shrink from deeper investigation of Slyme's impertinence! All seems plain to her, and with her supposed knowledge comes a pain, too terrible almost to be borne in secret.

Fabian, in the meantime, has seated himself beside Julia, and is listening to some silly remarks emanated by her. The Boodie, who is never very far from Fabian when he is in the room, is sitting on his knee with her arms round his neck.

"Come here, Boodie," says Dicky Browne, insinuatingly. "You used to say you loved me."

"So I do," says the Boodie, in fond remembrance of the biggest doll in Christendom, "But——"

She hesitates.

"I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not Fabian more," parodies Mr. Browne, regretfully. "Well, I forgive you. But I thought it was Roger on whom you had set your young affections. By-the-bye, he has disappointed you, hasn't he? Here is New Year's Day, and he has not returned to redeem his promise."

"He will come yet," says the Boodie, undauntedly.

"He will return, I know him well," again quotes Mr. Browne: "that's your motto, I suppose, like the idiotic young woman in the idiotic song. Well, I admire faith myself; there's nothing like it."

"Don't mind him," says Fabian, tenderly, placing his arm round the discomfited Boodie, and pressing her pretty blonde head down upon his breast. "I don't understand him, so of course you don't."

"But why?" says Dicky Browne, who is evidently bent on mischief; "she has a great deal more brains than you have. Don't be aspersed by him, Boodie; *you* can understand me, I know, but I daresay I soar higher than he can follow, and what I say to you contains 'thoughts that lie beyond the reach of his few words of English speech.'"

"Thank you," says Fabian.

The Boodie is plainly puzzled.

"I don't know what you mean," she says to Dicky; "I only know this," defiantly, "that I am certain Roger will return to-night, even if I am in bed when he comes."

The words are hardly out of her mouth, when the door opens, and somebody appears upon the threshold. This somebody has had an evident tussle with the butler outside, who, perhaps, would fain have announced him, but having conquered the king of the servants' hall, the somebody advances slowly until he is midway between the centre of the room and the direct glare of the fire-light.

Everyone grows very silent. It is as though a spell has fallen upon them all; all, that is, except Dulce. She, rising hurriedly from her seat, goes toward the stranger.

"It is *Roger*!" she cries, suddenly, in so glad a voice, in a voice so full of delight and intense thankfulness, that everyone is struck by it.

Then Roger is in their midst, a very sunburnt Roger, but just at first his eyes are only upon Dulce, and after a little bit it becomes apparent to everybody that it is Dulce alone he sees; and that she is in fact the proud possessor of all the sight he owns.

He has taken between both his the two little trembling hands

she has extended to him, and is pressing them warmly, openly, without the slightest idea of concealing the happiness he feels at being at her side again.

A little happy smile wreathes her lips as she sees this, and with her white fingers she smooths down the grey sleeve of his coat, as if he were a priceless treasure, once lost, but now restored to her again.

I think Dare likes being looked upon as a long lost priceless treasure, because he does not move, and keeps his eyes still on her as though he would never like to remove them, and makes no objection to his sleeve being brushed up the wrong way.

"It seems like a hundred thousand years since you went away," says Dulce, with a little happy sigh, after which everyone crowds around him, and he is welcomed with extreme joy into the family circle again. Indeed the Boodie exhibits symptoms of insanity, and dances round him with a vivacity that a dervish might be proud of.

This is, of course, all very delightful, specially to Stephen Gower, who is sitting glooming upon space, and devoured with something he calls disgust, but might be more generally termed the commonest form of jealousy. The others are all crowding round Roger, and are telling him, in different language, but in one breath, how welcome he is.

This universal desire to light mythical tar-barrels in honour of the wanderer's return suggests at last to Mr. Gower the necessity of expressing his delight likewise. Rising, therefore, from his seat, he goes up to Roger, and insists on shaking him cordially by the hand. This proceeding on his part, I am bound to say, is responded to by Roger in a very niggardly manner; a manner that even undergoes no improvement when Mr. Gower expresses his overwhelming satisfaction at seeing him home again.

"We are all more pleased to see you again than we can say," declares Mr. Gower, purposely forgetful of that half-hour in the back-yard, when they had been bent on pommelling each other, and doubtless would have done so but for Sir Mark.

He says this very well indeed, and with quite an overflow of enthusiasm—perhaps rather too great an overflow, because Roger, looking at him out of his dark eyes, decides within himself that this whilom friend of his is now his bitterest enemy, hating him with all the passionate hatred of a jealous heart.

The Boodie is in a state of triumph bordering on distraction. "*She* had always said he (Roger) would return on New Year's Day; *she* had believed in his promise; *she* had known he would not disappoint," and so on. Every now and then she creeps up to the returned wanderer to surreptitiously pat his sleeve or his cheek, looking unutterable things all the time. Finally she crowns herself by pressing into his hand a neatly tied little square parcel, with a whisper to the effect that it is his Christmas box, that she has been keeping for him all the week.

At this Roger takes her up in his arms and kisses her warmly, and tells her he has “something lovely” for her upstairs in his portmanteau, and that after dinner she must come up with him to his room and they will unpack it together.

This announcement is very near being the cause of bloodshed. Jacky and Pussy, who have been listening intently to every word of it, now glower fiendishly upon the favoured Boodie, and sullenly, but with fell determination, make a movement towards her. In another moment all might have been over, and the poor Boodie a mangled corse, but that Roger, coming hurriedly to the rescue, declares there are two *other* “lovely things” in his portmanteau, suitable to the requirements of Pussy and her brother, whereon peace is once more restored.

To Sir Christopher this unexpected return of Roger is an indescribable blessing. His mind at once rises above all things disagreeable; Slyme and his impertinence fade out of remembrance, at least for the present. He sees and thinks of nothing but his handsome lad, who has returned to him safe and sound. There is quite a confusion, indeed, just at first; every one is talking together, and nobody is dreaming of listening to anybody. All Dulce’s heart seems to go out to Roger, as she marks the glad light that brightens his dark eyes as he returns Fabian’s greeting.

After a little while every one sobers down, and Roger, who is looking brown and healthy, if a trifle thin, seats himself beside Dulce upon the small ottoman, that, as a rule, is supposed to be only equal to the support of one individual at a time. As neither Dulce nor Roger, however, appear in the very slightest degree uncomfortable upon it, a doubt is at once and for ever afterwards thrown upon this supposition. Once only a little hitch occurs that throws a slight damp upon their content. Roger, feeling the Boodie’s offering growing warm within his hands, mechanically opens it, even while carrying on his smiling *tête-à-tête* with Dulce. But soon the smiles vanish. There, on his open palm, lies a very serpent, a noisome reptile—a box of chocolate creams!

A most improper word escapes him. He precipitately drops the box (it is a very pretty box with a lovely young lady on the cover), chocolates, and all behind the ottoman, where they fall softly, being in a high state of decay and damp, and looks gloomily at Dulce. She responds with fervour; she is, indeed, perhaps a trifle the gloomiest, and for a minute silence is unbroken.

Then they sigh, then they look again, then they try to pretend that nothing has happened to disturb them, and presently so far succeed that conversation once more falls into an easy channel and flows on unbrokenly.

She is smiling up at him in a happy fashion, long unknown to her, and he is looking down at her with such an amount of satisfaction and content in his gaze as cannot be mistaken. One might

easily believe he has forgotten the manner of their parting, and is now regarding her as his own particular possession.

When this sort of thing has gone on for five minutes, Gower, feeling he can stand it no longer, draws his breath quickly, and going over to the small ottoman seats, himself upon a low chair, quite close to his betrothed; this effort he makes to assert his position, with all the air of a man who is determined to do or die. Her fan is lying on her knee. Taking it up, with a defiant glance at Roger, he opens it, and trifles with it idly, in a sort of proprietary fashion.

Yet even while he does it, his heart is sad within him, and filled with a dire forboding. The thought that he is unwelcome, that his presence at this moment is probably being regarded in the light of an intrusion by these two, so near to him, fills him with bitterness; he is almost afraid to look at Dulce, lest he shall read in her eyes a cold disapprobation of his conduct in thus interrupting her *tête-à-tête*, when to his surprise a little hand is laid upon his arm, and Dulce's voice asks him a question that instantly draws him into the conversation.

She is smiling very kindly at him; more kindly indeed than she has done for many days; she is in such a happy mood, in such wonderfully gay, bright spirits, that all the world seems good to her, and it becomes necessary to her to impart her joyousness to all around. *Everyone* must be happy to-night, she tells herself; and so, as I have said before, she smiles on Gower, and pats him gently on the arm, and raises him at once to the seventh heaven, out of the very lowest depths of despair.

The change is so sudden, that Stephen naturally loses his head a little. He draws his chair even nearer to the ottoman. He determines to outsit Roger. In five minutes—in half an hour, at all events—the fellow will be obliged to go and speak to somebody else, if only for decency's sake. And then there is every chance that the dressing-bell will soon ring. Dulce's extreme delight, so innocently expressed, at her cousin's return, had certainly given him a severe shock, but *now* there is no reason why he should not remain victor, and keep the prize he had been at such pains to win.

All is going well—even with Roger, freshly returned by her side, she has shewn kindness to him, she has smiled upon him with a greater warmth than usual. I daresay she is determined to show her cousin her preference for *him* (Stephen). This thought makes him positively glow with hope and pride. By guarding against any insidious advances on the part of the enemy, by being ever at Dulce's side to enterpose between her and any softly worded sentimental converse, he may conquer, and drive the foe from off the field.

Not once this evening until the friendly bed-room candlesticks are produced will he quit her side—never until——

In one moment his designs are frustrated. All his plans are laid low. The voice of Julia breaks upon his ear like a death knell. She, being fully convinced in her own mind, that "poor dear Stephen" is feeling himself in the cold, and is therefore inconceivably wretched, determines, with most mistaken kindness, to come to the rescue.

"Stephen, *may* I ask you to do something for me?" she says, in her sweetest tones, and with her most engaging smile.

"You may," says Mr. Gower, as in duty bound, and in an awful tone.

"Then do come and help me to wind this wool," says Julia, still in her most fetching manner, holding out for his inspection about as much scarlet wool as it would take an hour to wind, doing it at one's utmost speed.

With a murderous expression Stephen crosses the room, to where she is sitting—at the very antipodes from where he would be, that is from Dulce—and drops sullenly into a chair at her side.

"Poor dear fellow, already he is feeling injured and out of spirits," says Julia, to herself, regarding him with furtive compassion.

"Beast! she is in a plot against me!" says Mr. Gower to his own soul, feeling he could willingly strangle her with her red wool.

So do we misunderstand the feelings and motives of our best friends in this world.

Dulce and Roger, thus left to their own resources, continue to be openly and unrestrainedly happy. Every now and then a laugh from one or other of them comes to the stricken Stephen, sitting on his stool of repentance, winding the endless wool. By and bye it becomes worse, when no laugh is heard, and when the two upon the ottoman seem to be conversing in a tone, that would be a whisper, if it dared. To Gower it is already a whisper, and frenzy ensues.

Wild thoughts arise within his breast; something it seems to him must be done, and that *soon*. Shall he throw this vile wool, this scarlet abomination, in Julia's placid face, and with a naughty word defy her to hold him prisoner any longer? Or shall he fling himself bodily upon Roger, and exterminate him? Or shall he publicly upbraid Dulce with her perfidy? No; this last is too mild a course, and something tells him would not create the havoc that alone can restore peace to his bosom. Shall he—

Oh! blessed sound, the dressing bell! Now she must tear herself away from this new-found cousin, and go upstairs; doubtless to array herself in her choicest garments for his delectation later on. He grinds his teeth again as this thought comes to torment him.

Regardless of Julia's cry of horror and remonstrance, he drops the wool and rises to his feet, leaving it a hopeless mass on the

carpet. He makes a step in Dulce's direction, but she too has got up, and before he can reach her, has disappeared through the doorway, and is halfway up the old oak staircase.

He takes her in to dinner, certainly, later on, but finds on seating himself that Roger, by some unaccountable chance, has secured the seat on her other side. He finds out too, presently, that she is devoting all her conversation to her cousin, and seems curiously inquisitive about his travels. She appears indeed positively athirst for information on this subject; and the soup is as naught, and the fish as sawdust, in the eyes of Mr. Gower.

"You were in Egypt, too? Tell me about it. I have always so *longed* to hear about Egypt," says Dulce, with soft animation.

"Egypt?" says Roger, with some natural hesitation as to how to begin; Egypt is a big place, and just now seems a long way off. "Well, there's a good deal of it, you know; what do you want to know most?"

"Whether you enjoyed yourself—whether you were happy there?" replies she, promptly. I daresay it isn't quite the answer he had expected, because he looks at her for half a minute or so very intently.

"Happy? That includes such a great deal," he says, at length. "It is a very interesting country beyond doubt, and there are Pyramids, you know—you've heard of 'em once or twice, I shouldn't wonder; and there are beggars and robbers, and more sand than I ever saw in my life, and—*no*," with a sudden, almost startling change of tone, "I was *not* happy there, or anywhere else, since last I saw you!"

"Robbers!" says Dulce, hastily, with a rather forced little laugh; "regular brigands, do you mean, going about in hordes, with tunics, and crimson sashes, and daggers? How *could* one be happy with such terrible people turning up at every odd corner. I daresay," trifling nervously with a wine glass, "it would make one often wish to be at home again."

"I often wished to be at home again." Somehow his manner gives her to understand that the gentlemen in crimson sashes had nothing whatever to do with this wish.

"I fancied brigands belonged exclusively to Greece and Italy," says Dulce, still intent upon the wine glass. "Are they very picturesque, and do they really go about dressed in all the colours of the rainbow?"

Plainly Miss Blount has been carefully studying the highly-coloured prints in the old school books, in which the lawless Greeks are depicted as the gayest of the gay.

"They are about the most ill-looking ruffians it has ever been my fate to see," says Mr. Dare, indifferently.

"How disappointing! I don't believe you liked being in Egypt after all," says Dulce, who cannot resist returning to tread once more the dangerous ground.

"I think one place is about as good as another," says Mr. Dare, discontentedly, "and about as bad. One shouldn't expect too much, you know."

"Perhaps it would be as well if one didn't expect anything," says Dulce.

"Better, no doubt."

"You take a very discontented view of things; your travelling has made you cynical, I think."

"Not my *travelling*!"

This is almost a challenge and she accepts it.

"What then?" she asks, a little coldly.

"Shall I tell you?" retorts he, with an unpleasant smile.

"Well, no; I will spare you; it would certainly not interest *you*. Let us return to our subject; you are wondering why I am not in raptures about Egypt; I am wondering why I should be."

"No; I was finding fault with you because you gave me the impression that all places on earth are alike indifferent to you."

"Perhaps that is true, I don't defend myself; but I know there was a time when certain scenes were dear to me."

"There *was*?"

"Yes; I've outgrown it, I suppose; or else memory, rendering all things bitter, is to blame. It is our cruellest enemy. I daresay we might all be pretty comfortable for ever, if we could only 'Quaff the kind Nepenthe, and forget our lost Lenores!'"

"Ock, 'm?" asks the sedate butler at this emotional moment, in his most prosaic tones.

Dulce starts perceptibly and says, "No," though she means, "Yes." Roger starts too, and, being rather absent altogether, mistakes the sedate butler's broken English for good German, and says, "Hockheim?" in a questioning voice; whereupon Dicky Browne, who has overheard him, laughs immoderately and insists upon repeating the little joke to everybody. They all laugh with him except, indeed, Portia, who happens to be miles away in thought from them, and does not hear one word of what is being said.

"Portia," says Dicky, presently.

No answer; Portia's soul is still winging its flight to unseen regions.

"Still deaf to my entreaties," says Mr. Browne, eyeing her fixedly. Something in his tone rouses her this time from her daydreams, and with a rather absent smile she turns her face to his. Fabian, who has been listening to one of Mark Gore's rather pronounced opinions upon a subject that doesn't concern us here, looks up at this moment and lets his eyes rest upon her.

"Will you not deign to bestow even one word upon your slave!" asks Dicky, sweetly. "Do. He pines for it. And after all the encouragement too you have showered upon me of late, this behaviour—this studied avoidance is strange."

"You were asking me——?" begins Portia, vaguely, with a little soft laugh:

"'Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant?'" quotes Mr. Browne, with sentimental reproach. As usual he attacks his favourite author, and, as usual also, gives to that good man's words a meaning unknown to him.

Portia, raising her head, meets Fabian's eyes regarding her earnestly, and then and there colours hotly; there is no earthly reason why she should change colour—yet she does so unmistakably, nay painfully. She is feeling nervous and unstrung, and—not very well to-night, and even this light mention of the word love has driven all the blood from her heart to her cheeks. A moment ago they were pale as Lenten lilies, now they are dyed as deep as a damask rose.

For a moment only. She draws her breath quickly, full of anger at her own want of self-control, and then the flush fades, and she is even paler than she was before. Again she glances at Fabian, but not again do her eyes meet his. He has seemingly forgotten her very existence and has returned to his discussion with Sir Mark. He is apparently deeply interested, nay animated, and even as she watches him, he laughs aloud, a rare thing for him.

She tells herself that she is glad of this: *very* glad, because it may prove he has not noticed her emotion. Her awkward blush, doubtless, was unseen by him. Yet I think she is piqued at his indifference, because, her eyes grow duller, and her lips sadder, and there is a small but painful flutter at her heart, that reminds her of the days before she came to Old Court, and that compels her to press her fingers tightly together under cover of the tablecloth, in a vain effort to subdue it.

Dicky, who had noticed her quick transitions of colour, and who feels there is something wrong without knowing what, and who also understands that he himself, however unwittingly, has been the cause of it, grows annoyed with himself and, to distract attention, turns to the Boodie, who is generally to be found at his elbow when anything sweet is to be had.

The butler and his attendant are politely requesting the backs of all the heads to try a little jelly, or cream, or so on. This, at the Court, is virtually the children's hour, as Sir Christopher—who adores them—is of opinion that they prefer puddings to fruit, and that, as they should be made free of both, they are to put in an appearance with the first sweet every evening.

The Boodie, whose "vanity" is whipped cream, has just been helped to it, and Dicky, at this moment (that he may give Portia time to recover herself), turning to the golden-haired fairy beside him, adds to her felicity by dropping some crimson jelly into the centre of the cream.

"There now, I have made an island for you," he says.

Julia overhears him, and thinking this a capital opportunity to show off the Boodie's learning, says proudly—

“Now, darling, tell Dicky what an island really is.”

Dicky feels honestly obliged to her for following up his lead, and so breaking the awkward silence that has descended upon him and Portia.

“A tract of land, entirely surrounded by water,” says the Boodie, promptly, betraying a faint desire to put her hands behind her back.

“Not at all,” says Mr. Browne, scornfully; “it is a bit of red jelly entirely surrounded by cream!”

“It is *not*,” says the Boodie, with a scorn that puts his in the shade. To be just to the Boodie, she is always eager for the fray, not a touch of cowardice about her. “How,” demands she, pointing to the jelly with a very superior smile, “how do you think one could live upon *that*?”

“Why not? I don't see how any one could possibly desire anything better to live upon.”

“Just fancy Robinson Crusoe on it,” says the Boodie, with a derisive smile.

“I could fancy him very fat on it; I could also fancy him considering himself in great luck when he found it, or discovered it. They always discovered islands, didn't they? I should like to live on just such an island for an indefinite number of years.”

“You are extremely silly,” says Miss Beaufort, politely; “you know as well as I do that it wouldn't keep you up.”

“Well, not perhaps so strongly as a few other things,” acknowledges Mr. Browne, gracefully; “but I think it *would* support me for all that—for a *time*, at least.”

“Not for one minute. Why, you couldn't stand on it.”

“A prolonged acquaintance with it *alone* might make me totter, I confess,” says Mr. Browne. “But yet, if I had enough of it, I think I *could* stand on it very well.”

“You could *not*,” says the Boodie, indignant at being so continuously contradicted on a point so clear. “If you had ten whole jellies—if you had one as big as this house—you couldn't manage it.”

“I really beg your pardon,” protests Mr. Browne, with dignity. “It is my belief that I *could* manage it in time. I'm very fond of jelly.”

“You would go right through it and come out at the other side,” persists the Boodie, nothing daunted.

“Like the Thames Tunnel. How nice,” says Dicky Browne, amiably.

“Well, you can't live on it *now*, anyway,” says the Boodie, putting the last bit of the jelly island into her small mouth.

“No, no, indeed,” says Dicky, shaking his head with all the appearance of one sunk in the very deepest dejection.

(To be continued.)

SHADOWS FROM AN OLD SUN-DIAL.

By FREDERICK GALE.

SHADOW THE FIRST.

I OFTEN wonder how I specially escaped the fate of little boys who wore what were called "button ups," consisting of a rather long jacket, much like a page's jacket of to-day, with a row of brass buttons outside, round the waist, to which were attached trousers by corresponding button-holes, trousers of no particular make, and roomy enough to allow of growth; round the neck was a "Toby" frill, on the feet were Blucher boots, and on the head a cap, the top whereof was bulged out with a piece of cane, and looked like a round platter, and was ornamented (?) with a cord and tassel. It was a hideous costume. Somehow I was in luck, and appeared as a little boy in a military frogged coat with a belt, and a military undress cap, and the clothes were made by a real tailor, which added to their charm. This costume was for high days and holidays, the working dress being a brown holland blouse, with a belt. With this short introduction, I propose to give a sketch of the inner life in a country vicarage and a country village half a century ago, in the pre-railway days, and almost the pre-road days, as in the rural districts the country roads were almost impassable during the winter, for wheel traffic. In out-lying parishes, far away from towns, and even from turnpike roads, the country parson was thrown pretty much on his own resources for everything. Of course more than often he had a large family, and on looking back it is wonderful to think how much he did on very moderate means. He was schoolmaster to his own boys, and often took a pupil or two as companions for them, and as a help to income—he taught himself rough carpentering, mended fences, made garden chairs, did all his house painting, took an active part in gardening, brewed his own beer, made any quantity of home-made wine, vinegar, and even ink and blacking, kept an eye to the cows and pigs, with the help of some old parish factotum, who was past hard work, but who got through a great deal in the day, laid up large stores of apples and potatoes for the winter—for living in an isolated village without so much as a carriage meant isolation; moreover, he kept all the parish accounts, and found time to visit his poor, write his sermon, and even sometimes got a day with his gun or his rod. He had a horse and a four-wheel trap, as a matter of necessity, and a pony or donkey for the children (as

boys and girls learnt to ride when almost in the nursery), a good spaniel or two; and his establishment would consist of a cook, housemaid, man servant, who was Jack-of-all-trades, nurse, and probably also a governess for the children, so that there were a good many mouths to feed. The parson's wife had no idle time of it either, having to listen to the complaints of all the old women in the parish, one of whom said she had "a place in her side which no victuals wouldn't touch," and so on; to physic them, of course, and to visit the sick as well, to serve out groceries for the week, and superintend the arrangements of all meals in parlour and kitchen, check waste, keep an eye on washing and mending of clothes and house-linen, and to be *de facto et de jure* mistress of her own house, ordering everything herself, and paying the bills. Foreign wine was unknown as an article of everyday consumption, though the parson had a bottle of real good port for a friend, and a hearty welcome into the bargain. The old family recipe books and Mrs. Randel's cookery books provided wonderful soups and puddings, and the cooks in those days knew how to roast a haunch of four-year-old mutton, and to baste and flour it in a manner which makes one hungry to think of now. On the rare occasions of a dinner party the calendar was consulted for the full moon, and country people dined—and dined in reality—at half-past five, and the gentlemen had a good long hour over their wine, and played a solemn rubber afterwards. In out-of-the-way places, fish, except trout in the summer, or a pike in winter, roasted with a pudding in him, was almost unknown, and people got on very well with good country fare and old-fashioned hospitality. In many places cricket or garden sports did not exist, and children were dependent on the gardens, the woods, and rivers for amusement, taking a lively interest in birds and animals, and acquiring a good smattering of natural history, aided and encouraged by being on friendly terms with the old village poacher. Haymaking, sheep washing, harvest homes, the village club anniversaries, according to the season, were looked forward to with great excitement. Most of the rewards for good conduct were of a sporting character, such as going to see the hounds on a hunting day, or going with the shooters to mark, or to carry the basket on a fishing excursion—a visit to the county town, some ten miles, was a red letter day, but to go for a whole day to a great country fair was the climax of human happiness. As a child, Weyhill fair, near Andover—still one of the most important in the South of England—was the scene of my youthful glory. It was a regular canvas town, and innkeepers for miles round would have booths, and cater for their neighbours who visited the fair. Sheep and cattle, and horses and hops, and cheeses were the principal subjects of commerce, and the pleasure fair was no small item in the programme. Wild beast shows, Fantoccini—Middleton's to wit, conjurors, theatres, peepshows of startling character, with accurate descriptive

tableaux of horrible murders, including the execution of the murderers, dancing dogs, dancing bears, quack doctors, with a Jack-pudding—as the itinerant clown was called, boxing, cudgelling, and rough amusements, dwarfs, fat women, skeletons, wonderful gingerbread stalls, with immense cocks covered with gilt, and spice cakes, and numberless other attractions made up the fun of the fair. The grandees of the county would come with four horses and postilions, and, as the poor people said, “All the quality were there.” Quarrels were made up, friendships were formed, and if a young fellow got the consent of the parents to take Molly or Sally, or Jenny to the fair, it meant business, he was pretty sure to come home an engaged man.

“Oh! why did I visit the scene of all those glories a year ago? Where were the friends of my youth?” I learned without surprise that the pleasure fair was curtailed into one or two days and with very little to see. There was a grand show of sheep and horses, but where was my old friend, the woolly sheep dog, with his stump of a tail, and two light eyes looking like pieces of china? All gone, bar one, supplanted by the colley dogs. I said “bar one,” and there was one of the real old breed. I made his master’s acquaintance. The master was a dear old boy, who had sold all his sheep well, and was on his way home. He told me that many a gentleman had asked him about his dog, which, as he remarked, had eaten with him, and slept at his feet, whenever he was off duty, since he was a puppy, and he had never lost a sheep in his life. “Ah!” said the old man, “I shan’t be with him much longer, and I don’t think he will be long after me, for he be main old, and his old teeth are almost useless,” and I have no doubt the poor old fellow would like to have him buried with him. We “beered” together, again barring the dog, who did not “beer!” but slept with one eye open.

I found an old friend at the fair at a ginger-bread stall. It was the custom, in my youth, to sell large blocks of gingerbread, as big as a large family bible, about two inches thick, and on the surface, which was glazy brown, the most impossible lion and unicorn were stamped. My eye lighted on my old friends, there they were precisely the same as they were half a century ago, and to my delight I found the cake was stamped with the original brand, which was made for the proprietor’s grandfather seventy years ago, and I learnt that the family had kept the same stall, in the same place ever since the bread had been made, and the gingerbread was prepared from the original recipe. I don’t think I could eat so much of it now as in my childhood.

At the entrance to the fair I found an iron house, at which the County Bank had temporary offices, adjoining to it another place, which was a temporary post office and telegraph station, and at every turn I ran against London newspaper reporters, who were sending up the last quotations of the prices of the day. Ah! but where were the country waggons with the prize teams, with bells

on the harness, bringing in the holiday folks from the villages in the country? All gone. There is a railway station now handy. It was business, pure business, the only remnant of the past being the language of the horse dealers, which for coarseness and profanity seemed quite equal to that under the old *régime*.

And now revert we to our village. Our shops consisted of the village general store of course, the barber's, blacksmith's—the two latter the great emporium of news—the baker's, carpenter's, the butcher's, the wheelwright's, and the village inn, where the landlord brewed and vended his own beer. No newspapers entered the place, except the county paper once a week; no London coach passed within eight miles of us, the dame's school represented the educational department, and probably not a third of the parish could read or write. Many of the farmers wrote in curious hieroglyphics, and were very shaky in their spelling—in fact ours was pretty much a primitive world. Wages were low and cottages were crowded, but in the pure healthy down air children thrive and grew, and when they came to early manhood, those who were picked up occasionally by the recruiting sergeants were the finest raw material for soldiers that could be found, and to their stubborn obstinacy, and the pluck of the surplus population of the country villages, our successes are vastly due.

How the people lived is a mystery; butcher's meat was positively unknown to the agricultural labourer, except at Christmas occasionally. A bit of bacon on a lump of bread was a feast to a plough-boy, and, by the way, it is a feast to anyone who has a healthy appetite; small cyder was the drink which farmers provided at harvest time, and bread and cheese when the men were working double tides. The women and big girls and children worked in the fields, and directly a child was old enough to keep the rooks off, he was sent to work. As a rule, there was a small garden to each cottage, and many cottagers contrived to keep a pig, which they would sell, and some were clever with bees and sold the honey and bees-wax. But a hard winter was a terrible thing; and it was tight work to open the farmers' pockets when times were bad. The country parson was the main-stay of the poor, and fought their battle with the farmers. The worst enemy the working poor had was wet, and in bad weather their clothes never had time to dry for weeks together, and the consequence was that most of the old people were martyrs to rheumatism, produced by low diet and damp. It is a wonder that they were so honest, for their temptations were very great, and anything like actual crime in a family was felt more acutely by the whole parish than all the poverty and daily trials of life. People can little realise the awful gloom which hung over a rural parish when one or two of their number were transported, or, worse still, hung. I remember well when a little boy, two of our flock, two brothers, being hung for rick burning, and the general sympathy for the wife and family of the married

man. Some of the parishioners walked ten miles to the assize town to say "good bye" to them in the cart, as they were taken with several others to Gallows' Meadow. It was the old, old story, and the cause of it was first going out at night with the poachers, which meant frequenting low out-of-the-way beer shops, and taking to drink and bad company, and so becoming tools of designing agitators. By the poachers, I mean gangs who came from the towns, the scum of the earth, not the village poachers, who occasionally wired a hare or snared a pheasant, and sold it on the quiet in the county town. I do not know of my own knowledge, but only from oral evidence, that in the old days before the sale of game was authorised, when it was put on the table at an hotel it was supposed to be a compliment of the landlord's, and it was not charged under the head of game in the bill.¹

Then about our country sports. Shooting and hunting, and coursing were the principal amusements, particularly the latter, which was comparatively inexpensive, and many a country person, who was on good terms with the neighbourhood, was never interfered with in the winter if he went anywhere with his couple of greyhounds. In a hunting country the farmers, and also the parsons, frequently had a foxhound puppy at walk, who was made the companion of the children and trotted about with them, and got its feet hardened, and answered to its name, and did any amount of mischief; and it was pretty sight to see the children, when the hounds were out, looking out for their old favourites, who had been with them a year or two before and had now become real stalwart foxhounds, with a name and a history which was talked over at many a fireside after dinner by the foxhunting fraternity, and in many a parish the vixen and her cubs were loyally preserved by all the parish, and a purse was made for poultry losses, though doubtless many a phantom goose, which existed only in imagination, was paid for. But it gave a good name to a parish if the huntsman was pretty sure to find a fox in it, and the men who opened gates or held a horse, or did one of the numberless little things to which an honest penny was to be made, was sure to be remembered. And you may depend on it if the village landlord had, as many of them boasted, a glass of good home brewed, the hunt gave him a turn. The fact of foxes not being destroyed always showed that a parish pulled well together.

As to the shooting, except in the rare cases of big preserves, a moderate head of game was kept by mutual good will, and it wanted a deal of working for and finding, and half the pleasure of the old hands was talking about every shot over the old port by the fire in the evening, and discussing the merits of the old dog, or the old black bitch, as the case might be; and the shooting

¹Theodore Hook, in one of his novels, describes the astonishment of a departing guest to find "roast lion" in his bill, which the waiter informed him, on the quiet, meant hare.

was really what it was intended to be, an amenity to a gentleman's estate, the pleasure next to shooting it being the giving it away. A long day's walking and a mixed bag of a dozen head of game was considered good sport for a couple of guns, and it was sport and *real* sport too. The beauty of living in the country in the primitive days was that youngsters learnt the grammar and the A B C of all sports, and acquired an intimate knowledge of the habits of game and all denizens of land and water. There was room for all, and I quite agree with what poor Frank Buckland, my old schoolfellow and fag at Winchester, used to say, "that he should like to hang a gamekeeper every Monday morning, or two if necessary." He got so furious with them for destroying all birds of prey, and disturbing what he called "the balance of nature." When a hawk comes round a rick-yard and pounces on the young chickens, it is a feather in a man's cap who stalks and shoots him, but to be always destroying the hawks, and the jays, and the magpies, and stamping out all the dwellers in the woods except game, is a terrible bungle, quite on a par with a keeper's thirst for dragging every fish out of a river except trout, and I very much doubt if all the trout which are in their net are always put back if they are fine fish. I would not let a net be put into any river if the pike and perch and roach preponderate, let them be—a few big trout will remain, but you never will stamp out the pike and perch, and white fish if they have once got hold. And let us interview the country parson as the schoolmaster, with his own boys and a pupil or two—what a good thing it was for all the boys, a little party, say of four or five, being taught together. The curriculum was pretty much grinding up the old Eton Latin and Greek grammars, and easy early books in Greek and Latin; and what a lot was got through in the regular hours from half-past nine till twelve, and two till five, with an hour before breakfast learning lessons, and an hour in the evening preparing again for to-morrow. This regular routine, varied by a half-holiday on Wednesday and Saturday, was a splendid breaking in for going to school at ten years old or so. There was all the fun of boyhood without a too-early contamination with the wickedness of the world, which all boys have to go through at all schools, no matter what masters think or shut their eyes to. These were many of the advantages of school with the well-bred discipline of a gentleman's family. And how thoroughly a good parson would unbend, and be a boy amongst boys in the afternoon or evening's ramble, and how he would be always teaching boys something without their knowing it by interesting them about all that was passing around them. Just as the real every-day wear-and-tear religion which is in most men, derives its origin from the prayers said at a mother's knee in childhood, and the early tendency of the infant mind, so that careful home-training which was wholly divested of the brow-beating and restraint which characterises the school discipline of so many who falsely call them

“masters” in schools of all kinds ; men who, clever perhaps in themselves, have no more idea of teaching or of judging character than a cat has about the all absorbing clôtüre. These men are always pointing to the scholarships gained by their pupils at the universities, and they forget that if one of these pupils on leaving school happens to want to go into the civil service or the army, he has to pay a pretty handsome figure for the services of a crammer to pass a common examination which he ought to have been qualified for at school. Next about the parson’s politics in those days. Almost without exception he was a tremendous Tory and Churchman, utterly bigotted against the Radicals and the Methodists. How loyally he used to preach against the Catholic Bill and the Reform Bill, and on the occasion of the first elections after the Reform Bill how devotedly he canvassed. “Well, my friends,” he would say to any parishioners with Radical tendencies, “of course, as you say, you have a right to vote as you please, but if you vote for a Radical no respectable man will ever speak to you again.” And when the Ranters held a preachment on the village green, and he threatened to have them put in the stocks, he had not the least idea that he had the worst of the argument when the preacher dared him to do it, and promised an action for false imprisonment. But he never told the story, which was true, how, when a farmer of desperate character and pretty well to do sent him a message from what was evidently his death bed that he cared for neither God nor Devil, nor parsons either, he persevered in calling day after day, until at last he saw him ; and how, after many an interview, the man died at peace, with his hand in that of the parson, who was, he said, the best friend in the world. With all their old-fashioned ideas, those old parsons had *real* Christian charity. The old-fashioned parsons who, as represented in caricatures, always with a little pig under their arms, will bear a deal of interviewing in the days before religious discord. The Sundays were rather sad, not Puritanical exactly, and a deal of collects and Sunday lessons had to be learnt, and boys might not run about, or sing, or whistle on Sundays ; but there was always good eating and drinking, and I fancy, by common consent, meals were spun out rather longer than usual, and I am not quite sure that the termination of Sunday was not a relief to all. But then we were more old-fashioned, perhaps, and more primitive. Science and geology and secular teaching were ignored as aids to interpret the sacred writings, and we were all happy in believing that the world was commenced as the clock struck twelve on Sunday night and was completed in six periods of twenty-four hours each, and was finished at twelve on the following Saturday night. I think the parsons have a good compromise when they hold fast to the belief that there were six periods of creation, though they admit their inability to define the length of those periods which were called days when time commenced.

There is a great amount of credulity and superstition in a country village. There was generally a rumour that somebody's ghost walked at night, and, of course, some one or another had seen it; and, on the quiet, there was a "wise man" or "wise woman" who was consulted privately. An old woman would tell you, with a grave face, that her daughter had tried "tying her ague up, but it weren't no use." "Tying an ague up," meant walking backwards to a certain stile at a certain time of the moon, taking off a garter and tying it round the stile without looking round, and walking home again, which the "wise man" or "wise woman," as the case might be, said was a perfect cure. Then there was another absurd custom, which was rigidly believed in, and that was, in the event of a death in the household, going "telling the bees;" and people gravely went to the hive when the bees were at home and communicated the fact to them. Then they saw coffins in the candle or the fire, and there were hundreds of other superstitions which formed part of their creed, and nothing would shake it. All this, I suppose, was occasioned by utter want of education and the mind being formed wholly by hearsay evidences.

It seems absurd now to try to realize the idea of living amongst people, a large number of whom were wholly uneducated. One thing is certain, which is, that the illiterates made splendid servants. They cooked or were housemaids, or looked after horses or cows, or dairies, and knew their work well and practically, but that was all. They had a simple religious faith, and were wholly honest and trustworthy. I had one of the best and cleanest cooks who ever lived, until she married, who could not be got to appreciate the value of a letter in the alphabet, and I found a similar case in Devonshire not long ago in an old friend's vicarage. My host was very well off, but could not bear man servants about him, and he said, "Jane is my butler, and will look after your things." There she was, well-mannered and respectably connected, fit to be a nobleman's valet, if he wanted one, but utterly obtuse as to a glimmer of book-teaching. We are taking a very different tack now-a-days, and the prophecy is that there will be no more servants soon. I wish to heaven that millennium would begin to-morrow, for by diligent enquiry I cannot discover whose business it is to bring a coal-scuttle into my bedroom, on the rare occasions when I have a fire there, and think it would even puzzle Mr. Gladstone, as there is only one course open, not three, and that is to do it myself. And I wish the servants would strike; they are an enormous expense, and I am sure I can do most things better for myself, if the world and Mrs. Grundy would allow me to do so.

And a short story *ad rem* to this, which relates to a period of five-and-twenty years ago. Given a gentleman and his wife, three young children, cook, housemaid, and nurse, available funds for ten weeks' holiday, twenty pounds and *no* more, exclusive of living. Given also a cottage, very clean and neat, not much above a

labourer's cottage, in a pretty village, twenty miles from London, with a cricket club in the place, a river, with leave to fish previously obtained, the Thames within two miles, a pretty old-fashioned church and real country parson. Rent of cottage one pound, a week; contract with small coal dealer to cart luggage and a few necessaries there and back for thirty shillings; travelling expenses, thirty shillings more; total, thirteen pounds sunk, with seven pounds in hand for luxuries and ten weeks' dissipation. Cook and housemaid, mad to go, make a favour of living in a retired village — offer made of board wages or termination of services as they pleased. Cook and housemaid, in a fright, bite greedily and admit that they wanted to go. Time, 7 o'clock, a.m.: after the first night in new abode. Knock at door—rather an angry knock; voice outside—“Please, sir, there is no pump, only a well! Who is coming to draw the water or clean the boots?” Angry voice from bed—“I am.” Paterfamilias jumps up, puts on flannel shirt and trousers, and a pair of slippers, tucks up his sleeves, and goes down, draws water from a well *ten* feet deep! which was too much labour for a stout cook; blacks all the boots, including the servants' boots. Cook and housemaid thoroughly ashamed. “What time will you dine to-day, sir?” “What's that to you; *I* shall cook the dinner, and perhaps you will kindly say what hour *you* would like *your* dinner.” “Oh! sir!” “By-the-bye, when are your wages due.” “Oh! I am sure we are very sorry,” from both. “Too late to be sorry; you will have your wages after breakfast for a month on, and you may both go.” They did *not* go: it was a lesson for life, and capital servants they were ever after.

This has been rather a diversion. A word about the *mauvais sujets* of our village. Our bad example was a “flash” farmer, half-gentleman farmer, without the ghost of a real gentleman in him. He kept a very hospitable home when the hounds met in the neighbourhood for those who liked to go, but rumour said that young fellows from the garrison paid pretty heavily after dinner at loo and blind hookey. He had some handsome and very fast daughters, and a showy wife, who had money, but there was nothing sterling about him. He was always in hot-water about his shooting, and there were stories about very sharp practice in horse-dealing and at a local steeplechase. When our flash farmer burst up and disappeared there was not a soul in the parish who regretted him. Then there was the village thatcher, a fellow who could and would do as hard and honest a day's work as any man in England—a first-rate workman, without a ray of principle: his family all went wrong, and he went wrong. As soon as he got his wages he was off to “The Chequers,” and more than often got summoned for fighting. He was a morose beast, and wouldn't shake hands when he had fought. Quite a different character was our eccentric “ne'er-do-well,” a fine young fellow of about one-and-twenty, the only son of a mysterious mother who lived in

a lone cottage on the common. She was supposed to have some gypsy blood, and was suspected of being a "wise woman," and the report was that love-struck swains resorted to her. At any rate, she associated very little with the parish, or the parish with her. She had some unknown means of living pretty comfortably for her position in life. Her son rejoiced in the name of Cocky Weare, the first name being a *soubriquet*. He had been to sea, though had no particular account of his travels, and it was believed that he was a smuggler; was good-tempered and free from all drunkenness or dishonesty. A night's rest in a stable in the winter, or under a hedge in summer, answered his purpose always. He was great at wakes and fairs, ready and willing to settle all differences by an appeal to arms, and if he was beaten, as sometimes was the case, he would wash his face and sit down with his conqueror and share his beer with admirable good humour. In the winter he often followed the hounds on foot, and picked up a stray shilling or two taking home a lame horse or going after a stray hound, and could be thoroughly trusted; and at odd times at hedging, ditching, fencing, harvesting, and the like he was a first-rate hand. Nothing could induce him to accept regular employment. A knight-errant's position would have suited him, as he was always ready to enlist himself on the weaker side. When a silly dairymaid had given a soldier the money to put up the banns, and it came to Cocky Weare's knowledge that the scoundrel boasted of having cheated her, Mr. Weare took it into his head that it was an insult to the parish, discovered where the soldier was to be found, went off and licked him within an inch of his life, as the saying is, and made him disgorge the money, which he brought home in triumph to the poor girl, to whom he had never before spoken in his life. Offers were made to back him in the Ring, but he scorned fighting for money. At last, like the rest of the world, his time came. A troop of cavalry were passing through, and Cocky Weare, as a pure volunteer, assisted the landlord to carry out the rations and cans of beer for the troops, working double tides for nothing, and with no eye to profit. The captain took a fancy to him at once. Cockey refused to enlist, but promised to go to headquarters and see for himself what soldiering was like, and, with an innate partiality for horses, he went over the stables, and the regiment being a smart light cavalry corps, for once in his life Cockey Weare made up his mind; but he would not accept the king's shilling (as it then was), but declared himself ready and willing to serve the king, and to be sworn in anywhere they pleased. We never saw him again, but years afterwards we heard that he had risen to be a pattern soldier, high up as a sergeant, and, like many other brave men and true, had died with his face to the foe in India, doubtless, as the landlord of "The Chequers" observed, "having put his mark on some of them before he 'went home.'"

(To be continued.)

A STORY OF MARSDEN ROCK.

HAL LOWTHER.

THE way to enjoy a walk to Marsden Rock is to go by the cliffs, but be sure to take Westoe in your stroll; you cannot mistake the village, for it lies close to your right when you have gone about two miles. It is well worth a visit, as you will say, I am sure, when you come back.

Such were my instructions, as I left my hotel in King Street, South Shields, for a long ramble by the sea. The day was unusually fine, even for August, and the breeze from the sea, as it rippled over the fragrant fields and ripening corn, had a soothing and welcome influence in it, as it fluttered and sported around me, killing the langour, which otherwise might have arisen from the excessive heat.

I found Westoe had not received justice, even from my landlord, who evidently had a high opinion of its beauty. It is a bright little spot, of the old English village type. It is close to the cliffs, and nestles under the shelter of some tall wide-spreading trees. Its principal street—if street it can be called—comprises a long double row of houses, peeping out at each other through a perfect avenue of thick branches and heavy foliage. There are portly houses, with an unmistakable well-to-do air about them; there are little picture cottages, set in tiny beds of bright-looking flowers, while their walls and roofs are covered with ivy, thatch and grey moss, all calmly sleeping the summer days away, heedless of the world, and by the world forgot. Fronting the sea, and well into the shore, are a few fishermen's huts, clean, homely and neat, with hardy children and buxom women bustling about, as their husbands, sons or brothers, in guernseys and long stiff boots, pace to and fro the length of half a dozen yards, as if they were walking the deck of an imaginary ship, watching their nets spread out to dry, like a huge wilderness of cobwebs.

After this brief survey, I turned to the rocks again, and pursued the beaten track. When I had walked along for some time, now rising high above the sea, and now sinking into little inlets of sand, I began to fancy I must have lost my way, or that the rock must be further than I had been told; for as I looked about from my height, the view was open and clear around me, yet I could see no trace of the object of my search. The path narrowed considerably, and I paused against a broken wall; as my eyes rested for a moment on the edge of the cliff, I saw

some faint blue clouds of smoke arising as from a chimney; looking closer still, I noticed, a little way ahead of me, half hidden by a tuft of bushes, a hand-rail and some steps. I at once began a descent, which is winding, steep, and not at all pleasant to anyone whose nerves are not in a healthy condition. Having reached the bottom of that almost perpendicular stair, I found myself in one of the loveliest little bays I have ever seen. Beside me was a quaint-looking public house, built IN THE CLIFF, and before me was Marsden Rock, with a low tide lipping its rugged base; beyond which was a wide expanse of ocean, upon whose breast ships were gliding to and fro with their white sails set, till they looked like so many drifting clouds. I stood there, surprised at the sudden and unexpected beauty of the scene, when a voice behind me said:

"Not a bad view, sir?"

I turned, and saw a stout man with a happy genial look in that open ruddy face of his, which was set in a framework of silver-grey hair.

"Very fine indeed," I replied. "I have often heard the place spoken of, and being so near, I could not resist the temptation to see it."

Without further ceremony, he introduced himself as the landlord, and offered to show me the curiosities of his house and rock.

"We are not very busy this afternoon as yet," he said, as he led the way towards the shore, "but we shall have a rather large party here by-and-by, for there has been a wedding at the lighthouse out yonder, and they are all coming here for a dance and song, and if you like to stay, I can ensure you a hearty welcome among them."

I at once determined to stay and see the fun.

Meanwhile, we reached the foot of the rock, and being, as I have said, low tide, I saw it at its best. The inside is comprised of a whole maze of intricate little caves and inlets, leading from one to another through low arched passages of brittle stone, hung with seaweed and picturesque crustings of shell fish, and through which the waves foam and sparkle in ceaseless fragments of spray when at full tide. The top of this rock is attainable only with the help of a tackled ladder and a series of zig-zag steps, roughly hewn by some unskilled hand. On the summit are numerous raised ledges, behind which, in bygone times, men of a lawless nature are supposed to have sighted strange ships, and with the aid of false beacons, lured them to destruction. Close to this huge wart of stone is a protruding portion of the cliff, hollowed into a vast cavern, through the roof of which a large hole has been bored to the surface, with a view no doubt, of hoisting out all kinds of contraband goods; in fact, as you gaze around upon the grim, slimy walls, the whole place suggests smugglers, wreckers and dark deeds of all shapes and forms.

After this inspection we made for the house.

The landlord led me through an open doorway into a spacious cave

with an arched roof, and the scene it presented was a most enjoyable one; large loop holes are cut in the side fronting the beach, through which you can watch the setting sun as it fringes those snowy clouds with a yellow radiance, and lacing, as it were, the bosom of the sea with a trellis-work of golden light. The floor is boarded over for dancing, wooden seats and benches are scattered around for the onlookers; high up, in a niche of the wall, with a jug of liquor beside him, was a warped little old man, sawing away at a weather-beaten violin, while some dozen lads and lasses were whirling round and about to its shrill strains, their faces lighted up with a double glow, born of their own happiness and the flickering glory of a flushed sunset. From this we passed into another cavity, with more seats and tables placed about. In one corner is a bar for refreshment, with lines of various sized casks containing ale and spirits. This place is properly windowed, and in fact, is a sort of half kitchen, scullery and tap-room, with a range containing fire enough, winter and summer, to roast a sheep. Above this is another cave, fitted up as an harbour, affording a cool and pleasant view of the sea.

By a short path we now come to the house proper, which, like the rest of the place, is built in the rock.

The front is white, to this is added a portico built from the portion of a wreck; it is painted green, and in the centre, standing out in golden letters, is the name "Iduna."

Portions of the portico and some of the windows are brightened with flowers; through the kitchen door you see a sanded floor with its white hearth reflecting the glow of a red fire; while the walls are fairly covered with shining crockery, interspersed with such homely pictures as polished dish-covers and gleaming brass pans.

The landlord, who had been called away, now returned with the news that the wedding party was upstairs, and that I was—through his means, of course—included in an invitation to join them.

Mounting the steps which led to the rooms above, we passed along a passage dotted with dainty little bedrooms, till I found myself in one of the most whimsical apartments I ever beheld.

It is one room, but divided in the furnishing. Half of it still has the walls in their rough natural state, without any attempt at adornment save a few curious shells, stuffed fishes, and samples of dried seaweed. A rugged table, with gnarled legs, stands in the centre; one wall is filled up with a long seat of the rudest description, and evidently nailed together with timber washed ashore; to which is added, by the way of more sitting accommodation, two or three stumps of trees. In the other portion the furniture is of the most modern kind, but everything has such a cramped appearance. The walls are papered, and there are pictures of the smallest kind hung about; there is a baby fire place, with fender and baby irons

to match; by the window, with its trailing embroidery of flowers, is a little fat sofa crushing itself up, evidently afraid of being in anybody's way; against the opposite wall stands a piano jammed in between two stumpy chairs; from the ceiling depends an oil lamp, of such a stout and curious build that it has all the appearance of a Dutch figure hung in chains; under this, and laden with glasses and tobacco, is a squat, gouty-legged table of polished mahogany; in one corner an arm-chair has assumed such a peculiar position that it looks as if it were sitting with its knees and arms up to its chin, while the company appeared so wedged into their seats that they looked as if they were one and all waiting for some kind friend to come and dig them out! Not that the want of room is any drawback to people whose lives are for the most part spent in ships and lighthouses, and it almost seemed that the fact of their being overcrowded gave an additional zest to their enjoyment.

There sat the bride and bridegroom in the place of honour, and what a handsome pair they were; he was a fine manly young fisherman, with an open face tanned with exposure to the weather; his frame was of a supple and graceful mould; while the bride was a rather refined looking lass, with fine dark eyes and a complexion of a delicate tint, surmounted with a deep rich bloom. But her greatest treasure was her hair, which hung in wavy blue-black masses about her shoulders. Next to her was her father, a man whose deep thinking eyes and calm face proclaimed him at once a being above his present grade of life. The rest of the party, like members of one large happy family, were grouped about, laughing and contented. Pipes were lighted and grog mixed for the men, the woman regaling themselves with "red port wine negus," and soon both joke and song went round. Their songs were not the lackadaisical rubbish so much affected now-a-days, but songs with souls of words in them, linked to touching melodies that thrill the pulses of our hearts! There sat hardy fellows, with their wives and sweethearts, listening to the story of their own lives told in verse; what wonder then that their eyes should dim with tears, and sobs rise responsive to "Tom Bowling" or "Caller Herring," with its home truth of

"Wives and mithers, maist despairing,
Call them lives o' men."

In contrast to this, there was, of course, the humorist of the party, who was an old pensioned-off lighthouse-keeper; there, in honour of the occasion, in his best uniform of navy blue, that glowed again with golden buttons, on each of which was a golden lighthouse surrounded with golden waves! He was full of chat and anecdote; and, among many other things, told us of his own wedding, and how he got leave of absence to celebrate the event by visiting for the first time a large town; when, after wandering

about the crowded streets without a glimpse of the sea or the sight even of a friendly seagull, they began to feel so LONELY that they were compelled to leave the gay metropolis and spend their honeymoon at a FRIEND'S LIGHTHOUSE FOR A CHANGE! In due time he sang us a song, which treated of his own calling, wherein he enumerated the delights of a lighthouse-keeper's life! In fact, according to him, trimming lamps and then watching them go winking round to the accompaniment of roaring waves and howling winds is a humorous occupation to which all other fun is as sack-cloth and ashes.

At this point someone proposed a dance, and in a short time the room was cleared of all but the bride's father and myself.

"Your daughter is very handsome," I said, as she departed with her lover, after lingering behind to give her father a sly kiss.

"And I am glad to say, sir, she's as good as she's handsome," he replied, after following her retreating figure with a loving glance and a smile.

Then he added after a pause—

"But she is not my daughter, sir."

"Not your daughter?" I echoed.

"Only by adoption," he answered. "I lost my young wife, sir, before Iduna was sent to me."

"Iduna!" I repeated.

"It's a strange name, sir, isn't it? Unlike any other Christian name you ever heard; few people know that is her real one, for she is always called by the shorter one of Ida. But there, sir, I see you are perplexed, and as most men in my way of life, which is that of a pilot, have a story to their lives, I of course have mine, and if you care to hear it, here it is."

After a pause, during which his face had clouded, and he looked graver than usual, he began:

"I have been settled for many years now near to the Tyne harbour, and have not been here since Ida was a baby, but it being, sir, her wedding day, I had a fancy to let her be married from the lighthouse yonder, away from the coast near to this spot—an odd fancy, you'd say, still I could not resist it, and so here we are."

He again paused, puffing at his pipe for a time.

"About twenty years ago I was a strapping fellow, just married, young, well stored with book learning, and with a bright prospect before me. No summer sky ever looked brighter than the sky of my life looked then; but a sudden squall came, and all was overcast and dark. My young wife—good and bonnie as Ida yonder—died before we had been wed three months.

"I laid her in the churchyard, not far away from here, and settled down into a deep tearless calm, with a hatred for all around me, and a love only of solitude, for the greenness of my life had gone out with her I had lost. This cliff was then my favourite walk, for all was very different about here twenty years ago; there were

no visitors much then, and only a few straggling weather-beaten buildings about, owned by fishermen and their wives, whose children tumbled and crawled around the doors, with only shells and seaweed for their toys, and the occasional company of a few tame seagulls, who had given up their roving ways to settle down into a domestic life !

"Well, sir, one night I was lying on one of the sand banks yonder, watching the sea and sky, and listening wrathful and fierce to the music and laughter going on at a merry making here, when I saw by the scare among the sullen and fiery clouds that there was a terrible storm at hand. I made no effort to stir, for the morose look above, and the angry frothing of the waters below, suited the hopeless and dreary tone of my mind. How long I lay in that nightmare of a stupor I know not, I only remember a sudden flash so vivid, sir, that it almost seemed as if the heavens had fallen through the clouds into an instant darkness. This was followed by a peal of thunder, such as I have never heard before or since. The storm was awful, the wind roaring, and the waves frothing and leaping like impotent maniacs. Suddenly a shriek went up, as it appeared to all who heard it, from a hundred despairing voices, and I knew in an instant some ship was tossing about close in shore, and had struck.

"Well, sir, the laughter and music ceased, and the people from the house rushed to the beach with lanterns and ropes. We men lost no time in getting boats ready, but one after another as they were launched into the foaming sea, we were dashed back again by the fury of the storm. In vain we strained heart and soul to put off to the aid of that wrecked crew ; the sea was relentless, and would not forego its prey. There were the women, sir, close to the house with blankets and remedies, all ready in case of need, watching, in an expectant and ghastly group, our fight with the blinding surf. There we were, fretted and maddened by the sight shown us by the vivid flashes, of those spectre faces appealing to us for that help which we were powerless to give ; and, oh, sir, the piteous and heartrending wail that went up as the ship parted, and the greedy waves closed over them ! Rope in hand, we spread ourselves along the beach, and waited for what the waves might disgorge. Several dead bodies were tossed ashore, but though we lingered through the long night watching and waiting, not one living soul was sent to us from that hopeless crew ! "

There was a dead pause for some time ; then the pilot went on, after relighting his pipe :

"By the time morning began to show its first streak of grey, the storm had lulled, and all save myself had departed. I was restless, feverish, and so I ran one of the boats into the water—calm enough now—then, seizing the oars, put out to sea. I had no object, save to keep pace with the tumult in my breast, so I rowed away, heedless of where I was making for. After a long and

stiffish pull, I was resting on my oars looking dreamily about, when I saw something strange-looking making towards me. I sat and watched; at first it had the appearance of a toy ship that had floated away from some boy mariner. No; as it drifted nearer and nearer I saw my guess was wrong. I rose in the boat to get a clearer view, and then in my surprise I nearly fell overboard, for there, far out at sea, upon a piece of wreckage, was a cradle with a sleeping infant in it! Aye, sir, sleeping as calmly as if it had been on its mother's lap.

"How it came there I could not understand; that is to say, how it lived through the storm was the marvel, the only living thing of that wreck; for I heard of no other ship out at the time, at least near to us. That its parents were well to do, sir, was proved in the fact that its dress was rich and costly, while the cradle was of curious and rare workmanship, with its head sheltered by a silk awning, in the form of a little tent, from the top of which fluttered a tiny piece of ribbon, with the name *Iduna* worked on it. All this I noted as I still sat gazing on the strange sight in the most bewildered manner, while we continued to float side by side with the tide.

"Though the child was asleep, yet the twitching of its little hands and face showed how restless that sleep was, and no wonder, tossed about as it must have been—a thing as light and delicate in substance, sir, as the foam that rocked it. What wonder, then, I ask, that its baby heart should be filled, even in slumber, with an unconscious terror? It all seemed to me a dream—the out-come of an over-heated brain—that a tiny waif like this should be spared, and a ship with its whole crew go down before the fury of the waves.

"How long I remained resting on my oars drifting and wondering there, I cannot say. I only know the waking of the infant broke the spell, and I leaned forward and lifted the cot into the boat. As I did so its innocent dark eyes looked into mine, as I thought, with a glad light kindled in them, and it stretched out its little arms to me, then dropped off to sleep again. I seized the oars and made for the shore, stopping every now and again to look at the clasped fingers and dimpled face. I don't think there is any poetry in my nature, sir, but I couldn't help thinking, as it lay before me so peaceful and quiet, that there was a sort of holy trust appealing to me in that sudden calmness.

"Nearing the beach by the rock yonder, I saw people on the look-out, and hailed them; as they gathered around with news of more bodies found and wreckage washed ashore, I lifted out my baby prize and placed it on the sands before them; the half-told gossip stopped suddenly on their tongues, while bewildered looks for a time could only express their surprise and wonder.

"Both cradle and child were carried into the house here, and the news spread swiftly among our scattered neighbours, and many

were the visitors to see my little orphan of the sea. Women came, sir, who had children of their own, and with daily fare, scant enough, God knows ; but hard as the struggle for a living was, most of them offered the shelter of their motherly care, and a nook by the homely fire-side.

“But ah ! sir, I could not part with what the breath of the storm had spared for me, and that night as I watched it laughing and cooing on the old nurse’s knee, a strange feeling stole into my heart. I was no longer morose or savage, nor yet rebellious against the will of God. From that night the sharp sting in my breast was softened, my home was brightened, and as my adopted darling grew day by day, the spirit of my lost wife seemed to come back to me again through that young and loving heart.

“And that, sir, is how I found the girl who has always looked upon and loved me as a father. The name on a fragment of the wreck outside, and worked also in the little streamer attached to her cradle, caused me to christen her Iduna, and I thought the strangeness of the name might lead to the discovery of her friends ; but no one has ever claimed her, and so my whole life has been devoted to her, and will be, sir, to the end ; and though another takes her from me to-day, he cannot take from me the strong love that nestles here. May they be happy, sir, and God bless them both !”

Instinctively we rose and drained our glasses to the toast, then he sat down again, thoughtfully puffing away at his pipe.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a peal of laughter, followed by the noisy entrance of the dancers panting and glowing again with joyous exhaustion. Soon after this the hour for parting came, and with it round went the loving-cup. Well-wishers crowded about the happy pair with mute congratulations in the grasp of their hands, blessings on their tongues, and a fervent Amen in their hearts.

And so the genial group broke up, after one of the most entertaining days I have ever passed.

ROUND TIME'S CLOCK.

TWELVE deep notes—the last has sounded
In a solemn tone and slow ;
Twelve deep notes—the last has bounded
Limits that the year may go.
One long hour we've watched the dial,
Marked the minutes sink and climb,
Urged by hands that no denial
Brook, while drop from out the vial,
Grain by grain, the sands of Time.

Ding—dong ! While those notes were pealing
Calmly o'er men's peace and strife,
Visions rose with each, revealing
Much of yours and mine—our life.
January—February !
Months that lisped in baby rhyme,
When we vowed we'd one day marry,
Grumbled we'd so long to tarry
For the lagging wheels of Time.

Ding—dong ! Each note disarranges
Childhood's projects, bright as brief—
Many chances come and changes
With the bursting of the leaf.
March and April ! Storms and weeping !
You, 'mid music-pupil's prime,
Scorned my feats of speed and leaping ;
Though at home you were but keeping,
I at school was beating—Time.

Ding—dong ! Soft *frou-frou* of flounces,
Mingles with the muffled knell ;
Lo, a ball-room's gaze announces
You the season's pride and belle !
May and June ! The maid, who met me
'Neath the chestnut tree or lime
Oft of old, must now forget me,
For new loves aside must set me,
Life-streams parted are by Time.

Ding—dong ! One note of completed
 Triumph sounds—and sounds for you ;
 One of effort tells defeated,
 And my life begun anew.
 July—August ! A dependent
 Part I played as Fortune's mime ;
 You, as Fashion's queen resplendent,
 Dragged town's " Upper ten " attendant
 On the course you urged through Time.

Ding—dong ! There's a chastened, mellow
 Sadness in the music now,
 As of leaves that, sere and yellow,
 Sigh ere fluttering from the bough.
 With September and October
 Fades our hope of fate sublime,
 One has memories sharp to probe her ;
 One's by unsucces made sober ;
 Each hath need of salves from Time.

Ding—dong ! Glad nor gloomy presage,
 Recollected cross nor crown ;
 Ring in this, the final message,
 From the belfry wafted down.
 Dull November, drear December,
 Yet a joy-note's in their chime !
 Echoes blithe each falling ember,
 For who mercies past remember,
 To the iron tongue of Time.

Twelve deep notes—and as we listen,
 Hand in hand here, you and I,
 Tear-drops on your lashes glisten,
 And my own are scarcely dry.
 As all wrongs at length are righted,
 As forgiveness follows crime ;
 So, if ill we kept our plighted
 Troth, it finds us now united,
 Waiting our appointed Time.

TAF.

THE NEW COSTUME SOCIETY AND THE STAGE.

“The beginning of all wisdom is to look fixedly on clothes.”

THE above quotation from Carlyle's “Sartor Resartus” may well stand as a motto for the last outcome of that modern mania for societies which threatens to make this an age of societies, namely the Costume Society. Its members are, it seems, very seriously concerned to find that even our greatest dramatists, painters, poets and novelists have shamefully misrepresented the noble costumes of our ancestors—the glorious skins and the long-flowing gowns, the trunk-hose and leather breeches and stockings, the ruffs, hoops and fardingales, chain and plate armour, buff jackets, long-toed shoes and bucket-topped boots, etc., etc., which have so strong a claim upon our reverence and admiration.

One of its announced purposes is that of enforcing, through the influence of public opinion, strict accuracy in the costumes worn by actors and actresses on the stage.

But is not this carrying the modern matter-of-fact theory a little too far? Why should the drama of to-day be “needlessly trammelled with the past?” Must sentiment, feeling, and true dramatic effect be subordinated to a hard, bald, dry, unsympathetic regard for archæological correctness? Because the real hero, personated by the actor, wore the “starched ruffs, buckram stuffings, and monstrous tuberosities” of his time, must the actor wear the same extravagantly absurd, and perhaps absolutely comic, clothes, while he appeals to our strongest sympathies and deepest feelings through tragic acts and speeches? Should I admire him less, or understand him less truly, in a costume less conspicuously incongruous with the play and the actor's purpose, because it was more congruous with the time supposed to be that of the play? Do you learn more of the lives and characters of the men and women who loved and hated, sorrowed and rejoiced, fought, struggled, suffered, and died in the great life-battles of the past, from the pages of Shakespeare or Sir Walter Scott, or from musty relics of ancient costumes in a museum of antiquity?

As Mr. Dutton Cook says, “It did not disturb” the spectators who first saw Shakespeare's plays “in the least to find Brutus and Cassius wearing much the same kind of clothes as Bacon and Raleigh.” Nor were the plays of Shakespeare rendered ridiculous to the playgoers who saw Garrick play Hamlet and Macbeth in the dress of his time, with silk stockings and knee-breeches and his

hair powdered. They cared nothing for a forgotten fashion in clothes, so that the play held up the mirror faithfully to that human nature which does not change but is always the same. In some of the old sentimental comedies it was perfectly accurate for the beaux to wear full-bottomed wigs and buttons as big as apples, while passionately making love to belles in head-dresses "four stories high," but we could not tolerate such things out of a burlesque.

"The smallest æsthete of to-day," says the *Daily News* (Oct. 28th, 1882), "can afford to smile at Sir Walter Scott's plate armour in *Ivanhoe*, and snigger over poor Planché's well-meant struggles to put plays upon the stage so that they should not be absolutely ridiculous;" and adds "Planché did a great deal in demolishing prejudice, but his book on costume is a most treacherous guide. He was, perhaps, overborne by the demands of actors, actresses, and theatrical tailors and dressmakers. In any case he yielded to their ideas of the symmetrical so far as to make his 'History of Costume' absolutely worthless as a work of reference."

This flippantly-made, careless assertion is grossly unfair to Planché. His book on costume was published by the late conscientious and careful Fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquarians in 1834 as the result of ten years' industrious research and investigation, in which he was assisted by Sir Samuel Meyrick and Mr. Douce. It was published by the Society for the Diffusion of Entertaining Knowledge, and during its progress was probably never even thought of in connection with "actors, actresses, theatrical tailors or dressmakers." Its author speaks (in his "Memoirs," published in 1872) of "the reputation it has obtained for me throughout the artistic and antiquarian world, on the Continent, as well as at home; or last, but by no means least, the service it has rendered to our English historical painters, of which I am to this day receiving the most gratifying proof in letters of acknowledgment from many of the most eminent;" and there are many now alive who can endorse this modest boast. It may be remembered by the readers that Planché arranged the armour with reference to periods and countries at the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition of 1857, did as much for the Meyrick armour at South Kensington, and also re-arranged the ancient arms and armour in the Tower of London. It is therefore very likely that the æsthete of to-day who "sniggers over poor Planché" is "the smallest" only, and not one of mature growth.

Planché, by-the-by, tells a story of Wilkie in connection with this subject which will bear re-telling. The great Scotch painter was finishing his well-known picture of "Knox Preaching," when he solicited the advice of the antiquarian, with reference to the costumes in his painting. Standing before the canvas Planché at once pointed out that the helmets were those worn at a later date

only. Wilkie replied that his idea was that the men in armour were in armour because they did not desire to be recognised. Planché smilingly explained that as the helmets worn in the sixteenth century had visors, by which the faces were concealed, they would have answered the purpose of concealment more effectually than helmets of the seventeenth century could. Wilkie thought awhile, and then half promised to re-paint them, but he never did.

From the same authority comes another story of costume in connection with a famous picture. When Abraham Cooper was composing his "Battle of Bosworth Field" he solicited the advice of Sir Samuel Meyrick with reference to the caparisons of the horses. The eminent antiquarian explained to him that to be accurate they should be covered with housings of silk, embroidered with the royal arms of France and England quarterly.

"Oh!" exclaimed Cooper in consternation, "that will never do! My principal object is to paint White Surrey, and if he is to be muffled up in that manner there will be nothing seen of him but his hoofs."

"Stop," said the antiquary; "what particular incident in the battle do you propose to represent?"

"The last desperate charge of Richard," replied the artist, "in which he slew Richmond's standard-bearer and unhorsed Sir John Cheney."

"Then," suggested Meyrick, "it would be fair to suppose that in so fierce a conflict the silken housings of the horse would by that time have been almost in tatters, and display as much of his body as would be necessary."

"The painter seized the idea," says Planché, "the blue and scarlet housings slashed to pieces and streaming in the wind, increased the effect of action in the steed, and contrasted admirably with his colour."

But if Cooper had been of Wilkie's opinion, and had not seen something beyond and above mere accuracy of costume, he would have stuck to his original opinion and still said "that will never do!" In the one case force, action and expression were all intensified by a regard for historical accuracy; whereas in Wilkie's picture more would have been lost than gained by the adoption of Planché's suggestion. It should be so on the stage—firstly, "the play's the thing"; secondly, the actor; thirdly, scenery, costumes and accessories, these forming the background, and being in every way subordinated to the chief purpose. Accuracy is desirable wherever accuracy harmonises with this, but there only.

There is another consideration which here steps in—the impossibility of strict accuracy in the arms, costumes and minor accessories without clashing with the author's meaning, or introducing an element which renders the author's text glaringly false and incongruous. Of all playwrights Shakespeare is perhaps in this

way the greatest offender. In the time of the fourth Henry he has introduced the shillings of the sixth Edward; in that of Theseus at Athens, French crowns; in scenes of pre-Christian ages, Whitsun pastorals and Christian burial, ducats, marks, and guilders, the abbess of a nunnery and America. In "Macbeth" dollars are used; in the time of Henry the Fourth we have pistols, silk stockings, and John Chogan, who was Edward the Fourth's jester. The Turks are represented as holding Constantinople in the reign of the fifth Harry; and printing, and Machiavel—who was born in 1449—figure in the time of King Henry the Sixth. He makes Hector quote Aristotle, and his contemporaries acquainted with mince pies containing dates. In "Timon of Athens" we have paper; in the time of Julius Cæsar clocks which strike the hour. In "Antony and Cleopatra" modern playing cards are introduced, with knaves, queens, hearts and trumps. In "Cymbeline," a valiant ancient Briton's name is Richard du Champs, and a striking clock is spoken of. In "Titus Andronicus," a child is christened, Popery is mentioned, and a rapier, playing cards and a monastery. In "King Lear" Kent talks like a good Protestant, and Glo'ster, of spectacles, while steeples, dollars, and holy water also appear. "Hamlet" abounds in anachronisms of all kinds; and, indeed, as Stevens wrote, "Shakespeare has perpetually offended against chronology in all his plays," and yet how true they are to everything that constitutes the drama. If we can avoid such palpable anachronisms in costumes as would be offensive to the superior taste and knowledge of educated playgoers well and good, but actors are certainly wise in declining to be governed by any regard for strict accuracy in costume, where such regard would be antagonistic to the real aim and end of both dramatist and player.

Mdlle. Mars' saying about costumes, "Anything you please, provided that I look well in it," is, after all, the right spirit in which the actress should regard her costume, because her looking well or looking the character she personated, usually an attractive one, was in greater harmony with the true intent of the stage than that minute accuracy in matters of fact would be for which antiquarians stickle.

A. H. WALL.

HAUNTED HEARTS.

By J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

It was again Christmas Eve at Langbourne Manor; but unlike the same day three years previously, on which the distressing scenes following the disappearance of Lady Bellairs's diamonds had taken place, it was signalised by intense cold; snow lay heavy on the ground and the frosty air was biting. The death of nature without added to the desolation which seemed to pervade the whole mansion; even within its walls, although warmth and comfort were made to prevail on all sides, there was an air of hushed gloom in the whole house, which was almost as chilling to the heart as the wintry atmosphere around it was to the body.

In the small inner hall (already mentioned) a large fire blazed in the capacious carved old fire-place; thick carpets covered the flooring; hangings of heavy material protected the doors and the window to the garden, which was covered with snow; and over the entrance, from the head of the great carved oak staircase to the gallery-corridor on the first floor, great curtains of a similar nature excluded draughts of cold air; tables strewn with books and various objects of daily occupation gave evidence that this hall was used as a customary resort of the family instead of the drawing-room. The dusk of evening was gathering, and large silver candlestick branches were already lighted on one of the tables near the fire; but all was silence, and the apartment was apparently empty.

Presently, at a door leading to the interior of the house, appeared the bright buxom form of Mrs. Harris, a little more matured in person, but still sprightly, and with the same attractive expression in her fine dark eyes. As she went round the apartment, doing instinctively that sort of business which she herself would have called "tidying," she shivered, but more with a moral chilliness of spirits than from any sense of physical cold. Poor Harris! she could not but feel that Langbourne Manor was no longer what it had been in times gone by. The house was gloomy now; a great portion of it, which had constituted the family scenes of pleasant gatherings in former days, was now shut up; and, as she had expressed it to her fellow-servants, they all "went sneaking about like cats in the rain." Besides, had not one

cherished member of the family, to whom her heart had been only too willing to attach itself, gone from the place for ever—driven away in ignominy? Poor Harris! she sighed heavily, as this thought occurred to her, as it did day by day. But she shook herself together. There was her “cantankerous madam,” as she irreverently called Lady Bellairs, who would be requiring her attendance, and she had her duties to perform; so with an air of unwilling resolution she turned to ascend the stairs. She started: at the head of the staircase stood the unwelcome form of Mr. Donce, with his head fixed between the curtains which divided it from the corridor.

“So, Mr. Donce!” cried the abigail, in a loud tone, folding her arms at the bottom of the stairs, “prying about, and listening at doors, as usual!”

The head of Mr. Donce appeared quickly from the concealing drapery, looking more unprepossessing than ever, from the expression of startled surprise and vexation.

“What do you mean, woman?” he said, angrily; “listening at doors, indeed, when there’s no doors to listen at!”

“Oh, indeed! I dare say you found curtains more convenient!” sneered Mrs. Harris.

“None of your insinuations!” pursued the indignant man. “The new doctor is up there with my young lady, and they are putting their heads together in the blue room, and——”

“And the door of the blue room being open, Mr. Donce was curious to know what was being said,” interrupted his antagonist. “Oh, I understand!”

“And isn’t it natural, after all the years I have lived at Langbourne Manor, that I should feel an interest in the affairs of the family?” pursued Donce, coming down.

“Sweet sympathy!” laughed the lady’s maid, ironically.

“Well! don’t I show my attachment to the family by holding on here, when I could better myself any day?—and a mighty pretty family it is to live in, by my faith—all melancholy and misery! There’s Sir Heathcote goes and dies—and you can’t say that was a cheerful business—and Mr. Vivian, who had already, after his recovery from his bad illness, married his cousin, Miss Alice—and a lively business that wedding was, with both bride and bridegroom in the mopes—instead of being happy with his pretty wife, goes on a moping until he mopes himself clean out of his mind! A pretty lively house to live in, you must say!”

“Well, there’s no gainsaying that poor Sir Vivian is as mad as a March hare, or madder—not that I know how mad March hares may be,” murmured Harris, with a sympathetic sigh.

“And isn’t it awful to see my young lady always a-going about like a ghost burdened in its poor mind?”

“And how should she do otherwise, with a lunatic husband?”

"Well, I don't think she ever had much love for him," said Mr. Donce, with a suggestive snigger.

"None of your old insinuations, do you hear, sir," said the maid, indignantly. "Lady Langbourne is a good, honest woman, and you are a horrid, bad man!"

"Don't be calling names, girl," growled the man, "I won't stand it; I happen to know that the match was all her mother's getting up, and there was no love on her own side. But *your* missus don't seem much the happier for it; she is one of the mopers, too; and she used to be once as sprightly as a kitten."

"You had better have said 'an old cat,'" interposed the lady's maid; "she's never likely to make herself very unhappy to suit other people's feelings. She's only dull-like, without company in the house."

"And you'll be going melancholy mad, too, if you stop here, Harris," insinuated her would-be lover. "Now, if you would only make up your mind to have me, I know of a first-rate, jolly little public I could have for an old song; and——"

"And you may sing your old song all by yourself," cried the recalcitrant object of his suit; "I shan't sing no duets with you, I can tell you. It's no go, Mr. Donce; no more now than it ever was."

"Ah! I see what it is," growled Donce, "you have still a hankering after that Wilfred Poynings, the young thievish vagabond."

"Don't *you* call names," cried Harris, indignantly, "or I may forget the proprieties of a lady, and——" she raised her open palm significantly without completing her sentence, paused for a moment, and then began to sweep up the staircase with the air of a tragedy queen.

But Donce was not to be so easily cowed. "But it is indecent, it is immoral, to have any kindly feeling for such a scamp as that, not only a thief but a murderer."

"A murderer!" screamed the lady's maid, turning suddenly.

"Yes, a murderer!" shouted Donce. "Didn't he break our poor old master's heart and cause his death?"

"It's a lie!" cried the outraged girl; "hold your scurrilous tongue! Can't you be satisfied with having had your mean revenge on the poor fellow?"

"Revenge, indeed!—a pretty revenge I've had! Didn't the rascal, through Sir Heathcote's misplaced kindness, get off scot free? and for these three years no one has heard of him, or known what has become of him!"

"No, thanks to you, who peached."

"It was my duty! But the time may come—the warrant is still out against the young villain; and if he should be ever dis-

covered, why then——” and Donce rubbed his hands with extreme satisfaction at the pleasant anticipation.

“Brute!” shouted Mrs. Harris, from the top of the staircase, as a Parthian shot.

“Don’t *you* call names now!” cried Donce.

To what extent the battle would have waged it would have been difficult to say. It was cut short by a *Deus ex machinâ*, in the person of a middle-aged gentleman, dressed in black, who appeared through the curtains from the corridor close by Mrs. Harris.

“Now, really, this is too bad!” he said, severely, but in subdued tones. “I had given implicit directions that there should be no noise in this house to disturb my patient; and here you are giving tongue, you two, and howling loud enough to drive an angel out of its senses.”

“You see, doctor, that horrid man——” began the female combatant, in an abashed, apologetic tone.

“Doctor, it was all her doing. And——” commenced the male warrior, below.

“Silence, both of you,” said the doctor, in a firm but lowered tone, as he descended the stairs, “I can have no altercation of the sexes here! Where can I have pens, ink, and paper to write a prescription?”

“Here, doctor! here’s everything at your service!” said Donce, in that sugar-sweet obsequious manner he knew well how to put on to his superiors; and he pointed to the table near the fire.

The doctor was a tall, well-preserved man of about fifty. His high forehead, which merged into the partial baldness of his crown, seemed to indicate considerable intellect, and with its furrows told of deep thought. But yet his aspect was far from being severe; his sparkling little grey eyes gave him an air of sharp, shrewd observation, but there was a twinkle of bantering, if not satirical humour in their corners; and smiling good-nature corrected the stamp of firm resolution in his mouth.

He seated himself at the table, where Donce had arranged the writing materials, and took up a pen with an evident air of doubt, then turned and scrutinised the face of his officious attendant.

“Look here, my good man,” he said, at last, “I am a stranger to the family, and a little information might materially assist me in the task I have before me. Do you know anything that can account for the unhappy state of Sir Vivian Langbourne’s mind?”

“Well, you see, doctor,” commenced Donce, insinuatingly, “he received ingratitude enough to drive any man out of his senses from a young scamp, whom he had treated as a friend and who turned out a villain!”

“Twas no such thing,” interrupted the voice of Harris, who had

lingered above to calm down her feelings before confronting her mistress.

"How dare you contradict me, woman?" cried the butler angrily.

"How dare you go on telling wicked falsehoods," retorted the maid, running down eagerly to deny the accusation brought against her favourite.

"Silence again, both of you," insisted the doctor, clasping his hands with an air of comic despair; "you might drive a whole household mad between you." There was evidently no information to be obtained from the wrangling domestics, who still snapped and snarled at one another, like cat and dog.

A shrill, angry voice, came now from the top of the stairs.

"Harris!" cried Lady Bellairs, who had appeared there, "what are you doing? I have been waiting for you this half-hour, you lazy girl. I have had all to do for myself, you good-for-nothing hussy; if things go on in this way——"

How far Lady Bellairs might have gone in her diatribe was uncertain, for she now caught sight of the doctor, and, in changed tones, exclaimed, "Ah, Doctor Hodson, I was not aware that you were there. I am so glad to see you; and if you don't mind giving a poor, lone woman, who once had all the world at her feet, a few minutes of your time——" and she descended the staircase with an assumption of more than her usual dignity.

"I will be delighted to have a little conversation with your ladyship. It is exactly what I desired."

"In private?"

"In private!"

"Indeed!" said Lady Bellairs, with a feeling of considerable importance. "You may go, you people. Go! go!"

The servants, thus addressed, left the room, by the door leading to the interior of the house on the ground floor, indulging in a little acrimonious bickering on their way.

"Now, sir! I am all attention;" said her ladyship, ensconcing herself in a comfortable armchair, with her little fat feet on the fender.

"You see, Lady Bellairs," commenced the doctor, "I am a mere inexperienced novice in this work before me here."

"An inexperienced novice, you, Dr. Hodson!—what do you mean? We were given to understand that you were an eminent practitioner," interrupted Lady Bellairs, with surprise, almost alarm.

"We'll waive the eminence," said Dr. Hodson with a smile; "I only meant to say that I was new to the family."

"Yes, I was given to understand that you had bought the practice of Dr. Palmer, who had been Sir Vivian's medical attendant, when he retired from business," said her ladyship, evidently puzzled as to the drift of the doctor's remarks.

"Just so! But to do any good, I must find a firm basis on which to stand. Archimedes could not turn the world round, without a solid point of leverage."

"It is no question of turning the world round, sir! Have you any hopes of restoring poor Sir Vivian's reason!—*that's* the question," was the rather scornful remark of the bewildered woman.

"Just so! But the wisest of medical men can't answer for what he may do, when he is only stumbling on in the dark. At the best, we medical men have generally to grope about in a fog, and trust to chance to bring us to the point we would reach. Now you, my dear madam, might perhaps hold me out a light to lighten the mist, in which, I must confess, I am groping somewhat ignominiously; you might discover for me a luminous path, which I might follow in greater security."

"Sir!" interrupted Lady Bellairs, almost as indignantly as if she really expected to be employed as a link-boy.

"In other words you might assist me greatly by letting me know something of your son-in-law's antecedents."

"What do you mean by antecedents, sir. Sir Vivian never had any antecedents." The doctor smiled. "To be sure he was a little wild and extravagant, and a great deal in debt, and rather given to gambling, as I have heard; but this was only what became a gentleman of his birth and position."

"Ah, indeed! The true attributes of a gentleman—of course, of course!" There was an unmistakable irony in the doctor's smile. "But go on, my dear lady; these gentlemanly qualities do not quite suffice for what I want to know."

"Wild as he was," pursued Lady Bellairs, with considerable complacency, "he was passionately in love with my daughter."

"Quite enough to turn any man's brain, no doubt; but that is not exactly what I am seeking for. Was there no great illness—no great convulsion of mind, that might have produced a change in the young man's whole system, mental and bodily? Was there no incident in his life, which might have affected him very deeply?"

"Nothing! nothing whatever," was all the clue vouchsafed to the doctor. "To be sure, there was a young fellow for whom he fancied he had a sort of friendship, and who behaved most ungratefully."

"A mere *da capo* to an air I have already heard!"

Lady Bellairs did not comprehend, and looked at the doctor as if she thought that he too was going out of his mind; but she was warming up in her subject, and so she went on: "The young ingrate—the viper—stole my diamonds—*my* diamonds—the loveliest of jewels; to be sure, my poor brother, Sir Heathcote, redeemed them for me from a dirty pawnbroker's hands. They really are splendid diamonds, and so becoming, you shall judge for yourself,

doctor, I will show them to you." And she actually moved in her chair, as if to carry out her polite purpose on the spot.

"Thank you!" said Doctor Hodson, waving his hand to deprecate her intention. "You see, I am a physician and not a diamond merchant. Pray, go on!"

"Well! from that time my poor nephew seemed to grow gloomy and morose. To be sure, just then he had a bad illness; but he recovered. Then came his marriage with my daughter. But that consummation of all his most ardent wishes did not seem to make him any happier. His father died, and he came in for a brilliant future; but he only grew gloomier and gloomier."

"But his first symptoms of aberration of intellect?"

"Well! I must say, I think he must have been getting very mad when he began to lament that his wife did not love him—had never loved him—and actually loved another. Could any being be madder than that?"

"And who was this other?"

"Good gracious, doctor! what are you thinking of?" absolutely screamed Lady Bellairs. "There was no other, could be no other! It is quite shocking to surmise such a thing. My poor dear Alice, brought up by her mother's side, and imbued with the strictest principles! The idea is preposterous."

"And you date this strange change of temper from the period of this diamond theft?"

"Yes! you see he was very much cut up on my account. The loss nearly killed me, doctor! and he was always so devotedly fond of his dear aunt."

Doctor Hodson nearly closed his sharp grey eyes and knitted his brow, as he shook his head with an air of doubt. He evidently could not make up his mind to discover the cause he sought, either in his patient's friendship for the thief, or his problematical affection for his aunt. After a moment of deep thought, he looked again at Lady Bellairs scrutinisingly, and said, slowly and deliberately, "In all his movements of insanity has Sir Vivian no special peculiarity?"

"What do you mean by peculiarity, doctor?"

"Just what I say."

"Yes, to be sure he has one strange fancy. He always wears about his neck a chain, on which hangs a key. He never allows anyone to touch it; and if he thinks any attempt is made to take it away from him, he gets awfully excited, and is positively dreadful, doctor, dreadful! He seems to look on it as a charm!"

Doctor Hodson again appeared lost in thought, and remained silent and absorbed.

Lady Bellairs had it all her own way now; and she made the best of her opportunity. "Ah! my good doctor," she chattered on, "my poor dear Alice is very much to be pitied, but not more than her unhappy mother! Only think, doctor! is it not

fearful for one like me, in the prime of life, accustomed to command admiration in the vortex of society, followed and admired everywhere, to be immured in this miserable house, with no company but a wretched madman? Why, you know, we never see a living creature; for who would come near the house?—and after my life of gaiety and excitement too! Oh! a mother is greatly to be pitied, who is compelled to make such sacrifices for the sake of her child, who has all the fortune on her hands." And the afflicted mother covered her eyes with her lace-edged handkerchief. Finding no response from her companion, she looked up at him, and said pathetically, "Don't you think so, doctor?"

"Certainly not, by no means, madam," was the reply of the doctor, in utter absence of mind.

"What!" screamed the lady, in an indignant tone.

"I beg your pardon," said Doctor Hodson, stifling a laugh, "I meant—'yes, decidedly.'"

A knock at the door leading into the interior of the house, and Harris entered, evidently agitated and excited, followed by the inevitable Donce.

"What is the matter, Harris?" exclaimed her mistress.

"It is nothing to trouble your ladyship with," said Donce, thrusting the maid aside, "the girl is an idiot."

"But I will tell my lady," persisted Harris, using the same tactics to put her fellow-servant in the background.

"It's only a piece of tomfoolery, my lady," urged the man.

"What does all this mean? Speak one or the other of you!" exclaimed Lady Bellairs.

"Why, my lady," commenced the maid, with a volubility which distanced at once her antagonist, "there has been a man found lying in the snow at the plantation gate, opening on the road to the station. The coachman saw him there, my lady, and he thought he was dead and gone, and froze, at first, but he managed to bring the poor body to, and carried him to the door of the servants' hall; and we all thought—except him—with a venomous look at Donce—"that my lady, and you too, my lady, wouldn't mind his being brought into the house for warmth and a little bit of food."

"Bring beggars into the house—a pretty idea!" growled Donce.

"He's no beggar! he looks like a gentleman!" snapped Harris, in return.

"A strolling vagabond, a tramp!" came in another low growl from the butler.

"Hollo!" said Doctor Hodson, "this is my business: a man fainting, perhaps dying in the cold! It's clearly my bounden duty, as a medical man, to see after him, whether tramp or gentleman; so excuse me, Lady Bellairs."

He turned to leave the room, when Lady Bellairs called after

him, in her sweetest tones, "Doctor! stop a moment, I think I should like the poor creature brought in here, where you can attend to him." Donce groaned audibly. "Yes, all things considered, I think it would be advisable to have the wretched individual brought in here."

"As a diversion to your ladyship, of course," smiled the Doctor, sarcastically.

"Well, I admit there would be some excitement in tending the poor man—a spice of romance, don't you see?"

"Yes; I do see. I see that a woman's charity flows from——"

"A pitying heart," interrupted the newly inspired advocate for charity, with her beautiful eyes sentimentally raised to the ceiling.

"Hum!" said the doctor, doubtfully, then muttered to himself, "from the mere love of excitement."

"Didn't you hear, you feelingless people? What do you stand there for? The man is to be brought in here!" cried Lady Bellairs, suddenly relapsing from the sentimental mood to the acrimonious; "and let refreshments be provided."

Thus apostrophized Harris and Donce disappeared, but not without another little jangle by the way."

"Oh! this is charming," murmured the lady of the pitying heart, seating herself again comfortably by the fire. "I wonder whether the fellow is handsome; he ought to be—a hero of romance."

Doctor Hodson was about to make his escape for the purpose of seeing after his unexpected patient, when he was startled by the sound of a "Hush!" proceeding from the top of the staircase. He turned, and a striking, although familiar, apparition met his eye. There stood Alice Bellairs, now Lady Langbourne, with her finger to her lips. Yes, it was Alice Bellairs, but an Alice as unlike her of former days in appearance as she was in name. Gone was the high colour, gone the bright sparkling flash of the eye, gone the rounded form; the lively girl with her varying moods and sunny smile was there no longer. In the place was a tall figure, cold and stately, with a stamp of deep melancholy on every feature. The voice was harsh, although low; the manner stern and almost repelling, as she stood there, draped in black, looking, with her raised finger, more like a warning spectre than a living woman.

"Hush!" she repeated, as she slowly descended the stairs, "What is the meaning of the confusion I hear in the house? The sound of voices reached Sir Vivian in his room and excited him terribly. I have had the greatest difficulty in calming him."

"True, my dear Lady Langbourne," said the doctor, apologetically. "We have all been off our guard. But the fact is, a poor man has been found dying in the snow close by the house——"

"And a thorough gentleman, I am told, my dear child," interrupted Lady Bellairs, "and a most personable man, too."

"So much for woman's imagination," thought the doctor.

"But what has all this to do with me?" said Lady Langbourne, coldly, almost sternly.

"Alice, my darling!" said Lady Bellairs, rising and going to meet her daughter, "I have given directions to the servants to bring the poor man here, into the little hall, to be nursed. It will be much more comfortable for all parties; and christian charity is christian charity all the world over! So you see, dear——"

"It is impossible!" said her daughter, angrily, "strangers cannot be admittid into the house in Sir Vivian's state of health. No! it is impossible!"

"But my dear child——" commenced her mother, in deprecatory tones, far different from those of former days, before Alice had their whole fortune in her hands.

Lady Langbourne turned her back, and swept up the staircase unheedingly.

"One word, if your ladyship permits," said Doctor Hodson, following her. "It seems a case of life or death. None know better than you what sorrow and suffering are, and none more than you should have a kindly feeling for the suffering of others. Can that thought not touch you?"

For a moment, thus appealed to, the young wife looked at the doctor without a trace of emotion, then said slowly, "As you will—be it as you will," and she added, with something like a smile on her colourless face, "I fear, doctor, sorrow makes us selfish, instead of softening the heart."

The doctor pressed her hand.

"I have suffered enough, heaven knows," sighed Lady Bellairs below, "but *my* heart is softened, and I cannot but feel moved for the mysterious stranger at our gates."

Lady Langbourne made an angry movement of her hand towards her mother, and with the words, "I have said it, be it as you will," disappeared behind the curtains.

CHAPTER II.

THE object of Lady Bellairs's affected charity and real curiosity was brought into the little hall, supported by the coachman and another man-servant, followed by Harris and Donce. He staggered so painfully in his efforts to walk, that he was almost carried to the arm-chair, which was left vacant for him by the fireside, and into which he sank back with a feeble gasp, as if fainting.

"Brandy! fetch some brandy at once!" cried Doctor Hodson,

raising up the man's head. "Do you hear, fellow?" he added to Donce, who remained imperturbable.

"It is not my place in this family, sir, to wait on tramps," growled the butler, unheeding the command.

"I must have some brandy."

"Brute!" snorted Harris, hurrying from the room, followed by the other servants.

"Meanwhile, will your ladyship give me that water?" pursued the doctor, ignoring Mr. Donce altogether, and pointing to a corner of the room, where stood a bottle and glasses. Lady Bellairs eagerly obeyed; and the forehead of the fainting man was bathed. He opened his eyes, with a deep sigh, which sounded like a groan.

The stranger was a tall man, dressed in somewhat worn attire. His long dark ulster had evidently seen considerable service. A profuse beard of fair, almost reddish, tint swept over his chest; whilst his hair hung in a confused tangle on his forehead. His face was deeply bronzed as if by a southern sun, although his forehead still gave evidence of a naturally fair complexion. His brow was furrowed with deep lines, as if of toil and suffering; and as he opened his eyes, his expression was as wild as his general appearance was haggard. As he faintly looked around him he shuddered in every limb. A few indistinct words fell from his lips—they might have been words of thanks—and then he closed his eyes once more, as if in a swoon.

"Quick! quick!" cried Doctor Hodson, as the compassionate Harris ran in with the brandy.

The brandy was administered; and the fainting man again moved, uttering a prolonged gasp.

"Here, girl! hold his head, while I feel his pulse!" said the Doctor, kneeling by the patient's side, and grasping his wrist.

The tender-hearted abigail brushed the tangled hair back with a soft hand, and fanned the man's forehead. As she was thus occupied, he opened his eyes slowly and raised his hand wearily to his head. On the hand was a ring. Those eyes seemed to her the eyes into which she had looked formerly with love; that ring was surely one she had well known in times gone by. Harris could not suppress a cry of surprise.

"What is it?" said the doctor, looking up.

"He moved, that's all!" said the girl, in a voice trembling with emotion.

"What's the matter?" enquired Mr. Donce, coming up.

"Nothing, you fool!" was the only reply he received.

"But you are all of a tremble!"

"No such thing!" snapped Harris, commanding herself as well as she could in face of the enemy. "And if I am, it is because I have some pity in my heart for the poor man. You haven't a grain of feeling, you—ugh!"

The stranger, after gazing about him wildly, had again closed his eyes.

"A most interesting man, I must say," said Lady Bellairs, approaching. "For all his looking so worn, he has the air of a gentleman; so romantic, so charming—he really might be a prince in disguise!"

The only commentary on this opinion was a growl from Donce.

"Strange," muttered the doctor to himself, as he shifted his hand from the stranger's wrist to his heart; to his understanding, the pulsation of his patient was rather that of strong emotion than of fainting weakness.

"Harris!" called Lady Bellairs. The girl seemed utterly absorbed. "Harris! don't you hear?" repeated her mistress, "why do you stand staring there? Go at once, and give my orders that the little room next the housekeeper's be prepared for the stranger—the bed got ready, he will need repose; or, on second thoughts, the room on the south side, once occupied by that fellow, you know, would be more respectable—see it is prepared, and let him have food and wine. There, go! both of you!"

Harris, thus ordered, retreated, but to the last, her eyes were continually turned towards the stranger.

Doctor Hodson was still occupied with the strange condition of his patient's pulsation, which had more of the febrile action of moral agitation than of physical weakness, and puzzling over the symptoms, as with knitted brow he scrutinized that passive face before him, when the stranger again looked up, with the air of one shaking off the effects of a tormenting dream.

"You are very kind—very kind," he murmured, endeavouring to raise himself in his chair, "but I am better now. I feel quite strong again, and I must go!" He made an effort to rise.

"I am a medical man, sir," said the doctor, restraining him, with a pleasant smile on his face, "and so I am your master, you know, just now; you will have to obey orders; and my orders are, that you remain quiet for the present."

"Indeed, sir, you must not go," said Lady Bellairs, effusively; and as she approached, the man shuddered and again closed his eyes. "There! you are really not in a fit state to move; besides, your going would be a slur on the hospitality of Langbourne Manor. I couldn't hear of such a thing; no! no! it is impossible, you must remain!"

"Pardon me! pardon me!" murmured the stranger, again attempting to rise, "I must go from here—I must proceed on my journey—I must!"

Before the renewed expostulations of the doctor and the lady could be of any avail, Lady Langbourne appeared at the head of the stairs. The object of their interest, whose head was at the

moment turned in that direction, shuddered in every limb and fell back, muttering to himself, "Too late! too late!"

"Come! come, my dear sir, you see you must remain," said Lady Bellairs, cajolingly.

"For a brief time, perhaps," was the faintly uttered reply of the stranger, whose eyes were still fixed on the form of Lady Langbourne, as she slowly descended the stairs, and then approached the fainting wayfarer.

"I am glad, sir," she said, in a cold formal tone, "that this house was able to afford aid and shelter to a poor sufferer."

The man bowed his head without uttering a word.

"Perhaps, sir," she added, softly, "as mistress of Langbourne Manor, I ought to apologize to you for our scanty hospitality. But the house is in disorder—our reception rooms are closed—we are compelled to live apart and sundered from the world on account of the precarious state of my poor husband's health."

Another shudder, seemed to pass over the whole frame of the stranger; but he made one more effort to rise to his feet. He tottered and staggered, however, and it was evident the attempt was beyond his strength.

"Be seated, sir, I beg of you," said Lady Langbourne, in a kinder and softer tone, as he sank back, "and here is some refreshment, I am glad to see," she added, as the servant entered with some wine and biscuits; "you must stand greatly in need of it."

Thus pressed, the man drank a glass of wine, which Lady Langbourne herself poured out for him, then shook his head mournfully and murmured, "You are very kind."

"You are better now," said his hostess, gradually relaxing from the formal stiffness of her manner. The stranger raised himself in his chair. "Perhaps, if it does not fatigue you too much to speak, you might be able to inform us to whom we have been able to afford this slight aid." Her manner, as she spoke these words, was that of womanly and ladylike anxiety, not of intrusive curiosity.

The stranger paused for some time, as if in painful hesitation. Then, in a low voice, which betrayed emotion at the same time as physical weakness, he repeated, "You are very kind." Another pause, another struggle, and then slowly, but distinctly, he continued, "My name is Robert Barton—I have not long since returned from Mexico, where I served under the Emperor Maximilian, and was an officer in his army. But when his cause was lost, and my poor martyred chief was foully assassinated, my dream of honour was rudely dissipated—as—as—all my other schemes of pride and happiness in life. With difficulty I contrived to effect my escape from the country, was enabled to reach France, and ultimately England. My way lay through this part of the country—past this very house. Curiosity led me from the

station hither. Faintness seized me at the gate—I have been suffering so long from a deep—deep wound. I know no more.”

The tale was told in broken gasps.

“Interesting hero!” whispered Lady Bellairs to the doctor; “I saw at once that he was a very distinguished man.”

“And now you are going home,” answered Lady Langbourne, gently.

“I have no home,” was the sad answer.

“Two nights’ repose under this roof may enable you to proceed,” said his hostess; “I will give orders that your luggage be fetched from the station.”

As she spoke she turned and uttered a low cry.

Down the stairs was creeping, slowly and stealthily, her husband, Sir Vivian Langbourne.

Fearfully was the wretched man changed from the Vivian Langbourne of former years. His handsome face was wrinkled and worn and pervaded by a death-like paleness; the hair on his temples was streaked with white. The fine dark eyes were sunken in their orbits, and surrounded in the hollows by circles of a deep livid colour; but yet they gleamed with an unnatural fire. He was enveloped in a long dressing gown; but the shirt, open on his neck, gave evidence of the extreme maceration of his body.

As soon as the madman discovered that he was detected in his truant design, he uttered a low wild laugh, and said, with a look of triumph, as if rejoicing in his own superior intellect, “I know that voice; yes, I know it well.”

“Go back, Vivian, go back, my dear—indeed you must not,” commenced Lady Langbourne hastening up the staircase to meet him.

The madman pushed her gently aside, and came lower down, still persisting in his assertion “I know that voice, I tell you, I must come,” and he again uttered a wild laugh, which ended in the scrap of an old song, hummed to himself.

“Doctor Hodson,” said Lady Langbourne, in much agitation. “may I request you to lead Sir Vivian to his room? This must not be—before a stranger.”

“Come, my dear Sir Vivian,” commenced the doctor, endeavouring to take his patient’s arms; but he was violently thrust aside, and the madman walked slowly and deliberately towards the stranger, who had now risen and stood gazing, with dilated eyes and quickly heaving chest, on the new apparition in the hall.

“Better not attempt to restrain him,” whispered the doctor to the unhappy wife. “If he’s thwarted in his fancies, however strange they may appear, a fit of violence may supervene.”

“Really Sir Vivian ought to be taught better manners,” muttered Lady Bellairs, very audibly. “It is perfectly outrageous

his coming down in this manner, and accosting strangers, and if I were you, doctor——”

“Fortunately, you are not, madam,” was the only response she received.

Meanwhile the madman had walked directly up to the object of his strange interest. He took the man’s long beard in his hands and looked at it with a bewildered air, and shook his head. “Speak! speak again!” he murmured low; then, as the stranger still kept silence, he swept the hair from his forehead, looked into his eyes, and then, with a long, loud laugh of joy, flung his arms about the man’s neck, and sobbed hysterically.

“What can this mean?” exclaimed Lady Langbourne, with a sudden start, as if a fearful doubt had struck her.

“It is strange,” whispered the doctor; “one would think he was delighted at the sight of our unknown guest.”

Troubling and perplexed thoughts seemed to be creeping over the young wife’s mind.

Sir Vivian had now put the stranger at a little distance from him, holding the object of his interest by the shoulders, and scrutinising his face intently; then he burst again into a wild triumphant laugh. “I knew it! I knew it!” he cried. He looked around with evident fear, and then dragged the stranger gently to the further part of the hall. “Look here! look here!” he whispered to him, “here it is!” and from under the breast of his loose dressing-gown, he pulled forth a small key, hanging round his neck by a cord. “That’s it—the guardian of our secret! I will give it to you; it burns me—it has lighted a furnace of fire in my heart! Do not let them see it! Take it! take it!”

The madman was endeavouring to remove the chain from his neck, when Lady Langbourne, who had fixed her eyes on the stranger with a look of perplexity and doubt, and seemed suddenly to have arrived at a conviction, stepped hastily between her husband and the stranger, and said, in a tone of indignation and scorn, “You trouble my husband, sir. Leave him—I insist.”

On hearing her voice, Sir Vivian started with every sign of terror, hastily thrust the key back into his bosom, and clinging agonizingly to the stranger, whispered hoarsely to him, “Not yet, not yet! she must never know, she would hate me—she would despise me if she knew.” Then putting his head on the man’s neck, and putting his mouth more closely to the ear, he whispered, still more low, but with an accent of despair, “She does not love me now, she has never loved me; but I could not endure her hate.”

“I tell you, sir,” said Lady Langbourne, again interposing, sternly, almost angrily, to the stranger, “you must not encourage my poor husband in these delusions of his mind. You see the sad state in which he is, and—and—he cannot endure the sight of strangers. Come, Vivian,” she continued, more softly, although she still directed looks of horror and contempt on the object of

her suspicions ; " come—come with me ! you will be more comfortable in your own room ! "

Sir Vivian obeyed, and suffered himself to be led away by his wife, although his eyes were still fixed eagerly on the stranger.

" Leave him to me for a while, doctor," said Lady Langbourne, as she passed him, " I can best soothe his agitation. But come to my boudoir before you leave the house."

The madman was led slowly up the stairs, still looking back. As he reached the summit he leaned over the balustrade before he disappeared, and, smiling on the man below, uttered the words : " Not yet—not yet—but by-and-by—by-and-by."

" My dear sir," said Lady Bellairs, with effusion, to the stranger, " I really don't know how to apologize sufficiently for these unseemly scenes. But *que voulez vous*, as the French say, it is a misfortune. I am inexpressibly shocked ! I am sure I am trembling all over ; and my heart is palpitating fearfully. What am I to do, doctor ? Really, you must prescribe for me, doctor ! "

But Doctor Hodson was deeply absorbed. The whole conduct of the madman in the scene which had just passed was suggestive of some strange mystery ; and the doctor was wondering to himself whether that key about his patient's neck was the true key to the secret recesses of his mind, which he had sought all along to open.

" Doctor ! don't you hear ! " said Lady Bellairs, impatiently, " I am very bad—I shall faint—Mr. Barton"—but the stranger was absorbed too ; and he stood immovable.

(To be continued.)

PROVERBS.

WHAT is a proverb? Locke and other philosophers are for defining your terms; and this passes with the multitude who talk about their books (I will not say read them) as very necessary and solid wisdom. It is taken to be synonymous with "you should know what you are talking about; and, "if you do not know what the words you employ mean separately, you cannot know what they mean collectively. Now, this is partly true and partly not true. When a man is, like Locke, writing about metaphysics, he can to some extent define his terms, and, whenever he uses the same word, can try to restrict it to the same signification. But when he descends and begins to talk about general things in general language, any attempt at definition creates such a circumlocution that the confusion and verbiage ensuing are worse than that of an Act of Parliament, so drafted by a legal expert, that the very judges of the land cry out that neither by grammar nor by law can any sense at all be elicited.

The rule wanted is, not that your terms be defined, but that you define such terms as require definition when they are capable of definition. Most simple words are not capable of definition, and therefore they must be left to the context. It seems to be quite overlooked by these mighty masters of language that the speech of man is invariably a slipshod and imperfect method of conveying ideas—it conveys a great deal more or a great deal less than is intended—and whoever wishes to put it so that it cannot be misunderstood, as Cobbett pretended he could, will invariably fail. It is quite amusing in the matter of proverbs to see Archbishop Trench tormenting himself and his readers by trying to tie up in words the exact bundle of ideas that represents a proverb proper and nothing else. What on earth does it signify exactly what a proverb is, we all know what it means in the rough.

Johnson's explanation is as good as any: that "it is a short sentence frequently repeated by the people." Myself, I think that is quite near enough; but Richardson says it is "a common saying in which all men agree;" the *saying*, may be common but if all men agreed in it it would be a miracle. Vossius gives *Proverbium*—*commune omnium dictum*—a public word of all men, and then runs to derivation: *pro* standing for *ante* or *palam*, i.e., a word before all. Minshew guesses that it is *probatum verbum*; if that means that it is *proved*, I say that it is not so, but taken for granted; and if it means *approved of*, that says nothing and is but a loose gloss.

Agricola calls Proverbs "short sentences into which, as in rules, the ancients have compressed life." Aristotle thinks they are "remnants which, on account of their shortness, have been saved out of the wreck, ruins of ancient philosophy." Erasmus thinks them to be "well-known and well-used *dicta*, framed in a somewhat out-of-the-way form or fashion." Cervantes considers them as "short sentences drawn from long experience." Howell finds that "sense, shortness and salt" are their component parts. George Herbert has collected a number and invented some, and styles them, quaintly, *Jacula Prudentum*. Daniel Heinsius in his Preface to *Apostolius*, says they are "nothing but abridged remains of the wisdom which is not comprehended in books, and is conveyed down from hand to hand like an heir-loom."

If you ask why I produce so many useless attempts to define a proverb I do so because the "city gates stand open to the bad and good," and it is a most useful and instructive lesson to show how large a part of all knowledge and study amongst mankind is a sort of "Cobblers' Monday," when the learned take their pleasure and are very busy in doing nothing, unless it be they reverse the proverb that "idleness turns the edge of wit," by making the very rouleau of their wit a sort of lathe on which to turn idleness.

A great deal of very magniloquent stuff has been written about proverbs, and of course a part of it is true, for of most things human you may say that a thing "approaches very near the truth which is only half false." Thomas Fielding, in the introduction to his nice little collection of proverbs, says, that popular adages do not only yield the vulgar philosophy of the people but are reservoirs of the intellectuality drawn from the highest human sources. He thinks their big wave has sucked in verses from the Greek and Roman poets and historians, has embalmed the sayings of philosophers and statesmen, responses of oracles, the wisdom of the Magi, the learning of the Hindu, and the writings of the Fathers and the Schoolmen; that there is scarcely a man of celebrated name, from the days of Hesiod, "who has not added to the great mass of aphoristic literature." It goes on adding to its bulk, and will in time comprise a brief abstract of the wisdom of all ages, from Adam down to Campbell's "Last man." I think I may say that this does not so nearly approach the truth as to be only half false.

Suppressing all enthusiasm of statement, it is just to say that a great deal may be learnt from the study of proverbs, though there are very few qualified to extract the learning. One of the few useful ideas set going by Isaac Disraeli was thus put forth by him in his second series of the "Curiosities of Literature"—that proverbs had a philosophy which was worthy of investigation. But, if we are to guard against *trop de zèle*, by all means let us also guard against *trop de système*. Very enthusiastic and very logical people should both be warned off, lest they lose their head in the vagaries of a too far thrusting generalization. Let us advise

them out of the Spanish: "Be not a baker if your head be of butter." Lord Bacon says, "You may learn the art, spirit and intelligence of nations from their proverbs." I confess that here, to me, the head of Bacon seems to run the danger of a "head of butter," and that it had better avoid proximity to the oven. Trench has tried to carry out the idea for him and for Disraeli, but though he exhibits much genuine love of proverbs and graceful scholarship in his capital little book, he proves nothing about proverbs beyond the fact, that Shakspeare found out before him, that "words are a cheveril glove to a good wit." An ingenious man can prove the world to be a cone, as the ancients believed (as evidenced by their barrows and the Pyramids, which are the masonic presentment of a barrow); then Mercator said it was as flat as a bread trencher, and even Columbus was not *sure* it was round, whilst a very ingenious gentleman twenty years ago, and still living, proved it again to be flat. Surely "a thing approaches very near the truth that is only half false."

They say you can tell the Gael to be a melancholy, superstitious race, living in mounts and mists, by their apothegms: "Whoever is the fox's servant must help carry his tail;" is that very melancholy, misty, or sad? The Scotch proverbs are often shrewd, as "Gude watch prevents harm." The Italian is often shrewd and revengeful, as "The Gospel will have you forgive your enemies, but says nothing about your friends." But though there may be more revengeful proverbs in Italian than in most other languages, the proverbs of Italy are not revengeful, and Salmasius ranks them next in value to the Spanish. Here is one which, in days of competition and co-operation, appears to me to have been forgotten in England, though we have the form of words still remaining—"Vivi, e lascia vivere," "Live, and let live;" and what more beautiful than this in any tongue, "Words from the mouth die on the ear, but words from the heart in the heart stay." In the same way the Scotch are not only shrewd, for there is wit in this, "Ye breed o' the cow's tail, for ye grow backward."

Our proverbs are distinguished, they say, by sterling good sense. I should have thought that to be the characteristic of all proverbs everywhere. Our proverbs have no predominant quality, but their excellence lies in the union of several; none of these distinctions will hold, though you may select such as will seem to countenance them. If you wish to point out the somewhat coarse and farmer-like taste of the Englishman, you can set his "One leg of mutton drives down another" against the Frenchman's more refined "L'appétit vient en mangeant." But you need not travel far to reach the end of French proverbial delicacy. You have it in "Plus on remue la merde, plus elle pue," or "entre deux selles le cul à terre." The fact is that proverbs are men's mother wit phrased by their wit. The best thing Lord John Russell said in his life—so good that I still live in the quiet expectation of

finding it elsewhere—was, that “proverbs are the wisdom of many and the wit of one.” Isaac Disraeli thought that a frequent review of proverbs ought to enter into our readings, as they are the treasures of thought, though no longer the ornament of conversation. Chesterfield was too exquisite for them; “A man of fashion,” said he, “has never recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms.” This is because the fine French Court of Louis XIV. had turned *adages* into dramatic entertainments. But even here Shakspeare had been beforehand with them, though in a somewhat sounder style, with his “Love’s Labour Lost,” “Measure for Measure,” and “All’s Well That Ends Well.” “Manners,” to use the Wykhamite motto, “makyth the man,” but, as in this case of Chesterfield, they seem to have rather a tendency to unmake him.

Lavater, in his aphorisms, considers that “the proverbial wisdom of the populace in the street, on the roads, and in the markets instructs the ear of him who studies man more fully than a thousand rules ostentatiously displayed.” But Cervantes, through the mouth of Don Quixote, says, “I am of opinion, Sancho, that there is no proverb which is not true, because they are all sentences drawn from experience itself, the mother of all the sciences.” This is a dictum worthy of the biggest writer that ever held a pen in Spain. Genius always speaks thus. What a happy sentence is here! How much said in how little! What are the sciences themselves but the mother wit of men, travelling upon rules and by experiment? Experience is experiment in the abstract. Here is the *novum organum* of Bacon packed in a nutshell for those who can see it, and Newton’s law of gravitation issues from the same matrix and font, identical as does the proverb; thus “There are no pancakes without the breaking of eggs,” or those strange things from the Arabian desert, “There are no fans in hell,” “Be quick, or the sun goes down,” “Art is long life short,” “What girt haste is here!” or take that Hebrew one, that might make a dial motto, “The day is short and the work much.” “A lie hath no feet,” says the Jew; we feel instinctively that we should add, “No, but it hath wings;” for “The nimblest footman is a false tale,” say the Welsh; “Wine is the master’s, but its goodness belongs to the butler;” aye, aye, “The servant of a king is king” (to all below him), if impudence but crown him, as commonly it does the varlet; “The master of a thousand bees has but one stomach.” Use and proprietorship are diverse. The master of fifty granaries may die of atrophy, and the richest magnate in the kingdom must sue for daily bread as hotly as the poorest beggar does. His bread is not strictly his till it is digested, but the gift of assimilation is from above. Property is no *peculium*, “Squire Hodge, the land is yours, but mine the landscape.” Beauty belongs to the eyes that can see it, and the rejoicement of sight is in the brains behind them. The mind’s eye is the body’s providence, and its faculty is to see the unseen.

This is the revealer, and David calls it wisely "the lantern of the Lord" (Psalms, xx. 27). "A man's real candle is his understanding," say the Welsh.

How from the sheaf of a book of proverbs will not the *ἑρπαισάμενα*—the winged words—flash through the air like the Homeric rays of "the far-darter?"

"Knowledge is a second light, and hath bright eyes" says an Eastern sage, and what a shield is knowledge! Medusa's no better in its gift of invisibility. "The wise man sees the fool, but the fool sees not the wise man." Also, what an essence-gatherer is wisdom, beating the apothecary at simple time for extractive skill, seeing, as the Eastern says that "a wise man man can draw learning from those who have none themselves." "You can teach a fool to speak, but the Devil himself can't teach him to hold his tongue."

These are chiefly Eastern. Now Fielding most absurdly say that the aphorisms of the East are effeminate and pointless. I should like to see them surpassed—nay, rather matched—by anything this side the Volga. There is a high strain in them not commonly attained proverbially in Europe. What rubbish are these two Danish things compared with them: "Without favour, art is like a windmill without wind," and "The Devil always leaves a stink behind him," as if he had lost the recipe of gums and myrrh for incense making, and could not mix it against any scapulary of Mount Carmel. Take that Irish nonsense, "As full of fun and foustre as Mooney's goose," and set it against the *bag and baggage* of the barbarian Turk, "There is a devil in every berry of the grape." Is our commonplace "As many men as many minds," or the Scotch "As mony heads as mony wuts," to be placed alongside the Eastern one, "In Golgotha are skulls of all sizes," which adds a figure to assertion, and may mean a great deal more as well as quite as much?

Solomon said there was nothing new under the sun, and that Irishman was making a kind of a crazy proverb for Europe when he said that "the ancients had stolen all our best ideas from us." But in *naïve* absurdity Kant beat everything perhaps that ever was uttered by mortal lips. He says on one occasion, and possibly often said, at those queer symposia of friends at Königsberg—seldom more than two and never more than six invited, not for Pythagorean considerations of number, nor from De Savarin's theories on good company, but because his table-silver ran in half-dozens—he says, "The old songs, from Homer to Ossian and from Orpheus to the prophets, owe the brilliancy of their style to the *want of proper means* to express the ideas." This is the very mummy of nonsense embalmed for all time. Myrrh, aloes, and gum tragacanth, with all Arabia carried into Egypt, could not lay up the body of dead wit more spicily for preservation. "Logic is the closed fist;" indeed, when wit is like this, and does, as logic

so often does, it knocks down sense and reason when masters of the science use it, as Mill and Bentham, Austin and Jevons do when laying down in their dismal swamps the outlines of their pet ogre's palace, Political Economy, which, in its death-like effects upon England and her flag, ought to be called "Impolitic Extravagancy." "Words show the wit of a man," ay, and something else too. "Eloquence has a rolling volume, but the world turns on the wheel of silence;" "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin;" "Talk much and err much," says the wit-fraught Spaniard; (20) "Let not your tongue (21) cut your throat," says the nomad Arab, quite as aptly as if he had lived this side the Volga all his days, and trilled the balderdash of "Better fifty years of Europe than a thousand of Cathay;" "Words have long tails, and have no tails," and are all tales. There are but five or six men who have ever lived in this world qualified to deal with metaphysics use fully, and Kant was one. It is a pity he should try to make a fool of himself on poetry, as Sir Isaac Newton had done before him. Voltaire laughed at Newton's work on prophecy, and said the malign Fates had done it to reduce his genius to the level of humanity. If the want of civilized means of expression will turn our lame poets into Homers, I shall take Caliban for a philosopher, and address the School Board with "the red plague rid you for learning me your language." "What fools these mortals be!" and, on occasions, the bigger the genius the bigger the fool, as giants, when they play at cricket, must use big bats.

Touching the number of proverbs circulating in Europe, it has been supposed that there may be as many as 20,000 of them. Now this must immensely under-rate the number, for in Richard Heber's library there was a MS. of Spanish Proverbs, collected by Juan Yriate, which alone amounted to from 25 to 30,000. It was the practice with this gentleman for many years of his life to jot down every proverb that he met with in the course of his reading and in conversation; and he carried his hobby to such length that he would give a fee to any of his servants who could bring him in a new one, not already noted in his collection. Mr. Carew Hazlitt, in his "English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases," though rather exclusive in his idea of what constitutes the proverb proper, records not less than 10,000 in English, and by a process less exclusive the number might easily be doubled. Now, if we take the proverbs of all the nations together, we shall immensely swell the number, though we do not forget how large a common stock there is that reappears in every European tongue. This led to Kelly's disappointment when he collected his Scotch proverbs, and found how many were not indigenous.¹ There is no means of ascertaining what in each nation may be the proportion of its common proverbs to those that are home produced or indigenous, and this is the next step in the study of proverbs that should be taken by a competent worker. A book

¹ He collected Scotch Proverbs and published them.

on European proverbs that should attempt this, imperfect though the first attempt might prove—would constitute a great stride in advance towards ultimate precision. Even the Maltese have a considerable number of proverbs, and a good many that seem to be indigenous. The Provençal is probably rich in proverbial lore, and the Basque districts also; so I imagine that the common proverbs reckoned only once, together with the indigenous in all the tongues and dialects in Europe and those embalmed in the dead languages, would much exceed a hundred thousand. Such a collection could only grow to perfection by the collective labour of many individuals, stretching over a long interval of time; in fact it could only become possible, as Littre's French Dictionary has, by the advance of philological study (I won't say science, for I don't think there is such a thing), and the judicious absorption of past dictionaries. Yet that is no reason why some one should not at once set about classifying the proverbs of Europe that are common to all the European languages.

Montesquieu says that de La Rochefoucault's maxims are the proverb book of men of wit, and so to some extent they may be, but if you compare their refined cynicism with a bunch of proverbs culled from the common stock, you will soon be made to feel that in this, as in so many other things, the vulgar are the best provided for. Proverbs are wisdom-seed, past growth shut into a pin's head, and in that seedling form ready accoutred to spring forth again and grow. There is no display of system here, no pretence of science, and that is always safest, for it is all that man can reach to; he can only be wise for a minute, and then look to the pipkin, or his dinner spoils. The fault of thinkers is to stereotype positions, whilst in the general darkness it is only given us to read truth by lightning flashes, such as highwaymen, in a night attack, have been detected by. You cannot possess yourself of nor reckon up wisdom; take stock of it and it is lost. When Luther saw Dr. Gode begin to tell his puddings, hanging in the chimney, he said, "I told him he would not live long, and so it fell out; and when I begin to trouble myself about brewing, malt-ing, cooking, &c., then shall I soon die."

"They were very wise, again," he says, "before the flood; and ere we get rightly to the knowledge of a thing we lie down and die." "God will not have it that we should attain a higher knowledge of things;" and no man needs recognition of this fact so much as the scholar, scribe, and thinker. The poet, I take it for granted, has it always before him, for if not he is no poet. Let not the Martha of erudition in you be "troubled about many things;" before you have finished much the cup of death in the big banquet of diurnal feasting will come round to your turn also, and its bitter-sweet is oblivion of lorecraft and journey-work alike:

Passer passing, here I lie,
You, as I once, now go by;
To the world it is you go,
But you soon will lie as low.

This is pretty much the pith of those queer old lines in Canterbury Cathedral :

" Ou tu passe, j'ay passe;
Et par ou j'ay passe, tu passeras
Au monde comme toi j'ay este
Et mort comme moi tu serras."

"There are few epitaphs which do not apply to all mankind," and in this they resemble proverbs, and seem to come in close connection with them. Dear reader, if you are witty, go and make proverbs ; if you are wise, go and use them; if you are industrious and have found pleasure in these, go and do the little all you can to help collect them.

C. A. WARD.

SIVARD THE PURBLIND.

FREELY ADAPTED FROM THE DANISH.

YOUNG Humble has gotten him out from the Belt—

Green are both oak and the linden tree—

Where long by Roeskilde, the youth, hath dwelt ;

And Sivard the Purblind hath won the degree.

He fain would match him with Sivard wight,
But lacketh of all that becomes a knight.

To Berne he fareth to seek a friend ;
Volundur's Vidrik aid shall lend.

Vidrik, the stay of great Dietrich's host,
Prince of his fellows, and eke their boast.

Now close in arms are halsed the pair,
And Vidrik hath granted his suitor's prayer.

He lent him burnie, he lent him brand,
That stout in the joust might Humble stand.

He lent him Skimming, the Jutland horse,
Though sore he dreaded to mourn his corse.

For Sivard's lance-point, prone to err,
Went round, as the rowel goes round in a spur.

Sivard the Purblind might pierce the steed
As like as the rider, though strong in deed.

Young Humble came to the oak-shaw green,
Where Sivard waited, and waited teen.

For Skimming has stumbled, and prone on his face
Lies Humble—now must he sue for grace !

His name is told, and the purblind swain
His mother's cousin in arms hath ta'en.

"By Freya, a bold young knight thou art shown,
And Sivard shall aid thee to win renown!

"Come, bind me fast to this oak hard by,
And tell them thou gottest the mastery!"

Now into the hall young Humble strides,
Where mead is flowing like Baltic tides.

"In greenwood Sivard standeth bound,
There have I left him where first I found!"

Then outspoke Vidrik, "Boasting boy,
If Sivard the Purblind have such annoy

"I wot he willed it; but I will prove
If Sivard be verily bound in the grove!"

Bound and waiting the Purblind stood,
When Vidrik hurled through the waving wood.

"Alack, I am sped if he find me here!
My heart must sheathing be to his spear!"

He tugged at the oak till its roots were torn,
And away at his belt the tree was borne.

Queen Helen stood at her lattice high,
Saw where Sivard came speeding by.

Queen Helen smiled, "Full sore thy need
To pluck for healing so stark a weed!"

The King he stood by the castle gate,
In silver burnie and cap of state.

"Here comes Sivard, the purblind swain,
Bringing in Summer to town again!"

In Bratingsborg then made they feast;
There danced the heroes, most and least.

The heroes stark, they footed the ground,
And Sivard danced, to his oak still bound.

Queen Helen laughed, "If eyes be blind,
I wot he hath guiding of other kind.

"Blind may the eyes of his body be,
But wit and cunning have force to see!

"For wit, and cunning, and manhood's might"—
Green are both oak and the linden tree—

"Sivard the Purblind shall be my knight!"
And Sivard the Purblind hath won the degree.



" . . . as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The then gay land is maddened all to joy."

Thomson.

❖ TIME. ❖

❖❖❖❖❖
FEBRUARY, 1883.
❖❖❖❖❖

A REAL QUEEN.

CHAPTER IV.

When she is far, and I
Ride o'er the meadow,
Under the sunny sky,
Over the shadow
How it is easy then
Boldly to woo her,
While down the winding glen
Speed I unto her!

Scant while for answering
Love shall allow her—
Space while a wild bee's wing
Brushes a flower
Nay, but the path hath grown
Nearer and nearer—
Farther and farther flown
All, save to Fear her!

THE sudden boom of the gun, breaking the Rector's traveller's tale off in the very middle, had fired the imagination of Rosamond—always in a state of tinder ready to be set blazing by any chance spark that might happen to fall. She had not often been far from the cottage in all her life—never what Mr. Pitcairn would have called far—but she had once driven past the gates and under the walls of Lowmoor, and these had made upon her, though it was many years ago, an impression never to be forgotten. “That is where all the bad people go,” was the explanation she had received of its existence when she was even younger than now. But even such commonplace words as those meant a great deal to Rosamond. Where all the bad people go—all: not merely some, but all! Why, it must be the very main gate of Hell, with a separate sin for every brick that had gone to its building, and with those for warders that were not good even to dream of. The

thought was her own, for the theology that surrounded her childhood was ancient and simple, and was based largely on very realistic images and exceedingly plain words. Once again she had driven past Lowmoor, but she had not again seen it, for on that second occasion she had shut her eyes, and had not opened them again till the building was safely on the other side of the hill.

Growing older, she naturally learned more of what an earthly prison-house means, and what it is for. But, though thus enabled to build a certain structure of facts upon her original quicksand of fancy, the sand was ready to swallow up the house upon the very smallest provocation. Lowmoor, in her mind, was still a place apart from all else, having nothing to do with the common light and air that gave light to Crossmarsh, and Windgates, and the Sea. The building was to her invisible, but the idea of it was a shadow, often falling over her mind when she was alone, as if it were in itself a thought of evil. One of the books she had most ardently devoured was a stitched pamphlet that had come in uncle Aeneas's magisterial way—some sort of official return, or report, giving an account of the routine, dietary, and other such interesting matters connected with Lowmoor Gaol. In one sense, it half-piqued, half-satisfied her curiosity, but it lamentably disappointed her on the whole. Men, whose hands were red with the blood of their fellow men, were confined in Lowmoor. How could the knowledge that he was allowed so many pints of soup, and so many ounces of bread, and no tobacco, help her to see into the heart of a man with such a hand? The contrast between Cliff Cottage, with its quiet garden and its changeless days, and that mansion of darkness, near enough to be felt all the more for not being quite near enough to be seen, remained a more awful mystery even than before. It had never suggested itself to Rosamond that such fathomless thoughts as these about a hideous parallelogram, used as a fold for the world's black sheep, were unshared by Sophy. Her own ways of looking at things, she took for granted, were common to all mankind—even by old Moldwarp, she supposed.

But the idea that a living man had actually escaped from Lowmoor! Such a thing scarcely needed the added solemnity of a great gun's thunder to impress her profoundly. Not only was it new in all her experience, but it was new to all her ideas, which drew their life from the original notion of the visible *Inferno* after all. She knew something, from the old stitched report, of the difficulties, supposed to be insuperable, which stood in the way of such a deed. But something more than statistical descriptions made her feel it to be a prodigious oversetting of natural laws. The voice of the gun through the hot, heavy summer afternoon seemed to Rosamond less a mere announcement of a marvel than some supernatural effect necessarily accompanying the return of a condemned soul to the world.

"It's an unprecedented thing," said uncle Æneas, when that part of the afternoon arrived when its routine ordered that his visitors should inspect the greenhouses, "that a convict should escape in broad daylight, as this man must have done. The last man chose a fog, in winter—it was twenty years ago, the day before I first saw my Cretan Obolus—and he would have escaped, only——"

"Aye?" asked the Rector. "Only——?"

"Only he walked over Furnace Point—and—well, he did escape out and out, after all. You know the rocks under Furnace Point. There wasn't much of him left to take back to Lowmoor."

"Ah," said Mrs. Pitcairn, "if people only would be contented with their lot; but it's always the way. A contented mind——"

"Isn't a continual feast at Lowmoor—if you mean that, Maria," said the parson. "Poor dev—— You'll have a fine crop of grapes this year, Fane," he went on, quickly, having himself narrowly escaped a precipice, "a first-rate crop."

There were many questions that Rosamond was longing to ask; but she had not yet passed the age when, according to the primitive etiquette of those parts and of that household, young people ought to be seen, and not heard. It seemed to her, however, that she could understand how terrible and life-crushing must be the existence within prison walls, if it drove its victims to an escape more terrible still.

"Oswald," she half-whispered to her old playfellow, "what was the story of that man who was killed? What had he done?"

Oswald, grown shy with the consciousness of his new relation towards Rosamond, self-made and one-sided as it was, welcomed a chance of speech with her that came easily and without seeking. "I remember hearing of it when I was a boy—a child," said he, "and that's all. What he'd done, I don't know. . . . But these aren't things for you to think of. . . . No; you needn't be in a hurry to run away. I haven't looked at the grapes yet, you know." For the greenhouse had now been inspected, and Rosamond, disappointed of her answer, was preparing to follow the general progress to the cucumber frames, or wherever it might be tending. He had not ridden over from Windgates solely for the purpose of making a clean breast of things to uncle Æneas; he had come, with all the courage of a lover at a distance, to fix his life for good and all. And, though he unaccountably had found his courage less at the end than it had been at the beginning of his ride, he had no notion of facing the shame of riding home again without having said what he meant to say. It already seemed quite shameful enough that he, a grown man of the world, had found himself at fault before a girl who was still almost a child.

"Of course you can see the grapes, and eat them too, when they're ripe," said Rosamond, seriously. "But you might have told me about the man that was killed."

"I'll tell you something better than that, Rosamond."

"Better than——"

"Than walking over Furnace Point in a fog? Well, I hope so. That is to say, I know it would be better, for me—and for you—well, that's where the hoping comes in. I——"

This was so far different from the manner in which he had meant to begin, that he lost himself; and, besides, last night, alone with his pipe, and this afternoon while riding over, he had never realised all that asking Rosamond to wait for him would mean. It is true that he saw in her the future woman who ought, of rights, to blossom from a girlhood of perfect innocence and simplicity; and to the woman who was to be he could have made love as easily as true love knows how to be made, and like a man. But, seeing her in the midst of these flowers which, to his eyes, claimed her as a sister, he could only feel, more surely even than he had ever hitherto felt, that the woman who was to be had not yet come. Now that he was alone with her presence, it seemed as if it were a lighter matter to make love to that white rose whereby she was standing, and as if a single note of the language sacred to the purest of passion would be a stain. And yet, at the same time, an instinct no less true told him that to make love even to a real white rose-bud as if it were nothing more is to lose one's pains.

"I wonder if you know—how much I like you!" said he at last.

"I hope I do," said Rosamond, frankly. "I hope you like me 'all That,' as we used to say when we were children," she added, stretching out her arms as wide apart as they would go.

"Ah, you can't reach wide enough yet, to measure. But—when we were children! That's getting some way back, now—at least to me. We have to measure liking in other ways—now."

"True," sighed Rosamond. "I really feel getting quite old, sometimes—as if I remembered old Moldwarp's arrows and hatchets when they were new. And just think how many roses, just like these, I have seen born and die! And on they will go, being born and dying, while I shall go on living and living—why Queen Boadicea can't seem half so old to uncle Æneas as I must seem to them. Isn't it strange?"

"Very strange, indeed," assented Oswald, gravely, not in the least following her meaning, but accepting it as faithfully as an echo. But she took his assent for intelligent sympathy, and was encouraged to go on. It was not often that she felt such encouragement in the presence of a playmate of long ago who had grown up into a man of awe-inspiring gravity and learning, and she would well-nigh have walked, in her own person, over Furnace Point rather than let his superior wisdom into the secret of her magic cave—she was shy and tender over secrets that even to her seemed to belong to a childhood that, at her mature age, needed to be hidden away in dark corners, and she instinctively feared

the grown-up smile that would scatter them away in shame. But there were many fancies, short of her Grand Mystery, which belonged but to the moment, and might, therefore, be as fearless as butterflies in sun, who know neither to-morrow or yesterday ; and, somehow, in spite of Oswald's unusual constraint, he seemed to have grown backwards nearer to her own age than he had seemed to be when he had last visited Crossmarsh, a week ago. After all, a young man of three-and-twenty is not bound to be so very much older than a girl of fifteen. There are other things in the Kingdom of Time besides years and days.

"I assure you," she said, leaping over a long stretch of thought, in forgetfulness that Oswald's wits did not share with hers the privilege of wings, "I assure you I have thought everything all out, and that I mean us—Sophy and me—to have nothing to do with change. Everything, here at Crossmarsh, is to go on finding flints for uncle Æneas till he has found them all—and then he must begin to find them all over again. Sophy and I will keep house, and never change a servant, nor an animal, nor the place of a chair. And——"

"Well?" asked Oswald, with more interest than the scheme called for—except, indeed, on the part of those who have as yet seen nothing change, nor known what change means.

"And—and that's all."

"Quite all? Haven't you kept a place for me?"

"Indeed I have, though, Oswald! You shall ride over from Windgates—just as often as you do now."

"Not oftener? But if you only mean *I'm* not to change—you may be as sure of that, dear, as that you are alive. Only—though not in me—change *must* come. And, since it must, don't you want ever to spread your wings and see the world?"

"No. Perhaps I should, if I were a man. But—no. I should find nothing that I want, and that I can have here, whenever—whenever I please." She coloured, though without knowing it: for her tongue, not often at liberty, had been on the point of betraying her power of raising, at will, a far larger and fuller life than, as even Rosamond knew, is to be found in the whole wide world since dragons and dragon-slayers followed in the track of the ichthyosaurus and the dodo. "If I did not wake up in the morning in Crossmarsh!——"

"Why should that be such a terrible thing?"

"I should have crossed the sea—or else the hills ——"

"And then?"

"I should perhaps know what Lowmoor means. I am *afraid* to know."

"Good God, Rosamond!" cried Oswald, only kept from laughing outright by the awful knowledge that she was *She*, and therefore must needs mean something, though her meaning might stand in

sore need of an interpreter, "anybody, who didn't know you, would think you meant you are afraid of being sent to gaol!"

And, indeed, how could he guess, even faintly, into the manner in which, during a childhood as deeply alone as was ever passed in this world, she had evolved a world out of hints, guesses, and shadows in which the few things she half knew were but types and forecast shadows of the vast and unimaginable unknown? The sea and the cliffs bounded all the few realities of life that were signified by that narrow word, Home. Beyond it lay, to her mind, unbounded space and endless time, wherefrom the passing ships were messengers no less shadowy than the sea-birds whose nests she had never seen. On the other side were the hills, in the half distance, beyond which lay the world of men, with a citadel of crime for its entrance, and its end in one. Crossmarsh lay between two mysteries, dividing them: and, while those who feel the mysteries of life only a little long to dare them, those who feel them a great deal can only feel, and fear.

And yet the very dread of change may be but an extreme form of the fascination which brings the bird to the serpent against its will. But of that, Rosamond could, as yet, guess nothing. Her now fancies were all that had yet come to disturb the melodious monotony of her days, which, like the flowers among which she stood, fell off the year's stalk so softly and easily that, when the next came, it only seemed as if yesterday were waking again from a dreamless sleep and re-opening upon her the self-same eyes.

"Rosamond," said Oswald, with the air and all the sensations of a philosopher, "of course you can't think that you—and Sophy—can go on living all your lives just as you are now. Changes *must* come, in a world where people live and die, and never know what is to happen next—and it's a good thing they do, considering what a humdrum sort of place it would else be. One needn't talk of anybody's dying—yet: but Sophy will marry, and you—the more you will want somebody to stand by you, and find courage for you, if you are so afraid of the world. And that's so certain, dear, that I mean never to marry, nor to change, until you do—and then only on the same day."

"Oh," said Rosamond, quickly, "I never mean to be married. I know all about marriage. It wouldn't suit me at all. And, of course, Sophy will feel the same as me. But, of course, *you* can do as you like."

"Can I?" asked Oswald, a little ruefully: for he had been flattering himself that he had at last reached the point of plain speaking. "However—we'll see about that. Of course, I know how young you are now——"

"I am fifteen!" said Rosamond.

"And—well, I'm afraid I can't make you see all in a minute what I mean. Would you mind changing Crossmarsh for

Windgates? After all, that wouldn't be so very much of a change."

"Oh, Oswald!" she suddenly exclaimed, "are you asking ME to marry YOU?"

"Of course I am. I'm asking you to wait for me—and to know that everything I think of, and everything I ever do, is all to make the time come nearer. So, dear, you needn't be afraid that a single thing in your life shall not be just as you will. You don't know all about marriage: nobody knows anything about such a marriage as I will try to make ours. I'll begin to make Windgates exactly what you would like to find it—I'll begin five minutes after I get home: it will take five minutes to put my horse up, or else I'd begin still sooner. Will you wait?"

He was speaking eagerly and warmly, now that the plunge, which had at one time appeared so impossible, had been made. And, therefore, he was beginning to forget his intention of only asking Rosamond to wait in order that he might not spend the next few years in anxious doubting. He came close to her, and took both her hands in one of his own. But he tried in vain to read her eyes, which met his as if she had been utterly wrong in her boast, and, instead of knowing all about marriage knew nothing of it at all, preface, or chapter, from title-page to end.

"Of course I will—wait," said she. "It is easy enough to do that; but, indeed Oswald, I don't want to marry anybody at all."

"Ah, but you will - and if that anybody is not me——You said, just now, you liked me 'all That.' Do you want anybody you like to be miserable for years? I must know *now* whether I am to win you or lose you in time to come. I suppose I have told you all I meant to tell you—now. Only from this hour think of me in only one way—as one who means to live for you whether you ever let him or no, and who is always living and waiting for you, till you find out all that—that—*my* love for *you* means. And——"

He was speaking very quietly and slowly, but something in his voice or in his eyes made her withdraw her hands. She did not understand; but something in all this felt like the shadow of—Change.

"Promise me this now," said he, "and—that isn't much, dear! I won't ask anything else, till I know what you'll say. It's a great thing to give a man Hope, that will last him for years—for months, anyway. Promise that you will remember all this, and will wait till I ask you again. Will you? You can promise all with just one word!"

It was certainly little that he was asking—no more than any man might ask of any girl whose fancy was free. But his eyes hung upon her lips as if they were about to speak his doom for good and all. If the love he had for her was too deeply rooted for

passion, it was therefore all the more part and parcel of himself, and it was for the first time spreading visibly open the blossoms, upon the fruit whereof hung all the hopes he had formed for all his life long. The delicate lips parted, and the word of answer—might it be of hope!—seemed trembling into life, when—

"Rosamond! Rosamond!" cried Sophy, bounding in, "where have you been all this while? And Oswald, too! I don't know what has happened, but I just happened to be on the lawn when a man on horseback, and in a uniform, rode up, for Uncle Æneas, to the front door. I've been looking for you, to tell you, everywhere, and—look! there he goes!"

Oswald was very fond of Rosamond's sister, but he had never till that moment fully realized Sophy's peculiarities in the way of seeing everything, and of telling, as though it were a matter of life and death, everything that she saw, without regard to place or time. But there was no help for it now—the coming word had been startled away, and could not now be recalled. Courting Rosamond was surely only to be compared with chasing a butterfly, with films of gossamer for fences stronger than oak and iron, and with a chance at any moment of finding the hunt thrown out by the interference of a gnat or bee. However, the heart must be faint indeed that will yield even to lions and eagles. Another time would make itself or else be made. So, instead of amazing poor unwelcome Sophy with a sharp word, Oswald looked from the greenhouse door at the man on horseback, in uniform. And Rosamond, more grateful to her sister than she could tell, was only too glad to look also.

"By Jove, if it isn't Brown, from Lowmoor!" exclaimed Oswald, who had long ago forgotten that boom of the distant gun, which might have reminded him that the world contains other stories besides his own. "What's up, Brown? What brings you here?"

"Ah, Mr. Hargrave, I'm not sorry to see you," said the warder, touching his cap to the two girls, as Sophy ran forward and took Oswald's hand, while Rosamond shrank back on finding herself face to face with Lowmoor in flesh and blood, human and real, and unmistakably branded even with a coat, cap, belt, and buttons of its own. "It's nothing very particular, but if you'll walk on a step or two I'll tell you what I've told Mr. Fane."

"All right. Go back to the house with—with Rosamond, Sophy," said Oswald, gathering that the warder did not wish to speak before the girls. "I shan't be long. There—now I'm at your service, Brown. It's about that escaped convict, I suppose?"

"Yes, Mr. Hargrave. And a more desperate——"

His voice sunk, and became mixed with the crunch of his horse's shoes upon the gravel, so that not even Sophy, though she pricked her ears to their utmost reach, could gather a word more.

"Rosamond," said Sophy, as the two sisters turned slowly

towards the house, "I don't know what it all means, but Mr. and Mrs. Pitcairn went off as fast as if their house was on fire, and you and Oswald have been talking in the greenhouse for hours, as if *he* was in your great secret instead of me, and now he's gone off with that man in uniform. There *is* something—and I'm left out of it all. I believe it all began with that gun. What *was* Oswald saying to you in the greenhouse all that while?"

Rosamond had never had a secret from her sister in her life. But things were even already, if ever so little, changed since the boom of that gun. Rosamond had received her first offer, and she had found it so hard to understand that how could Sophy be expected to understand it at all. She had to put it all into thoughts before she could try to translate it into words.

"Please, Sophy," she pleaded, "don't ask me any questions now! I'll tell you all about everything to-morrow, the first thing, between waking and getting up."

"Oh, dear! that will never do. I shall be kept awake all night with thinking—you know I always am whenever I think, and then when it's time to wake I shall be too sleepy to listen. Tell me now—please!"

"Indeed I can't, Sophy."

"Is it anything about—me?"

"Nothing in the world."

"And you won't tell? Oh, Rosamond, I never knew you unkind before!"

"I can't. I wish—but never mind."

"No—never mind! I suppose you're sworn to secrecy—but I'm not; and as that man in uniform is at the bottom of it all, *he* can't complain if I just—just happen to be behind the laurels while he and Oswald are crawling along the drive!"

And off Sophy ran, with feet as quick as her ears.

CHAPTER V.

Such tricks

Our own minds play us, that we, oftentimes
Taking false phantoms for the truth of flesh,
And winds for voices, are betrayed thereby
To taking truths for dreams phantastical.
All is not gold that glitters, preach the wise;
And naught that gleams is golden, prates the fool.

PART, at least, of the latest news turned out to be true enough—the Pitcairns had gone home. On ordinary occasions, Rosamond would have been rather sorry, for she would have wanted to hear the rest of that story about the undiscovered island. She was a world-wide traveller in fancy, in spite of her feelings against actual change. Uncle Æneas, as he usually did in the evening, had shut himself up with his bones from the skeleton of dead

Time: and Oswald did not return. So Rosamond, at the open bay window, read a book, upside down, until Sophy returned, looking as important as if she had just been made a cabinet minister. She also brought a book to the bay window; and it is quite possible that she also may have read the wrong side upwards, for she had a wonderful knack of reflecting her sister in outward actions, so that the few people who had ever had an opportunity of observing them used to call the two girls as like as two peas. Only it so happened that Sophy also had her original side, and in that matter the observant people were, naturally enough, as wrong as they always are.

Rosamond was silent, while the summer twilight deepened, and so was Sophy. But there are as many sorts of silence as there are tongues to break it. Rosamond was silent because she did not want to speak—Sophy because she wanted to be spoken to. However, since the mountain would not come to Mahomet——

"You needn't trouble to wake me early to-morrow morning, Rosamond!" said she. "If you were in your castle I should give the signal for important news."

"Important news!" echoed Rosamond, waking up from what was neither sleep, nor thought, nor dream, nor voyage of fancy, but from some mental mood known neither to men, nor women, nor children, but to girls alone—unrecognised when they come, and forgotten when they go. "Why, Sophy, I declare I had forgotten you were there!"

"Don't you want to know?"

"Of course I do."

"I don't know what Oswald was saying to you, but I *do* know why the Pitcairns hurried off, and why the man came from Lowmoor, and why, instead of coming back to the house, Oswald had Nancy out of the stable and saddled her himself, and galloped off with the man. I happened to be just behind the laurels at first, and afterwards, Rosamond, I just chanced to be in the loose box while Oswald was saddling Nancy. And—oh! Rosamond, do you know—the gaoler and Oswald have galloped off to hunt a man!"

"A man?" A slow flash of summer lightning played over the far line of the sea, and, dumb as it was, brought back the signal gun to mind. "Oh, Sophy—the man who has escaped from the gaol?"

Sophy nodded. "They don't know what has become of him, or where he may be, or what he may do. He might rob, or perhaps murder somebody before he is taken again. It's like as if a lion or tiger had broken out of a show. But don't you think we'd better have lights? Isn't it getting rather dark to read?"

"I'm not reading, Sophy. Do you want to read?"

"Well, perhaps not exactly to read. But we might want, presently, to do something else, you know; it's still an hour to bed-time, and——"

"Does uncle Æneas know?"

"He knows, and the Pitcairns know, and that's why they went off home, to put everything safe there. I didn't hear that, but I suppose that's why. But *you* mustn't know anything, because we weren't to be told, for fear we might be afraid—as if that was a likely thing! What *was* that, Rosamond?"

"What was what?" asked Rosamond, herself a little startled by Sophy's sudden whisper which, in anybody possessing less courage, might certainly have been mistaken for fear.

"That rustling sort of noise. It *is* getting dark, Rosamond—really dark: and the lightning looks so blue and odd: and I do really want to read. Let's shut the window and ring for candles."

"And Oswald?"

"I told you. He knows all the places and the ways about, and he's gone to help catch the robber—if they can."

"Sophy, I'm afraid it's very dreadful, but——"

"But what? What's dreadful?" asked Sophy, whose chair had been all the while walking nearer to Rosamond's until now it could come no nearer.

"I *can't* help it. I hope they won't catch that man."

"Not catch a man who robs and kills?"

"But suppose he's innocent—suppose he's been in prison by mistake. Think of that other man who fell over Furnace Point, Sophy! I can't get it out of my mind. And then, if Oswald finds him, and if they fight. Did you hear why the man was in prison?—what he has done?"

"Only that it was something very dreadful indeed."

New things so seldom happen in Crossmarsh, or, rather, so seldom used to happen there, that when they did they assumed a size and a shape inconceivable by most of us, who are brought every hour with things the least of which would have been there the lasting landmark of a year's history. A man had escaped from Lowmoor, and the warders were after him. What then? He will presently be caught: and in five minutes there will be a fire, or a war, or a libel that will wash such a trifle clean off our minds. And this we call living. But it was in Crossmarsh that people really lived, making much of little things and giving themselves up to the influence of what they called great ones. Rosamond was not frightened in the vulgar sense—that is to say, lest a ruffian at large should be lying in wait to spring upon her from behind a hedge in one of her walks, or should even now be watching for an opportunity to make a dash through the bay window. She was not infected by Sophy's half-triumphant trembling over the terrible news she had been the first to gather. But she felt that Crossmarsh, with one of the lost souls of Lowmoor wandering over it like a condemned demon at large, was not the Crossmarsh that she had chosen for her whole life's abode—the one point of

peace and safety between the world beyond the hills and the world beyond the sea. The intrusive element had even made itself outwardly perceptible in the sort of panic reported by Sophy and in the complete silence and solitude which had followed upon a more than commonly social afternoon. But it also seemed to Rosamond as if there were something beyond the common course of nature in the dark, moonless, starless, windless twilight of a cloudy midsummer night, and more than coincidence in the chance that the gun which had set the new influence free had also been the preface for Oswald's strange and still but dimly comprehended words.

Cliff Cottage was early resting and early rising. Uncle Eneas, indeed, would sometimes sit up half-way through the night over some new find of Silver Moldwarp's, but on such occasions he would rise all the earlier, in order to return the sooner to a fresh study of the treasure which had meanwhile delighted his dreams. To-night he departed a little from the established routine. He sent off the girls to bed a full half-hour before the usual time, and the rest of his proceedings would have remained unknown had not Sophy, half undressed, just happened to be taking the air at the head of the stairs when he went round and locked, double locked, and, wherever practicable, bolted every door: no easy task, for such precautions, though customary in theory, had fallen into abeyance at the cottage for years. Then he went out, and Sophy heard him unfastening old Rover's chain. Finally, she skipped into a dark corner just in time, unseen herself, to see uncle Eneas carrying the plate, the butler's charge, into his own room.

"I shan't sleep a single wink, Rosamond!" said she. And, so saying, she fell asleep, soundly.

It was Rosamond who, well nigh for the first time in her life, found sleep impossible. She did not even close her eyes, and, not being provided with a stock of night-thoughts, such as may either conjure sleep into coming or enable the more perverse insomniac to kill the crawling hours, she found wakefulness intolerable. Half a dozen times she went to the window and looked out seaward, while Sophy—who evidently neither woke nor slept by halves—never stirred. Yet she was tired, and, though she was so broad awake, Oswald's courtship itself became as unreal as if the day had been the night, and she had dreamed therein. Then imagination fairly woke up, and claimed to be exorcised.

"Yes; I will!" said she, half aloud. "Sophy won't wake till I come back, and, if she does, she'll know where I am."

So she dressed herself, lighted one candle and supplied herself with a second, went out into the passage, and closed the door softly behind her. The cottage was built far too well to contain creaking boards, and her footsteps were unheard even by herself until she reached that bare lumber room, with the one table, the

one chair, and the heap of straw in the corner, where she had been interrupted that morning in the middle of her spells. Placing the candle on the table she turned the key in the door, and arranged her magical properties—an ink-bottle without a stand, a thin heap of paper, and a quill pen.

Never had she felt in better form for the prosecution of that great secret which was, as yet, only known to herself and Sophy, and which interested Sophy mainly, if not entirely, because it was a secret in which she alone was permitted to share. Her body was fired, her mind confused, and her spirit broad awake: the place, the solitude, and the feeble light which left the corners of the loft in gloom suggested all sorts of capricious shadows and wild images: and everybody knows how the small hours of the four and twenty are a kind of inspiration in themselves. The nonsense which filters through thought into a semblance of sense when the sun shines, seems all superior to sense in those midnight hours, and floods itself out wholesale. Rosamond Fane, having no foolish fear of critics and readers before her, filled her pen at once, and lost not a moment in finishing the sentence into which Sophy's ill-timed summons had broken:

" when there rose before their wondering gaze that terrible form. The gleam of the torches first turned blue and was then lost in the glow that gleamed from the cavernous eyes of the phantom. Even in that moment of terror Callista noticed a blood-red cross in the centre of its brow, and remembered how the mysterious Montalvan had told her by that brand the whole mystery would become clear. She threw herself on her knees beside the priest, and grasped his sable robe. 'Speak! phantom!' said the priest. 'Who art thou?—and whence comest thou?—and why? A strange groan made the walls of the chamber quake and tremble. To the ears of the priest it meant naught; but it said to Callista, 'Lady, behold in me the spirit of the miserable Demetrius, branded with the brand of Cain!'"

"The miserable Demetrius—branded with the brand of Cain!" It seemed to her that a powerful sentence, she knew not how, had slipped from her pen, and she paused to listen to the melancholy music that it seemed to her, under the glamour of night, excitement, and solitude, to contain. The ring of it felt, indeed, almost too good to be her own. Yet she was sure she had never met with it in any of her books, and was conscious of the poet's glow, when the poorest bit of work is glorified to the workman's eyes by the flying sparks of the forge at work and the roar of the labouring wind.

But, after such a stroke as that, to continue the description of the murderer's ghost was much less easy than it had been to begin. She re-read her morning's work, dwelling upon the fine points, and here and there mending them. But somehow her written words no longer realised her conception of the scene.

It all came before her so much better when she looked away from her paper, and leaned back in her chair, and allowed the priest, and the Lady Callista, and the murderous apparition to act before her. There was something wanting in all that she had written heretofore, with the single-minded purpose of indulging an instinct, and of some day seeing how the work of her pen could make Sophy's blood run cold, for every author must needs write for some public, and Sophy was Rosamond's. Now, however, either Oswald had proved himself the most unheroic of lovers, or else her own great love-scene between the beautiful Callista and the mysterious Montalvan was all wrong. And then—since the morning there was a real murderer abroad. Her miserable Demetrius lacked the *cuchet* of a lost soul from Lowmoor, whose very existence, invisibly ghost-like as it was, had been enough to charge the air of Crossmarsh with sudden and pervading thunder.

How much better, could she find the words, would she raise her ghost now! She began the half of another sentence, and then a few words of another; but the inspiration, which had seemed ready to last all night, refused any longer to come at her bidding. Her fancies seemed to take upon them the visible form in which such things appear to ghost-seers, looking with contempt on the feeble efforts of words to follow them. The old loft expanded easily into the vast and ancient hall of her story, with gallery and dais, just as she had seen in the illustrated county history. The air was heavy enough with heat, and the one candle was burning dimly enough to represent to the life the impotent light of the torches. She was herself a flesh and blood Callista, with a real lover, who had set out on a desperate life and death chase, and impressed with an actual atmosphere of crime and mystery. Indeed, she was in worse plight than Callista with her priest. She was alone—all alone. She never thought of returning to her bed: it is of the nature of such moods to hold us where we are till we have exhausted all the influence that holds our minds not unwilling prisoners.

But where was the spectre? That, at least, she had no desire to raise. All the rest, though made up of the most intangible fancies, was quite real enough for one who was keeping a vigil of candle-light in such a place, and at such an hour. Yet Fancy is not one of those creatures who can be fixed to its place, and forbidden to wander beyond a given line. . . . She could swear that the air was growing thicker and closer in one corner of the room; she could almost swear that she saw the motion in that more compact and darker air that suggested the presence of an unsubstantial form.

Then her heart misgave her. It was not for this that she had come to use the magic of her pen. She gave herself a mental shake, passed her hands quickly and roughly over her eyes and forehead, plunged her pen into the ink, and again sat down to the

table. She even wrote a whole sentence. But it was incoherent, and was written really as a sort of charm against the visible appearance of the unseen. She was ashamed to run away from a freak of fancy, and yet she could not, for the life of her, but feel that the air in that corner was growing thicker and darker, and the presence concentrating itself there more and more. She could not write, and she dared not look round.

The strain was growing terrible. Who is strong enough to battle against causeless fear, or to stir hand or foot when bound with invisible chains? "They would not hurt us if they could; they could not if they would," she forced herself to remember; and found that old jingling charm of daylight reason against midnight spectres as unavailing as thousands of wiser people have found it before her. She might certainly have said her prayers and the hymn which begs protection against all powers of darkness; but she had a natural shame of turning prayer into a talisman against childish terrors. So she sat spell bound, pen in hand, listening, and hearing nothing—not looking, for fear of what she might see. "Branded with the brand of Cain!" Suppose she should look up, and those caverns of eyes, and between them the cross of crimson, and—

Her shoulder was grasped by a heavy hand.

CHAPTER VI.

Gil Elrich till that ladie came,
And ran before her knee
"Now help and hide me soon, fair Dame,
Out of thy great pitie."

But she forth spake, "And though I would,
And had withal the power,
How will they deem of maidenhood
Who find thee here in bower?"

"Then out," quoth he, "on Hope and all
On maid be bale and ban
Who'll chide her Hawk when finches fall,
But hound a hunted Man!

"HUSH!" breathed a voice in her ear. "Don't scream—don't faint: I shall do you no harm."

There was not the least chance of her doing either. One must have a voice to scream with, and one's heart must be alive and going before it faints—and Rosamond's breath was paralysed and her heart standing still. She was too petrified even to be called afraid: for fear, like pain, has a limit beyond which it cannot go. And, for another thing, she had never fainted in her life, and so did not know how.

Of course she could not help looking: and was almost reassured to find that the eyes were not cavernous and that there was no

and a strange woman, not with life, that's nothing, but with liberty. I'm just run to earth here: and needs must, when the devil drives. Miss Fane, you are young; that is to say, you are still too wise to take for granted that when a gaol-bird says he is innocent of all real crime, except that of gaol-breaking, he must needs be lying. You must judge for yourself whether I'm the kind of man, apart from these clothes, to have robbed, forged, burnt hay ricks, or done any thing else to fit myself for an idiot asylum. The truth is, Miss Fane, that I'm one of those poor devils, more common than people, who are old and foolish, think for, who am punished for nothing at all. I tell you that, on the honour of a gentleman, which is a thing that a lady is bound to believe. And now for my plan: I mean to stay here, in this room, till one of two things happens: till either you give me up to injustice, or till the hunt has run by. I put myself into your hands, even as Sisera did into Jael's."

"Here?" faltered Rosamond.

"Here. When you leave the room, you need only lock the door and pocket the key. When you came in—some half-hour, or whatever it was, ago—you locked the door and then sat down to your story. Of course that means that this out-of-the-way corner of a rambling house is your own particular bower, where you can rely upon being alone and undisturbed. Aye, and I found the door locked from the outside when I squeezed myself through the window. In short, this is your own citadel, of which you alone keep the key. Very good—then nobody need know of my presence in the house, save you and this most fortunate heap of straw. If I am taken, I shall not envy you your conscience, which has allowed you to betray an innocent man, who trusts you because he has none else to trust to in the whole wide world. If I starve—but no, Jael did not starve Sisera—you might hang a dog, but you'd hardly starve him. There, that is my plan. And now you'd better go back to bed; and I hope you'll sleep half as well as I, who am going, on that straw, to dream for the first time that I am free without its being only a dream. Good night, Miss Fane, and take my thanks for the brave, kind thing you are going to do for one who has put life, liberty, faith, hope, all that he has, into your hands."

"I cannot!" cried Rosamond, not in the least disbelieving his assertions of innocence, but feeling, all in a moment, and with no need of help from thought, all that the attempt to carry out such a plan would mean; "don't ask me; I'm sorry if you are in trouble that you don't deserve. I will help you out of the house——"

"As you will," said the convict, yawning and rubbing his eyes. "I have told you the circumstances. It is for you to decide—not me. Only, I won't leave the house. If I am to be taken it shall be here, and it shall be by you. Sleep over it; sleep is counsel,

first felt my hand, than I was when I first saw you. I suppose you think it's a strange place to find an escaped convict—in the house of a justice. Well, it was the last place where anybody was likely to look for me, that's all. There's the whole story of my escape from beginning to end—doing precisely what would occur to nobody in his senses. And now the same question comes in—what's the most unlikely thing for anybody in his senses to do?"

As he spoke, rather to himself than to her, as if to give her time for the recovery of startled nerves, a sense of reaction—of disappointment—I hardly know the right word, began to come over Rosamond. His language was too much like that to which she had been accustomed, differing only in greater readiness and fluency: in spite of his extraordinary costume, the man was far too much like any mere ordinary man. He even seemed, instead of being mysterious and terrible, composed, subdued—even heedfully gentle in his bearing. Had she been better acquainted with convicts, these very qualities would have seemed remarkable even to the point of mystery. But, in her ignorance, she began to be almost annoyed with herself that she could not contrive to be appropriately afraid.

Wherefore it must be concluded that the convict, whatever else he may have been, understood the indescribable and unteachable art of depriving those with whom he had to deal of at least one set of defensive weapons—their fears. Rosamond became able to distinguish the man himself from the effect given him by his clothes, and—being with no prejudices, save of her own making—felt that his breadth of chest and shoulders, his length of limb, and his Roman cast of features ought to be formidable, not to the weak, but only to the strong. Being what she was, it was hardly possible that she should fear strength, especially when strength spoke gently. She began at last actually to think—and, thinking, wondered how she might best and soonest ensure the man's escape by the way he came, and hurry back to her bed, never to return to her castle after nightfall again.

But his next words—though spoken as gently as by a woman—were these:

"A man in his senses—he would begin by strangling you, and hiding the body where it would take long to find, because dead tongues tell no tales. I know how that would double my chances—and if I was taken in spite of them, I should, at any rate, be better off than at Lowmoor, because I should be hanged—and, therefore, I'll do nothing of the kind. What would a man in his senses *not* do?"

He seated himself on the table, and absently began to turn over the loose leaves of Rosamond's manuscript, but without reading them.

"I will tell you," said he; "it's my one chance: I'll do it, because it is the maddest thing in the world—I'll trust a woman

way to be returned to all the vague terrors of Lowmoor, or whether she was to burden herself with such a secret, and her life with attempting to hide that which could not be hidden for long. She turned round upon her pillow, affecting to have fallen asleep again, until she might imagine what she ought to do. Of course, she could go straight to uncle Æneas, and tell him all. It would not take long to send for a constable, or to Lowmoor, for help, and her mind would once more be open and free. But no—it would be no such thing. If the man was in truth guiltless of crime, how could she bring herself to be the means of re-setting the world—that world beyond the hills—upon its work of cruelty, injustice and wrong? She felt that she would never know a single happy moment again. And even if a real wolf, rightly pursued by the hunters, had crawled into her castle, and, licking her hands, had thrown himself upon her mercy, how could she find the heart to betray the miserable wretch to its foes?

Perhaps there are girls of her age—perhaps even in Crossmarsh—who know how to distinguish between the opposing claims of justice and honour, and would not feel called upon to sacrifice their own peace of mind to Quixotic notions of loyalty to trusts imposed on them against their wills. Nevertheless, I hope and I believe their good sense to be so rare, and I admire it so little, that, were it shared by Rosamond, I should hold her at once too exceptional and too contemptible for her fortunes to be worth the following, let others take what view they please. Guilty or innocent of unknown crimes, the man had spoken the simple truth in telling her that his liberty—his life it may be—lay in the hands of a girl of fifteen. How far an instinctive knowledge of the material he had to work upon had suggested his scheme she was not to know, and, even had she owned more prudence, the man's readiness to trust to the honour of a stranger, might have fairly argued honour in him.

"When *are* you going to get up?" asked Sophy, long before Rosamond had found a clue to the maze in which she was wandering. "I'm nearly dressed, and in less than five minutes there'll be the breakfast bell."

Well, there was no help for it. Rosamond must face her day, all undecided and unprepared. She was not sorry to be late, however, since that would give her the reprieve of dressing alone. She said nothing while crawling out of bed, and Sophy was herself in too much of a scramble, in order to make up for the consequences of an over-long sleep, to take notice of her sister's silence. Before the five minutes could have passed the bell rang, and Sophy scampered down-stairs.

How Rosamond envied Sophy! It was the first time in her life that she had woke to a single care—and, for a first, what a care! In spite of her lateness she did not hurry. But she was ready at last to face her troubles, and went down with a sense of weight

dragging upon her—and a weight was in truth dragging her, though it was only the weight of a key. Even during the length of the staircase she found time to ask herself a hundred questions a hundred times—Have they found that man in that room? Have they not found him? Will they think that I look strangely, and ask me questions to find out why? And, above all, oh! *what* ought I to do?

Nothing, however, is less likely to happen than what we hope, except what we fear. Rosamond looked to find everything as usual—her uncle in his place, devouring his toast and some newly found flint in alternate mouthfuls, and Sophy doing her best to delay the tea-making, so as to give her sister time to avoid the charge of late rising. So much was she usually the first to be up and down that her appearing last would have been a family event on ordinary occasions, and have drawn the eyes of uncle Æneas as if to the sudden entrance of the Phœnician sun-dial. As it proved, she heard voices in full talk, and recognised one of them as Oswald's. So she crept in quietly under the cover of the conversation, and avoided all but a general and including nod of good morning. Oswald recognised her entrance, but the others were intent upon what he was saying—so intent that he could not stop speaking:

"No, Mr. Fane—I believe I know every inch of the cliffs and every hole; and we didn't miss a point where a man could have gone over. And then——"

"Is it possible," asked uncle Æneas, "that he has gone over where a man *can't* go over? That——"

"Ah, you're thinking of that old business of Furnace Point? No, it's impossible. He couldn't have reached the cliffs, reckon it as we may, till the tide had turned, and if he had walked over the edge his body must have been found on the shore. Besides, men don't escape in order to kill themselves—at least, not to kill themselves till there's nothing left to do. This fellow is young, Brown says, and healthy and strong, and couldn't have escaped from a place like Lowmoor without miracles of courage and skill. They can't find out how it was done, even now, and he had been a gentleman, they say, though a desperate sort of one. Brown, who's a sharp fellow, tracked him close to Pix-Knoll—that he can swear to. But there's no hiding place within a mile of that, and if he'd taken to any road, high or bye, in the prison dress, he'd be safe in Lowmoor now."

"I needn't ask *you*, Oswald, if you've left no corner unexplored?"

"We could ride, between sunset and breakfast-time, over more ground than a man could run. And a prisoner from Lowmoor isn't likely to know the ropes of the country—let alone when he's being tracked by one who's hunted, and shot, and fished and birds'-nested over it ever since he was born. Let me alone for that, uncle Æneas; barring your own house, there isn't a spot in Cross-marsh we haven't been over, high or low, land or shore."

"And you conclude he is alive, and at large? But where?"

"He couldn't have got out of Crossmarsh, for we *must* have had news of him. So, after all I've said, it's my firm belief that he's still in this very neighbourhood: though where in the name of miracles he can have chanced on a hiding place I don't know."

Oswald's idle mention of a place so impossible as her own house for the convict's refuge drove all the colour from the cheek of Rosamond. But, lest her confusion should be noticed, she spoke: and—

"Is it certain he has done—is guilty—of anything?" asked she.

"Bless the girl! a convict—an escaped convict—from Lowmoor!" exclaimed uncle Æneas, in some surprise. "I must give you some elementary readings in the law of England, my dear. Well, Oswald, and what do you propose to do?"

"He *must* be caught. We can't have an escaped convict wandering about at large. The houses won't be safe, nor a woman, nor a child, nor a man who has got to go out alone with anything on him worth losing. Of course, everybody about the place has been warned, and the police will see that there's no getting out of the circle within which he must be. Of course there'll be a reward out, to make the people look alive. As for me—well, I'm not going to throw away my night's ride; I'm going to have that scoundrel—dead or alive. I'm not going to give in when once I've put my hand to anything; no, whatever it may be."

As he spoke, he looked straightly at Rosamond: and her conscious flush made him believe that she had comprehended what lay at the root of his words. For his "whatever it may be" meant the hand and heart of Rosamond herself, and not the body of any felon, dead or alive. Not that it was Oswald's way to boast, but he meant the whole world to know that he was not to be turned from the purpose of his life; while, in his present mood, manly action commended itself to him both as an outlet for his energy, a salve for his suspense, and, in some indirect fashion, a way of proving his devotion. Even so, in certain good old times, the way to a lady's favour was identical with the path that led to enchanters' caves, giants' castles, and dragons' dens. So long as love lasts will that same knighthood last; and here were knight to do, deed to be done, and lady's eyes to see.

Could Oswald only have guessed that she whose steps abroad he was preparing—in the name of public safety—to secure from peril: could he have guessed that she was hiding the wizard, the dragon, the giant, the evil knight, in her own secret bower! For a moment, seeing what the hunter, and not the quarry, thought of the hunt, she was inclined to make a clean breast of it all. But then it felt such a horrible thing to betray a fellow creature, bird, beast, or man, to its pursuers—it could not be done. Had Oswald been less bent upon the man-hunt, it is possible she might have made a confidant of her old playfellow, and all have ended well: for it is not

good that even the guiltless should be able to escape unlawfully from the hands of the law. She could trust Oswald, even as this hunted convict had trusted her; but, alas, she had watchfully read in his eyes and heard in the tones of his voice that she could only trust him to do what he thought right, and that he would never think it right to let this man go free. When would breakfast be over, so that she might be free to think these things out alone?

Oh, if only they would search the house, and break down the door of her castle, so long as that were done of their own motion, and without treacherous hint or help from her! That would be a way out of the difficulty indeed—so complete that it was something to pray for. But even as she had been ashamed last night to pray against imaginary fears, so now it would be like taking a mean advantage to ask the power of Heaven to do what would soil her own hands: to ask, as it were, an angel to do dirty work for her. If she had ever thought of betraying the convict, her lips were sealed now.

"By the Lord Harry," suddenly exclaimed uncle Æneas, "I have it. I have *him*! Aye, Oswald, by the heels! There's something in having an old brain, after all."

"Indeed?" said Oswald: "Is there any place in Crossmarsh where——"

"Aye, my lad, there's sure to be. Don't worry yourself: after your night's hunt you must be dog-tired. I'll—I'll set Silver Moldwarp on him: there! There's nothing in Crossmarsh that Silver Moldwarp won't smell out. I'll have him round in half-an-hour."

Alas—there was no thought among them all of looking under their feet, none. Why should there be? the houses of justices are not chosen by escaped criminals to hide in. Uncle Æneas swallowed his last mouthful of tea, pocketed his flint, and went out to give orders for the immediate appearance of the man who could find everything—even Phœnician sun-dials.

Sophy vanished altogether.

Oswald lingered about for another word with Rosamond: but she dared not listen to a word, lest she should betray what had now grown into a secret that she must guard, or be a dishonoured traitor. He could only misread her coldness, and ride off, either back to Windgates, with his errand undone, or else further on his search, to see if he, though unable to catch a girl, might at least catch a man.

Rosamond seized the first chance of cutting off half the breakfast loaf and carrying it to her castle door—just when vanished Sophy, by the merest chance, happened to have her in full sight from the top of the stairs.

(To be continued.)

A PLEA FOR VEGETARIANISM.

I MUST preface this essay by the confession that I am myself a vegetarian, and that I mean to say all the good I can of the principles of vegetarianism. This is rather a formidable admission to make, for a vegetarian is still regarded, in ordinary society, as little better than a madman, and may consider himself lucky if he has no worse epithets applied to him than humanitarian, sentimentalist, crotchets-monger, fanatic, and the like. A man who leaves off eating flesh will soon find that his friends and acquaintances look on him with strange and wondering eyes; his life is invested with a mysterious interest; his death is an event which is regarded as by no means distant or improbable. Some of his friends, who take a graver view of such dietetic vagaries, feel it to be their duty to warn him boldly and explicitly that he will undoubtedly die in a short time unless he amends his ways. Others content themselves with the more cautious assertion that he is undermining his health by slow degrees, and will inevitably fall a victim to the first severe attack of illness that may befall him. Others, again, are of opinion that though his bodily health may not suffer, yet his mental powers will be sapped by a fleshless diet, and he will soon sink into a state of hopeless idiocy and imbecility. On the other hand, there are some who readily admit the possibility of living without meat, but profess themselves, with a pitying smile of superior intelligence, utterly unable to imagine any reason for such abstinence.

In spite of these somewhat discouraging reflections, I think it will be worth our while to enquire if there be really such great absurdity in the idea of not eating flesh, or if it be possible that the vegetarians have reason on their side, and that the present movement in favour of a reformed diet may contain the germ of an important change. However that may be, it can do no harm to my readers if they hear what can be said in favour of vegetarianism; then, if they are not persuaded to adopt a fleshless diet, they will have a clear conscience, and be able to enjoy their beef and mutton all the more afterwards.

The first and most obvious advantage of a vegetarian diet is its economy. Flesh-meat is so much more expensive than cereals and vegetable products, that it must be accounted very extravagant and unbusinesslike to use it as a common article of food, unless, as is generally believed, its superior quality compensates in the

long run for its dearness. But if vegetarians find that they live in perfect health without meat, would they not be somewhat deficient in common sense if they did not make the most of their pecuniary advantage? The humanitarians, sentimentalists, crotchet-mongers and fanatics have, therefore, at least one point in their favour; the cost of their food is far less than that of the shrewd flesh-eater. I mention this point first, as being the most plain and indisputable, not necessarily the most important; yet that it is also of great importance will scarcely be denied, in a country whose food-supply is yearly becoming a matter of greater difficulty, and where thousands of people are in a state of abject poverty and want. Even in well-to-do households the price of meat is a source of constant complaint and vexation to the prudent housewife; yet she would laugh to scorn the bare idea of living without flesh, and, if she has ever thought of vegetarianism, has thought of it only as an impious absurdity and dangerous hallucination of modern times, to be classed with Mormonism, Tichbornism, Anglo-Israelism, Socialism, and possibly Atheism itself. "What sort of a religion must that be?" was the remark of an old and faithful servant when she heard that her former master had become a vegetarian; a remark typical of the attitude of society towards the vegetarian movement.

Secondly: is it not equally unquestionable that it is both more humane, and what, for want of a comprehensive word, I must call more "æsthetic," not to slaughter animals for food, unless it be really necessary to do so? If it can be shown that men can live equally well without flesh-food, or, rather, unless it can be shown that the contrary is the case (for the burden of proof must always rest with those who take on themselves the responsibility of wholesale slaughter), it must surely seem unjustifiable, on the score of humanity, to breed and kill animals for merely culinary purposes.

Cæteris paribus, there is therefore a moral advantage in a vegetarian diet; and the humanitarians and sentimentalists are only fulfilling a real duty in abstaining from animal food, if experience has shown it to be in their case unnecessary. And, if we assume for a moment that a fleshless diet is practicable, how cruel to animals, and how degrading to men, is the institution of the slaughter-house! Having no wish to dwell on what is morbid and unpleasant, I shall not pain the feelings of my readers by harping on the sufferings which their victims undergo; but shall content myself with remarking that those good people are mistaken, who imagine that the slaughter of animals is painless and merciful. A society has lately been instituted (not by vegetarians) with the object of introducing into our slaughter-houses more humane and sanitary methods of procedure. The mere existence of such a society is a proof that the system is not free from cruelty; but if anyone wishes for further proof he has only to read, if he has

nerve enough to do so, the account which the society has published of the present system of slaughtering.

But, as I said before, the practice of flesh-eating is not only cruel towards animals, but degrading to men; to those at least who have eyes to see, and ears to hear, the teaching of morality and good-taste. A truly "æsthetic" eye would surely be shocked by the horrible display of carcases with which our butchers are wont to bedeck their shops; and it is indeed a strange predilection that induces even ladies to go in person to the market to buy their "butcher's meat," as that article is euphoniously entitled, and to ask anxiously the important question, "when was it killed?" A truly "æsthetic" ear would hardly be charmed by the lowing of cattle and bleating of sheep, when they are driven hurriedly down our streets by an individual dressed in blue. A truly "æsthetic" palate and a truly "æsthetic" nose (if there be "æstheticism" in these senses) could hardly relish the flavour of "meat," however artfully mitigated and concealed by the skill of the cook. The greatest and most unerring argument in favour of vegetarianism is, to my mind, the utter absence of "good taste" in flesh-eating, which is revolting to all the higher instincts of the human mind. "Methinks at meals some odd thoughts might intrude," says Byron; and if they do not intrude in most cases, it is only another proof of the well-nigh insuperable power of custom and prejudice.

It appears, then, that both on economic and moral grounds there are certain very distinct advantages in a vegetarian diet, provided only that such a diet can be shown to be physically practicable. This is, in reality, the cardinal point of the whole controversy; and we accordingly find that the possibility, or, at any rate, the advisability of vegetarianism on physical grounds is most pertinaciously denied. The popular idea is, of course, that meat is the only food which gives strength, and that vegetarianism is well-nigh impossible. "Don't you feel very weak?" is generally the first question asked of a vegetarian, by a new friend or acquaintance; and if we press for a clearer explanation of this vague belief in the strength-giving qualities of meat, we find that it is composed of two distinct, and sometimes contradictory notions; first, that meat is necessary to support bodily strength; secondly, that mental work cannot be done without it. "Vegetarianism," says one, "may be all very well for the rich and indolent, but the hard-working man must have his meat." "The labouring classes," says another, "may doubtless perform their merely bodily work on a vegetarian diet, but those who have to work with their minds need a more stimulating diet." The vegetarian thus finds himself placed between Scylla and Charybdis, but neither argument, when carefully examined, will be found to be very formidable. To prove that the former is quite fallacious, one need only refer to the undeniable fact that in all countries the mass of the peasantry

live in robustest health without flesh-meat, for the simple reason that they cannot afford to get it. The latter supposition, for it is nothing more, that the intellectual classes stand in special need of flesh-meat, is equally unfortunate, in face of the positive evidence of vegetarians that they can do their mental work as well, or better, without meat; and of the well-known fact that great writers have usually eaten little or no flesh-meat, especially when engaged on any literary work. The belief that meat alone can give strength, may therefore be dismissed as a mere error, resulting from prejudice or thoughtlessness.

The objection of chemists and medical men to a vegetarian diet is based rather on the belief that meat is the most convenient form of food: they admit that vegetarianism is possible, but deny that it is advisable: a vegetarian diet may be well enough, but a mixed diet is preferable. Such was the line of argument taken up by the Scientific champions of flesh-eating, in the controversy on the "Great Food Question," to which a good deal of space was devoted a few months ago in the columns of the *Echo*. It is of course impossible for vegetarians to prove to demonstration that such a theory is wrong; but it should be observed that it is a theory only: all the practical evidence that can be obtained goes to indicate that abstinence from flesh-food causes no physical deterioration, but rather the reverse. Indeed those who have themselves made practical trial of vegetarianism, although perhaps devoid of any technical knowledge of the digestive organs, cannot but smile at the arbitrary assertions and objections of learned men; nor can they be much interested by the information that flesh-meat is chemically superior, when they happen to have learnt by experience that they are much better without it. They adopt a rough and ready style of reasoning which is very disturbing to scientific minds; their boldness is magnificent, but it is not war. They are like Diogenes, who when learned men were demonstrating by subtle and flawless argument "that motion is impossible," was provoking enough to rise from his seat and move about. In short, it is abundantly evident that the "Great Food Question," whatever its ultimate solution may be, is not one that will be settled by the authority of chemists and physicians. *Quot homines, tot sententie*. We vegetarians have no wish, on our part, to be dogmatic and interfering; but with regard to the physical aspect of vegetarianism, which, as I said before, is the cardinal point of the whole question, we are at least justified by the facts of the case in asserting this much. There is overwhelming proof that vegetarianism is possible; there is an utter absence of proof that it is in any way detrimental to perfect health; it is therefore at least worthy of more serious consideration than it has yet received; before it is ridiculed and condemned it should at least be tried.

But it must not be supposed that vegetarians rely solely on

personal experience and empirical proof, they too can appeal with confidence to the teaching of science and physiology. The fact that the structure of the human body is wholly unlike that of the carnivora, and that the apes, who are nearest akin to us in the animal world, are frugivorous, is a somewhat strong indication that flesh is not the natural food of mankind. And if it be said that, man, unlike other creatures, is *omnivorous*, and has therefore to seek not what is "natural," but what is best, then I readily accept the challenge, and reply that there is a strong concurrence of proof, on economic, moral, and physical grounds, that a vegetarian diet is the most suitable and beneficial. Among various advantages, it has one inestimable blessing; it is less stimulating than flesh-food, while it is equally nutritious. If people could only realise how much vice and violence is caused by over-stimulating food, they would soon recognise the importance of a non-stimulating diet. On the other hand, if they would only remember how much misery is caused by a lack of nutritious food, they would welcome a diet-system which, by its vast economic saving, would bring within our reach an abundance of cheap and wholesome nutriment. From whichever point one may regard this question, utilitarian or moral, it will appear more and more marvellous that men should persist in squandering their money and repressing their finest moral impulses, in order to supply themselves with the costly food which they stupidly imagine to be necessary for their physical health.

In addition to the serious arguments brought forward by the scientific opponents of vegetarianism, there are of course many minor objections which are constantly cropping up when the subject is discussed in ordinary conversation; all of them more or less fallacious, and some exceptionally remarkable for the curious insight they give one into the mental state of those who advance them. Many and many a time have I been begged to explain "what would become of the animals" under a vegetarian régime, fears being sometimes expressed that they would drive mankind from off the face of the earth, at other times that they would themselves perish miserably in utter want and destitution! Many and many a time have I been reminded, not as a joke, but as a serious argument, that animals were "sent" us as food! I have no space here to notice these and such-like difficulties; and, in truth, it is but a thankless task to answer them at any time, for they are hydra-headed monsters, and spring up as fast as one can cut them down. It is a mournful fact that when people have no wish to understand a thing, they can generally contrive to misunderstand it; and the hopelessness of pleading with those who will not or cannot comprehend is one of the first lessons learnt by food reformers, as indeed by reformers of all kinds. I once heard of a physician, of some local repute, who not only condemned the principles of vegetarianism, but professed himself

entirely unaware of the existence of vegetarians. When informed that such persons do undoubtedly exist, he persisted in regarding them as impostors who maintained a spurious reputation by artifices such as those attributed to Doctor Tanner, or the 'Welsh fasting girl,' and gravely enquired, "Are you sure they do not eat meat *by night*?"

It has been the unambitious object of this paper to show that vegetarianism is worth more serious consideration than this, and that it is not a mere foolish craze and hallucination. When charged with fanaticism and infatuation, the vegetarian may well retort, in the words of Hamlet:

"Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music; it is not madness
That I have uttered: bring me to the test."

To bring a question to the test is, however, a process which to most people is particularly disagreeable.

They greatly prefer the easier and more expeditious method of shaping their ideas in accordance with the time-honoured traditions of custom and 'society;' and hence, on the subject of food, they cling firmly to the notion that the roast beef of England is the *summum bonum* of dietetic aspiration. I believe that time will prove this to be a fallacy, and that future and wiser generations will look back with amazement on the habit of flesh-eating as a strange relic of ignorance and barbarism.

H. S. S.

PORTIA;

OR, "BY PASSIONS ROCKED."

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS," "MRS. GEOFFREY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I do perceive here a divided duty."
OTHELLO.

JEALOUSY is the keenest, the most selfish, the most poignant of all sufferings. "It is," says Milton, "the injured lover's hell." This monster having now seized upon Stephen, is holding him in a close embrace, and is swiftly crushing within him all hope and peace and joy.

To watch Dulce day after day, in her cousin's society, to mark her great yes grow brighter when he comes, is now more than he can endure. To find himself second where he had been first is intolerable to him, and a shrinking feeling that warns him he is being watched, and commented upon by all the members of the Blount household, renders him at times half mad with rage and wounded pride.

Not that Dulce slights him in any way, or is cold to him, or gives him to understand, even indirectly, that she would gladly know her engagement at an end. She is both kind and gentle—much more so than before—but any doubt he had ever entertained about her having a real affection for him has now become a certainty.

He had won her unfairly. He had wrought upon her feelings in an evil hour, when her heart was torn with angry doubts, and her self-love grievously hurt; when all her woman's soul was aflame with the thought that she was the unwelcome property of a man who would gladly be rid of her.

Her parting with Roger, and the unexpected emotion he had then betrayed, had opened her eyes in part, and had shown her how she had flung away the thing desired, to gain—naught. Even now, I think she hardly knows how well she loves her cousin, or

how well he loves her, so openly displayed is her pleasure in his society, so glad is the smile that welcomes him, whenever he enters the room where she is, or seats himself beside her—which is very often—or when he addresses her, which means whenever he has anything at all to say to anybody.

At first he had fought manfully against his growing fears, but when a week had gone by, and he had had it forced upon him that the girl he loved was every day becoming more silent and *distracte* in his presence, and when he had seen how she would gladly have altogether avoided his coming if she could, he lost all heart, and, flinging up his cards, let a bitter revengeful feeling enter and take possession of his heart—where love alone, before, had held full sway.

If not his—she shall at least never be Roger's. This he swears to himself with white lips, and eyes dangerously bright.

He has her promise, and he will keep her to it. Nothing shall induce him to release her from it; or if he has to consent to her not fulfilling her engagement with him, it shall be *only* on condition that she will never marry Dare. Even should she come to him with tears in her eyes, and on her bended knees to ask him to alter this decision, she will beg in vain. He registers a bitter vow that Roger shall not triumph where he has failed.

He knows Dulce sufficiently well to understand that she will think a good deal of breaking the word she gave him of her own free will, even though she gave it in anger and to her own undoing! He can calculate to a nicety the finer shades of remorse and self-contempt that will possess her when he lays his case in all its nakedness before her. She is a wilful, hot-tempered little thing, but the Blounts for generations have been famed for a strain of honour towards friend and foe that runs in their blood and is dear to them as their lives. Therefore, he knows her word will be as sacred to her as her bond.

To Stephen just at this time the world is a howling wilderness; there is no sun anywhere, and every spring is dry. He has fallen into the habit of coming very seldom to the Court where he used to be morning, noon, and night, ever since his unlucky engagement; indeed, no one in the house or out of it has seen him since the day before yesterday.

Sitting at home, brooding over his wrongs, with a short and well-blackened pipe in his mouth, he is giving himself up a victim to despair and rage. That he can still love her with even, it seems to him, a deeper intensity than before, is the bitterest drop in his cup. It was all so sudden, so unexpected. He tortures himself now with the false belief that she was *beginning* to love him, that she *might* have loved him, had time been given him, and had Egypt held Roger but a few months longer in her foster arms. In a little flash it had all come to him, and now his life is barren, void of interest, but full of ceaseless pain.

"Bring withered autumn leaves,
 Call everything that grieves,
 And build a funeral pyre above his head!
 Heap there all golden promise that deceives,
 Beauty that wins the heart, and then bereaves,
 For love is dead.

"Not slowly did he die.
 A meteor from the sky
 Falls not so swiftly as his spirit fled
 When, with regretful, half-averted eye,
 He gave one little smile, one little sigh,
 And so was sped."

These verses, and such as these, he reads between his doleful musings. It gives him some wretched comfort to believe Dulce had actually some sparks of love for him before her cousin's return. An erroneous belief, as she had never cared for him in that way at all, and, at her best moments, had only a calm friendship for him. It is my own opinion that even if Roger had never returned she yet would have found an excuse at some time to break off her engagement with Gower, or, at least, to let him understand that she would wish it broken.

To-day is fine, though frosty, and everybody, the children included, are skating on the lake, which is to be found about half a mile from the house at the foot of a "wind-beaten hill." The sun is shining coldly, as though steadily determined to give no heat, and a sullen wind is coming up from the distant shore. "Stern winter loves a dirge-like sound," and must now, therefore, be happy, as Boreas is asserting himself nobly both on land and sea.

Some of the *jeunesse dorée* of the neighbourhood, who have been lunching at the Court, are with the group upon the lake, and are cutting (some of them) the most remarkable figures in every sense of the word, to their own, and everybody else's delight.

Dulce, who is dressed in brown velvet and fur, is gliding gracefully hither and thither with her hand fast locked in Roger's. Julia is making rather an exhibition of herself, and Portia, who skates—as she does everything else—to perfection, but who is easily tired, is just now sitting upon the bank with the devoted Dicky by her side. Sir Mark, coming up to these last two, drops lazily down on the grass at Portia's other side.

"Why don't you skate, Mark?" asks Portia, turning to him.

"Too old," says Gore.

"Nonsense. You are not too old for other things that require far greater exertion. For one example, you will dance all night and never show sign of fatigue."

"I like waltzing."

"Ah, and not skating."

"It hurts when one falls," says Mark, with a yawn; "and why

put oneself in a position likely to create stars before one's eyes, and a violent headache at any moment?"

"Inferior drink, if you take enough of it, will do all that sometimes," says Mr. Browne, innocently.

"Will it? I don't know anything about it," severely. "You do, I shouldn't wonder; you speak so feelingly."

"If you address me like that again, I shall cry," says Dicky, sadly.

"Why are not you and Portia skating? It is far too cold to sit still on this damp grass."

"I am tired," says Portia, smiling rather languidly. "It sounds very affected, doesn't it? but really I am very easily fatigued. The least little exertion does me up. Town life, I suppose. But I enjoy sitting here and watching the others."

"So do I," says Sir Mark. "It quite warms my heart to see them flitting to and fro over there like a pretty dream."

"What part of your heart?" asks Mr. Browne, with a suppressed chuckle; "the cockles of it?" It is plain he has not yet forgotten his snubbing of a minute since.

Nobody takes any notice of this outrageous speech. It is passed over very properly in the deadliest silence.

"By Jove," says Sir Mark, presently; "there's Macpherson down again. That's the eighteenth time; I've counted it."

"He can't skate a little screw," says Dicky. "It's a pity to be looking at him. It only raises angry passions in one's breast. He ought to go home and put his head in a bag."

"A well-floured one," responds Sir Mark.

Portia laughs. Her laugh is always the lowest, softest thing imaginable.

"Charitable pair," she says.

"Why, the fellow can't stand," says Mr. Browne, irritably. "And he looks so abominably contented with himself and his deplorable performance. That last time he was merely trying to get from that point there to that," waving his hand in both directions. "Any fool could do it. See, I'll show you." He jumps to his feet, gets on to the ice, essays to do what Captain Macpherson had tried to do, and succeeds in doing exactly what Captain Macpherson *did*. That is to say, he instantly comes a most tremendous cropper, right in front of Portia.

Red, certainly, but consumed with laughter at his own defeat, he returns to her side. There is no use in attempting it, nothing earthly could have power to subdue Dicky's spirits. He is quite as delighted at his own discomfiture, as if it had happened to somebody else.

"You were right, Dicky," says Sir Mark, when he can speak. "Any fool could do it. You did it."

"I did," says Dicky, roaring with laughter; "with a vengeance. Never mind,

' Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.' ⁶

"I hardly think I follow you," says Sir Mark. "Where's the dust, Dicky, and where's the just? I can't see either of them."

"My dear fellow, never be literal; nothing is so—so boring," says Mr. Browne, with conviction. "I'm," striking his chest, "the dust, and there," pointing to the lake, "is the just, and—no, hy-the-bye, that don't sound right—I mean—"

"Oh, never mind it," says Sir Mark.

Dulce and Roger having skated by this time past all the others, and safely over a rather shaky part of the ice that leaves them at the very farthest corner of the lake, stop somewhat out of breath, and look at each other triumphantly.

Dulce is looking, if possible, more bonny than usual. Her blood is aglow, and tingling with the excitement of her late exertion; her hair, without actually having come undone, is certainly under less control than it was an hour ago, and is glinting and changing from auburn to brown, and from brown to a warm yellow, beneath the sad kisses of the wintry sun. One or two riotous locks have escaped from under her otter-skin cap, and are straying lovingly across her fair forehead, suggesting an idea of coquetry in the sweet eyes below shaded by their long dark lashes.

"Your eyes are stars of morning,
Your lips are crimson flowers."

says Roger, softly, as they still stand hand in hand. He is looking at her intently, with a new meaning in his glance as he says this.

"What a pretty song that is," says Miss Blount, carelessly. "I like it better almost every time I hear it."

"It was you made me think of it now," says Roger; and then they seat themselves upon a huge stone near the brink, that looks as if it was put there on purpose for them.

"Where is Gower?" asks Roger, at length, somewhat abruptly.

"Yes—where?" returns she, in a tone suggestive of the idea that now for the first time she has missed him. She says it quite naturally and without changing colour. The fact is, it really is the first time she has thought of him to-day, but I regret to say Roger firmly believes she is acting, and that she is doing it uncommonly well.

"He hasn't been at the Court since yesterday—has he?" he asks, somewhat impatiently.

"N—o. But I daresay he will turn up by-and-bye. Why?" with a quick glance at him from under her heavy lashes—"Do you want him?"

“Certainly not. I don’t want him,” says Roger, with exceeding emphasis upon the pronoun.

“Then I don’t know anybody else who does,” finishes Dulce, biting her lips.

“She is regularly piqued because the fellow hasn’t turned up—a lover’s quarrel, I suppose,” says Mr. Dare savagely to himself, reading wrongly that petulant movement of her lips.

“You do!” he says. To be just to him he is, and always I think will be, a terribly outspoken young man.

“I do?”

“Yes; you looked decidedly cut up just now, when I spoke of his not being here since yesterday.”

“You are absurdly mistaken,” declares Miss Blount, with dignity. “It is a matter of the most perfect indifference to me whether he comes or goes.” (Oh! if he could only know how true this is!)

“Even more piqued than I supposed,” concludes Roger, inwardly.

“However, I have no doubt we shall see him this evening,” goes on Dulce, calmly.

“That will be a comfort to you, at all events,” murmurs he, gloomily.

Silence follows this. Nothing is heard save the distant laughter of the skaters at the other end of the lake, and the scraping noise of their feet. The storm is rising steadily in the hills above, but as yet has not descended on the quiet valley. The gaunt trees are swaying and bending ominously, and through them one catches glimpses of the angry sky above, across which clouds are scudding tempestuously. The dull sun has vanished: all is grey and cheerless. The roar of the breakers upon the rock-bound coast comes up from afar; while up there upon the wooded hill the

“Wind, that grand old harper, smites
His thunder-harp of pines.”

“Perhaps we had better return to the others,” says Dulce, coldly, making a movement as though to rise.

“Now I have offended you,” exclaims Roger, miserably, catching her hand and drawing her down to the stone beside him again. “I don’t know what’s the matter with me; I only know I am as wretched as ever I can be. Forgive me, if you can.”

He pulls his hat over his eyes and sighs deeply. At this moment his whole appearance is so decidedly suicidal that no true woman could look at him unmoved. Miss Blount is a true woman; her *hauteur* of a moment since vanishes like snow, and compassion takes its place.

“What is making you wretched?” she asks, in a tone meant to be severe, but which is only friendly.

“When I remember what a fool I have been,” begins Roger,

rather as if he is following out a train of thought, than answering her.

"Oh, no, not that," says Dulce, very kindly; "don't call yourself that."

"There is no other name for me," persists Roger, with increasing melancholy. "Of course, at *that time*—I knew you didn't particularly care for me, but," disconsolately, "it never occurred to me you might care for any other fellow!"

"I didn't!" says Miss Blount, suddenly; and then, as suddenly, she remembers everything, her engagement to Stephen, her horror of that engagement, all that her last words have admitted, and growing as red as a rose, she seeks to hide her confusion by burying her rounded chin as deep as she can in her soft furs. At the same time she lowers her lids over her shamed eyes, and gazes at her boots, as if she never saw small twos before.

Roger, I need hardly say, is too much of a gentleman to take any notice of this impulsive admission on her part. Besides, he hardly gets as much consolation out of it as he should. He is in that stage when to pile up the agony becomes a melancholy satisfaction, and when the possibility of comfort in any form takes the shape of a deliberate insult.

"Did you ever once think of me all the time I was away?" he asks, presently, in a low tone that distinctly gives her to understand he believes she didn't. That, in fact, he would—in his present frame of mind—*rather* believe she didn't. His voice is growing absolutely tragic, and altogether he is as deplorably unhappy as any young woman could desire.

"I wish," says poor Dulce, her voice quivering, "that you would not speak to me like this now, or—or that you had spoken like it long ago!"

"I wish I had, with all my soul," says Roger, fervently. "However," with a heavy sigh, "you are engaged to *him* now, you know, so I suppose there is no use in talking about it."

"If I do know it, why tell me again about it?" says Dulce, reproachfully, her eyes full of tears. "Just like you to remind me—of—of my—*misfortune*!"

It is out. She has been dying to tell him for the last half-hour of this trouble that has been pressing upon her for months, of this most distasteful engagement, and now that she has told him, though frightened, yet she would hardly recall her words. Her lashes linger on her cheeks, and she looks very much as if she would like to cry but for the disgrace of the thing.

"Your misfortune!" repeats Roger, in a strange tone; "are you not happy, then?"

He has risen to his feet in his surprise and agitation, and is looking down at her as she sits trembling before him, her hands tightly clasped together.

“Do you mean to tell me he is not good to you?” asks Roger, seeing she either cannot or will not speak.

“He is too good to me; you must not think that,” exclaims she, earnestly. “It is only—that I don’t care about his goodness—I don’t care,” desperately, “for anything connected with him.”

“You have made a second mistake, then?”

“Not a *second*,” in a very low tone.

“Then, let us say, you have again changed your mind?”

“No.”

“You liked him once?” impatiently.

“No.”

“You might as well say you *did* like me,” says Roger, with angry warmth, “and I know, I was actually abhorrent in your sight.”

“Oh, no, *no*,” says Dulce, for the third time, in a tone so low now, that he can hardly hear it; yet he does.

“Dulce! do you know what you are implying?” asks he, in deep agitation. “It is one of two things now; either that you never liked Stephen, and always lov—liked me, or else you are trying to make a fool of me for the second time. Which is it?”

To this Miss Blount declines to make any reply.

“I won’t leave this spot to-day until you answer me,” says Roger, fell determination on his brow; “which—is—it?”

“I’m sure, at least, that I never liked Stephen in *that* way,” confesses she, faintly.

“And you did like me?”

Silence again.

“Then,” says Mr. Dare, wrathfully, “for the sake of a mere whim, a caprice, you flung me over and condemned me to months of misery. Did you know what you were doing? Did *you* feel unhappy? I hope to goodness you *did*,” says Roger, indignantly; “if you endured even one quarter of what I have suffered, it would be punishment sufficient for you.”

“Had you nothing to do with it?” asks she, nervously.

“No; it was entirely your own fault,” replies he, hastily; whereupon she very properly bursts into tears.

“Every woman,” says someone, “is in the wrong till she cries; then, instantly, she is in the right!”

So it is with Dulce. No sooner does Roger see “her tears down fa” than, metaphorically speaking, he is on his knees before her. I am sure but for the people on the lake, who might find an unpleasant amount of amusement in the tableau, he would have done so literally.

“Don’t do that,” he entreats, earnestly; “don’t, Dulce. I have behaved abominably to you. It was *not* your fault; it was all mine; but for my detestable temper—”

“And the chocolate creams,” puts in Dulce, sobbing—

“It would never have occurred. Forgive me,” implores he,

distractedly, seeing her tears are rather on the increase than otherwise. "I must be a brute to speak to you as I have done."

"I won't contradict you," says Miss Blount, politely, still sobbing. There is plainly a good deal of indignation mingled with her grief. To say it was all *her* fault, indeed, when he knows.

"Don't cry any more," says Roger, coaxingly, trying to draw her hands down from her eyes ; "don't now, you've got to go back to the others, you know, and they will be wondering what is the matter with you. They will think you had a bad fall."

This rouses her ; she wipes her eyes hastily and looks up.

"How shall I explain to them ?" she asks, anxiously.

"We won't explain at all. Let me take off your skates, and we will walk up and down here until your eyes are all right again. Why, really, stooping to look at them, they are by no means bad ; they will be as good as ever in five minutes."

Inexpressibly consoled, she lets him take off her skates, and commences a gentle promenade with him up and down the brown and stunted grass that lies upon the path.

"There was a time," says Roger, after a pause—"when I might have dared to kiss away your tears, but I suppose that time is gone for ever."

"I suppose so," dismally ; tears are still wetting the sweet eyes she turns up to his.

"Dulce ! let me understand you," says Roger, gravely. "You are quite sure you don't care for him ?"

"Quite," says Dulce without a second's hesitation.

"Then ask him to give you up—to release you from your promise," says Roger, brightly.

"I—I'd be afraid," replies Miss Blount, drooping her head.

"Nonsense," says Roger (of course it is not *he* who has to do it). "Why should you feel nervous about a thing like that ? You don't want to marry him, therefore say so. Nothing can be simpler."

"It doesn't sound simple to me," says Dulce, dolefully.

Just at this moment a young man, dressed in grey, emerges from the group of alders that line the south edge of the lake, very near to where Dulce and Roger are standing. He is so situated that he is still concealed from view, though quite near enough to the cousins to hear what they are saying. The last two sentences having fallen on his ears he stands as if spellbound, and waits eagerly for what may come next.

"He can't possibly want to marry you, if you don't want to marry him," says Roger, logically, "and you *don't*?" a little doubtfully still.

"I don't, indeed," says Dulce, with a sad sigh and a shake of her auburn head.

At this the young man in the grey suit, with a bitter curse, turns away, and, retracing his steps, gets to the other side of the lake without being seen by either Dare or his companion.

Here he declines to stay or converse with any one. Passing by Portia and the two men who are still attending on her, he bows slightly and pretends not to hear Dicky's voice, as it calls to him to stop.

“He is like that contemptible idiot who went round with the banner with a strange device,” says Dicky Browne, looking after him; “nothing will stop him.”

“What's up with him now?” asks Sir Mark, squeezing his glass into his eye, the better to watch Stephen's figure as it hurriedly disappears.

“I expect he has eaten something that has disagreed with him,” says Dicky, cheerfully.

“Well, really, he looked like it,” says Gore; “a more vinegary aspect it has seldom been my lot to gaze upon, for which I acknowledge my gratitude. My dear Portia, unless you intend to go in for rheumatics before your time you will get up from that damp grass and come home with me.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

“Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.”

IN MEMORIAM.

“Did he—I mean did you—ever——; Dulce, will you be very angry with me if I ask you a question?”

“No. But I hope it won't be a disagreeable one,” says Dulce, glancing at him cautiously.

“That is just as you may look at it,” says Roger. “But I suppose I may say it—after all we are like brother and sister, are we not?”

“Ye-es. Quite like brother and sister,” says Dulce, but somehow this thought seems to give her no pleasure.

“Only we are *not*, you know,” puts in Roger, rather hastily.

“No, of course we are not,” replies she, with equal haste.

“Well then, look here——”

But even now that he has got so far, he hesitates again, looks earnestly at her, and pulls his moustache uncertainly, as if half afraid to go any farther.

It is the afternoon of the next day, and as the sun has come out in great force, and the mildness of the day almost resembles Spring in its earliest stages, they are all about the place, strolling hither and thither, whithersoever pleasant fancy guides them.

Roger and Dulce, after lingering for some time in the winter garden looking at the snowdrops, and such poor foster babes as have thrust their pallid faces above the warm earth, that like a cruel stepmother has driven them too early from her breast, have moved slowly onwards until they find themselves beside a fountain that used to be a favourite haunt of theirs long ago.

Dulce, seating herself upon the stone work that surrounds it, though the water is too chilly to be pleasant, still toys lightly with it with her idle fingers, just tipping it coquettishly now and then, with her eyes bent thoughtfully upon it, as it sways calmly to and fro beneath the touch of the cold wind that passes over it.

Just now she raises her eyes and fixes them enquiringly on Roger.

"Go on," she says, quietly; "you were surely going to ask me something. Are you afraid of me?"

"A little, I confess!"

"You need not." She is still looking at him very earnestly.

"Well then," says Roger, as though nerving himself for a struggle—"tell me this." He leaves where he is standing, and comes closer to her, "Did—did you ever kiss Gower?"

"Never—*never!*" answers Dulce, growing quite pale.

"I have no right to ask it, I know that," says Roger. "But—" desperately—"Did he ever kiss *you?*"

"Never, indeed."

"Honour bright?"

"Honour bright."

A long silence. Miss Blount's fingers are quite deep in the water now, and I think she does not even feel the cold of it.

"He has been engaged to you for three months and more, and never wanted to kiss you!" exclaims Roger at last, in a tone expressive of great amazement and greater contempt.

"I don't think I said quite that," returns she, colouring faintly.

"Then—" eagerly—"it was you prevented him?"

"I don't much care about that sort of thing," says Dulce, with a little shrug.

"Don't you? Then I don't believe you care a button about *him*," replies he, with glad conviction.

"That is mere surmise on your part. Different people—" vaguely—"are different. I don't believe if I had any affection for a person that a mere formal act like kissing would increase the feeling."

"Oh! wouldn't it, though!" says Mr. Dare—"that's all you know about it! You just try it, that's all."

"Indeed I shall do nothing of the kind," says Dulce, with much indignation, and some natural disappointment—that *he* should recommend such a course to her!

"I didn't mean that you should—should—I didn't mean in the least that you should be a bit civiler to Gower, or anyone, than you are *now*," says Roger, hastily, greatly shocked at the construction she has put upon his words, and rather puzzled for language in which to explain himself more clearly. At this the cloud disappears from her pretty face, and she bestows a smile upon him that at once restores him to equanimity.

"I can't say I think much of Gower as a lover," he says after a

while, a touch of scorn in his voice, “To be engaged to you for three whole months, and never once to kiss you.”

“You were engaged to me for three whole *years*,” replies his cousin quietly, yet with a flash from her deep grey eyes that means much, “and I cannot remember that you ever cared to kiss me at all.”

This is a home thrust.

“I don’t know what was the matter with me then,” he says, making no attempt at denial; though there certainly were one or two occasions he might have referred to; “I don’t believe—” in a low tone—“I ever knew I was fond of you, until—until I lost you!”

“Oh! you must not talk to me like this?” entreats she, the tears coming into her eyes, and trembling on her long lashes.

“I suppose not. But this new found knowledge is hard to suppress; why did I not discover it all sooner?”

“Better late than never,” says Dulce, with a poor attempt at lightness and a rather artificial little laugh, meant to conceal the sorrow that is consuming her; “I think you ought to feel gladness in the thought that you know it at last. Knowledge is power, isn’t it?”

“I can feel only sorrow,” says Roger, very sadly. “And I have no power.”

Dulce’s wretched fingers are getting absolutely benumbed in the cold water; yet she seems to feel nothing. Roger, however, stooping over her, lifts the silly little hand and dries it very tenderly, and holds it fast between both his own; doubtless only with the intention of restoring some heat to it. It is quite amazing the length of time it takes to do this.

“Dulce!”

“Well?” She has not looked at him even once during the last five minutes;

“If you are unhappy in your present engagement—and I think you are—why not break with Gower. I spoke to you of this yesterday, and I say the same thing to-day. You are doing both him and yourself an injustice in letting it go on any longer.”

“I don’t know what to say to him.”

“Then get someone else to say it. Fabian, or Uncle Christopher.”

“Oh *no*!” says Dulce, with a true sense of delicacy. “If it is to be done at all I shall do it myself.”

“Then do it. Promise me if you get the opportunity you will say something to him about it.”

“I promise,” says Dulce, very faintly. Then she withdraws the hand from his, and without another word, not even a hint at what the gaining of her freedom may mean to either—or rather both—of them, they go slowly back to the garden, where they meet all the others sitting in a group upon a huge circular rustic seat

beneath a branching evergreen ; all, that is except Fabian, who of late has become more and more solitary in his habits.

As Stephen has not put in an appearance at the Court now for fully two days, speculation is rife as to what has become of him.

"It is the oddest thing I ever knew," Julia is saying, as the cousins come up to the rustic seat.

"What is?" asks Roger, idly.

"Stephen's defection. He used to be as true as the morning post, and now—I hope he hasn't made away with himself," says Dicky Browne."

"He has had since this time yesterday to do it," says Sir Mark ; "I wonder if it takes long to cut one's throat."

"It entirely depends on whether you have sharpened your razor sufficiently, and if you know *how* to sharpen it. I should think a fellow devoid of hirsute adornment would take a good while to it," returns Mr. Browne, with all the air of one who knows. "He wouldn't be up to it, you know. But our late lamented Stephen was all right. He shaved regular."

"He was at the lake yesterday," says Portia. "He came up to us from the southern end of it."

At this both Dulce and Roger start, and the former changes colour visibly.

"I really wonder where he can be," says Julia.

"So do I," murmurs Dulce, faintly, but distinctly, feeling she is in duty bound to say something. "Stephen never used to miss a day."

"Here I am, if you want me," says Stephen, coming leisurely up to them from between the laurels. "I thought I heard somebody mention my name."

He is looking pale and haggard, and altogether unlike the languid, unemotional Stephen of a month ago. There are dark circles under his eyes, and his mouth looks strangely compressed, and full of an unpleasant amount of determination.

"I mentioned it," says Dulce. She is compelled to say this, because he has fixed his eyes upon her, and plainly everybody expects her to reply to him.

"Did you want me?" asks he, casting a scrutinizing glance upon her. So absorbed is he in his contemplation of her that he has positively forgotten the fact that he has omitted to bid anyone a "fair good-morrow."

"I was certainly wondering where you were," says Dulce, evasively. She is frightened and subdued—she scarcely knows why. There is something peculiar in his manner that over-awes her.

"It was very good of you to remember my existence. Then you were only wondering at my absence? You did not want me?"

Dulce makes no reply. She would have given anything to be able to make some civil, commonplace rejoinder, but at this moment her wits cruelly desert her.

“I see. Never mind,” says Stephen. “Well, even if you don’t want me, I do want *you*—you will come with me as far as the Beeches?”

His tone is more a command than a question. Hearing it, Roger moves involuntarily a step forward, that brings him nearer to Dulce. He even puts out his hand as though to lay it upon her arm, when Stephen by a gesture checks him.

“Don’t be alarmed,” he says, with a low, sneering laugh, every vestige of colour gone from his face, “I shall do her no harm. I shan’t murder her, I give you my word. Be comforted, she will be quite as safe with me as she could even be with—*you*.” He laughs again, dismisses Roger from his thoughts by an indescribable motion of his hand, and once more concentrates his attention upon the girl near him who, with lowered eyes and a pale, distressed face, is waiting unwillingly for what he may say next.

All this is so unusual, and really everyone is so full of wonder at Stephen’s extraordinary conduct, that up to this none of the spectators have said one word. At this juncture, however, Sir Mark clears his throat as if to say something, and coming forward would probably have tried the effect of a conciliatory speech but that Stephen, turning abruptly away from them, takes Dulce’s hand in his, and leads her in silence and with a brow dark as Erebus, up the gravelled path, and past the chilly fountain, and thus out of sight.

It is as though some terrible ogre from out a fairy tale has descended upon them, and plucked their fairest damsel from their midst, to incarcerate her in a “donjon keep,” and probably eat her by-and-bye, when she is considered fit to kill.

“Do—*do* you think he has gone mad?” asks Julia, with clasped hands and tearful eyes.

“My dear Mark, I think something ought to be done—someone ought to go after her,” says Portia, nervously. “He really looked quite dreadful.”

“I’ll go,” says Roger, angrily.

“No, you won’t,” says Sir Mark, catching hold of him. “Let them have it out—it is far the best thing. And if she gets a regular, right-down, uncommonly good scolding, as I hope she will”—viciously—“I can only say she richly deserves it.”

“I can only say I don’t know whether I am standing on my head or my heels,” says Mr. Browne, drawing a long breath; “I feel cheap. Anyone might have me now for little or nothing—quite a bargain.”

“I don’t think you’d be a bargain at any price,” says Sir Mark, but this touching tribute to his inestimable qualities is passed over by Mr. Browne in a silence that is almost sublime.

"To think Stephen could look like that," he goes on as evenly as if Sir Mark had never spoken. "Why Irving is a fool to him. Tragedy is plainly *his* forte. Really one never knows of what these æsthetic-looking people are capable. He looked murderous."

At this awful word the children—who have been silent and most attentive spectators of the late scene, and who have been enchanted with it—turn quite pale, and whisper together in a subdued fashion. When the whispering has reached a certain point, the Boodie gives Jacky an encouraging push, whereupon that young hero darts away from her side like an arrow from a bow, and disappears swiftly round the corner.

Meanwhile, having arrived at the Beeches, a rather remote part of the grounds—beautiful in summer because of the luxuriant foliage of the trees, but now bleak and bare beneath the rough touch of winter—Stephen stops short and faces his companion steadily. His glance is stern and unforgiving; his whole bearing relentless and forbidding.

To say Miss Blount is feeling nervous would be saying very little. She is looking crushed in anticipation, by the weight of the thunderbolt she *knows* is about to fall. Presently it descends, and once down, she acknowledges to herself it was only a shock after all, worse in the fancy than in the reality; as are most of our daily fears.

"So you wish our engagement at an end?" says Stephen, quite calmly, in a tone that might almost be termed mechanical.

He waits remorselessly for an answer.

"I—you—I didn't tell you so," stammers Dulce.

"No prevarications, please. There has been quite enough deception of late." Dulce looks at him curiously. "Let us adhere to the plain truth now at least. This is how the case stands. You never loved me; and now your cousin has returned you find you do love him; that all your former professions of hatred towards him were just so much air—or, let us say, so much wounded vanity. You would be released from me. You would gladly forget I ever played even a small part in the drama of your life. Is not all this true?"

For the second time this afternoon speech deserts Dulce. She grows very white, but answer she has none.

"I understand your silence to mean yes," goes on Stephen in the same monotonous tone he has just used, out of which every particle of feeling has been resolutely banished. "It would, let me say, have saved you much discomfort, and your cousin some useless travelling, if you had discovered your passion for him sooner." At this Dulce draws her breath quickly, and throws up her head with a haughty gesture. Very few women like being *told* they entertain a passion for a man, no matter how devotedly they may adore him.

Mr. Gower taking no notice of her silent protest, goes on slowly,

“What your weakness and foolish pride have cost me,” he says, “goes for nothing.”

There is something in his face now that makes Dulce sorry for him. It is a loss of hope. His eyes, too, look sunk and wearied as if from continued want of sleep.

“If by my reprehensible pride and weakness, of which you justly accuse me, I have caused you pain—” she begins, tremulously, but he stops her at once.

“That will do,” he says, coldly. “Your nature is incapable of comprehending all you have done. We will not discuss that subject. I have not brought you here to talk of myself but of you. Let us confine ourselves to the business that has brought me to-day—for the last time, I hope—to the Court.”

His tone, which is extremely masterful, rouses Dulce to anger.

“There is one thing I *will* say,” she exclaims, lifting her eyes fairly to his. “But for *you* and your false sympathy, and your carefully chosen and most insidious words that fanned the flame of my unjust wrath against him—Roger and I would never have been separated.”

“You can believe what you like about that,” says Gower, indifferently, unmoved by her vehement outburst. “Believe anything that will make your conduct look more creditable to you, anything that will make you more comfortable in your mind—if you *can*. But as I have no wish to detain you here longer than is strictly necessary, and as I am sure you have no wish to be detained, let us not waste time in recriminations, but come at once to the point.”

“What point? I do not understand you,” says Dulce, coldly.

“Yesterday, when passing by the southern end of the lake, hidden by some shrubs, I came upon you and your cousin unawares, and heard you distinctly tell him (what I must be indeed a dullard not to have known before) that you did not love me. This was the substance of what you said, but your tone conveyed far more. It led me to believe you held me in positive detestation.”

“So! You were eavesdropping,” says Dulce, indignantly.

Stephen smiles, contemptuously.

“No, I was not,” he says, calmly. He takes great comfort to his soul in the remembrance that he might have heard much more that was not intended for his ears had he stayed in his place of concealment yesterday, which he had not. “Accident brought me to that part of the lake, and brought, too, your words to my ears. When I heard them I remembered many trivial things, that at the moment of their occurrence had seemed as naught. But now my eyes are open. I am no longer blind. I have brought you here to tell you, I will give you back your promise to

marry me, your *freedom*—" with a sudden bitterness, as suddenly suppressed—"on one condition"

"And that?" breathlessly,

"Is, that you will never marry Roger without my consent."

The chance of regaining her liberty is so sweet to Dulce at this first moment, that it chases from her all other considerations. Oh! to be free again! In vain she strives to hide her gladness. It will not be hidden. Her eyes gleam; her lips get back their colour; there is such an abandonment of joy and exultation in her face, that the man at her side—the man who now is resigning all that makes life sweet to him—feels his heart grow mad with bitter hatred of her, himself, and all the world, as he watches her with *miserable* eyes. And he—poor fool! had once hoped he might win the priceless treasure of this girl's love! No words could convey the contempt and scorn with which he regards himself.

"Do not try to restrain your relief," he says, in a hoarse, unnatural tone, seeing she has turned her head a little aside, as though to avoid his searching gaze. "You know the condition I impose—you are prepared to abide by it?"

Dulce hesitates. "Later on he will forget all this, and give his consent to my marrying—any one," she thinks, hurriedly, in spite of the other voice within that bids her beware. Then out loud she says, quietly,

"Yes."

Even if he should prove unrelenting, she tells herself, it will be better to be an old maid than an unloving wife. She will be rid of this hateful entanglement that has been embittering her life for months, and—and of course he *won't* keep her to this absurd arrangement after a while.

"You swear it?"

"I swear it," says Dulce, answering as one might in a dream. Hers is a dream, happy to recklessness, in which she is fast losing herself.

"It is an oath," he says again, as if to give her a last chance of escape.

"It is," replies she, softly, still wrapt in her dream of freedom. She may now love Roger without any shadow coming between them, and—ah! how divine a world it is!—he may perhaps love her too!

"Remember," says Gower, sternly, letting each word drop from him as if with the settled intention of imprinting, or burning them upon her brain, "I shall never relent about this. You have given me your solemn oath, and—I shall *keep you to it*! I shall never absolve you from it, as I have absolved you from your first promise, to-day. Never. Do not hope for that. Should you live to be a hundred years old, you cannot marry your cousin without my consent, and that I shall never give. You quite understand?"

"Quite." But her tone has grown faint and uncertain. What

has she done? Something in his words, his manner, has at last awakened her from the happy dream in which she was revelling.

"Now you can return to your old lover," says Stephen, with an indescribably bitter laugh, "and be happy. For your deeper satisfaction, too, let me tell you, that for the future you shall see very little of me."

"You are going abroad?" asks she, very timidly, in her heart devoutly hoping that this may be the reading of his last words.

"No; I shall stay here. But the Court I shall trouble with my presence seldom. I don't know," exclaims he, for the first time losing his wonderful self-control and speaking querulously, "what is the matter with me. Energy has deserted me with all the rest. You have broken my heart, I suppose, and that explains everything. There, *go*," turning abruptly away from her, "your being where I can see you only makes matters worse."

Some impulse prompts Dulce to go up to him and lay her hand gently on his arm.

"Stephen," she says, in a low tone, "if I have caused you any unhappiness forgive me now."

"Forgive you!" exclaims he, so fiercely that she recoils from him in absolute terror.

Lifting her fingers from his arm as though they burn him, he flings them passionately away, and plunging into the short thick underwood is soon lost to sight.

Dulce, pale and frightened, returns by the path by which she had come, but not to those she had left. She is in no humour now for questions or curious looks; gaining the house without encountering anyone, she runs upstairs, and seeks refuge in her own room.

But if she doesn't return to gratify the curiosity of the puzzled group on the rustic seat, somebody else does.

Jacky, panting, dishevelled, out of breath with quick running, rushes up to them, and precipitates himself upon his mother.

"It's all right," he cries, triumphantly. "He didn't do a bit to her. I watched him all the time, and he never *touched* her."

"Who? What?" demands the bewildered Julia. But Jacky disdains explanations.

"He only talked, and talked, and talked," he goes on fluently; "and he said she did awful things to him. And he made her swear at him—and——"

"What?" says Sir Mark.

"It's impossible to know anybody," sighs Dicky Browne, regretfully, shaking his head at this fresh instance of the frailty of humanity. "Who could have believed Dulce capable of using bad language. I hope her school children and her Sunday class won't hear it, poor little things. It would shake their faith for ever."

"How do you know he is talking of Dulce?" says Julia, im-

patiently. "Jacky, how *dare* you say dear Dulce swore at any one."

"He *made* her," says Jacky.

"He must have behaved awfully badly to her," says Dicky, gravely.

"He said to her to swear, and she did it at once," continues Jacky, still greatly excited.

"*Con amore*," puts in Mr. Browne.

"And he scolded her very badly," goes on Jacky, at which Roger frowns angrily, "and he said she broke something belonging to him, but I couldn't hear what ; and then he told her to go away, and when she was going she touched his arm, and he pushed her away awfully roughly, but he didn't try to *murder* her at all."

"On earth what is the boy saying ?" says Julia, perplexed in the extreme. "Who didn't try to murder who ?"

"I'm telling you about Dulce and Stephen," says Jacky, in an aggrieved tone, though still ready to burst with importance. "When he took her away from this, I followed 'em ; I kept my eyes on 'em. Dicky said Stephen looked murderous ; so I went to see if I could help her. But I suppose he got sorry because he let her off. She is all right ; there isn't a *scratch* on her."

Sir Mark and Dicky are consumed with laughter. But Roger taking the little champion in his arms, kisses him with all his heart.

CHAPTER XXV.

"For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth."

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

WHEN dinner comes, Dulce is wonderfully silent. That is the misfortune of being a rather talkative person, when you want to be silent you can't, without attracting universal attention. Every one now stares at Dulce secretly, and speculates about what Stephen may, or may not, have said to her.

She says Yes and No quite correctly to everything, but nothing more, and seems to find no comfort in her dinner—which is rather a good one. This last sign of depression appears to Dicky Browne a very serious one, and he watches her with the gloomiest doubts as he sees dish after dish offered her, only to be rejected.

This strange fit of silence, however, is plainly not to be put down to ill-temper. She is kindly, nay, even affectionate, in her manner to all around, except indeed to Roger, whom she openly avoids, and whose repeated attempts at conversation she returns with her eyes on the tablecloth, and a general air about her of saying anything she does say to him under protest.

To Roger this changed demeanour is maddening ; from it he instantly draws the very blackest conclusions ; and, in fact, so impressed is he by it that later on, in the drawing-room, when he finds his tenderest glances and softest advances still met with coldness and resistance, and when his solitary effort at explanation is nervously, but remorsefully repulsed, he caves in altogether, and quitting the drawing-room, makes his way to the deserted library, where, with a view to effacing himself for the remainder of the evening, he flings himself into an armchair, and gives himself up a prey to evil forebodings.

Thus a quarter of an hour goes by, when the door of the library is gently opened by Dulce. Roger sitting with his back to it, does not see her enter, or indeed heed her entrance, so wrapt is he in his unhappy musings. Not until she has lightly and timidly touched his shoulder does he start, and looking round, become aware of her presence.

“It is I,” she says, in a very sweet little voice, that brings Roger to his feet and the end of his musings in no time.

“Dulce ! What has happened ?” he asks, anxiously, alluding to her late strange behaviour. “Why won’t you speak to me ?”

“I don’t know,” says Dulce, faintly, hanging her head.

“What can I have done ? Ever since you went away with Stephen down to the Beeches to-day, your manner towards me has been utterly changed. Don’t—*don’t* say you have been persuaded by him to name your wedding day !” He speaks excitedly, as one might who is at last giving words to a fear that has been haunting him for long.

“So far from it,” says Miss Blount, with slow solemnity, “that he sought an opportunity to-day to formally release me from my promise to him !”

“He has released you ?” Words are too poor to express Roger’s profound astonishment.

“Yes ; on one condition.”

“A condition. What a Jew ! Yes ; well, go on—?”

“I can’t go on,” says Dulce, growing crimson. “I can’t *indeed*,” putting up her hands as she sees him about to protest ; “it is of no use asking me. I neither can, nor will tell you about that condition, ever.”

“Give me even a hint !” says Roger, coaxingly.

“No, *no*, *no* ! The rack wouldn’t make me tell it,” returns she, with a stern shake of her red-brown head, but with very pathetic eyes.

“But what can it be ?” exclaims Roger, fairly puzzled.

“That I shall go to my grave without divulging,” replies she, heroically.

“Well, no matter,” says Roger, after a minute’s reflection, resolved to take things philosophically. “You are free, that is the great point. And now—*now*, Dulce, you will marry me ?”

At this Miss Blount grows visibly affected (as they say of ladies in the dock), and dropping into the nearest chair, lets her hands fall loosely clasped upon her knees, and so remains, the very picture of woe.

"I can't do that either," she says at last, without raising her afflicted lids.

"But why?" impatiently. "What is to prevent you?—unless indeed," suspiciously, "you really don't care about it."

"It isn't that, indeed," says Dulce, earnestly, letting her eyes suffused with tears meet his for a moment.

"Then what is it? You say he has released you, and that you have therefore regained your liberty, and yet—yet—Dulce do be rational, and give me an explanation. At least, say why you will not be my wife."

"If I told you that, I should tell you the condition too," says poor Dulce, in a stifled tone, feeling sorely put to it, "and *nothing* would induce me to do that. I told you before I wouldn't."

"You needn't," says Roger, softly. "I see it now. And anything more sneaking—. So, he has given you your liberty, but has taken good care you shan't be happy in it. I never heard of a lower transaction. I—"

"Oh! how did you find it out?" exclaims Dulce, blushing again, generously.

"I don't know," replies he, most untruthfully. "I guessed it, I think; it was so like him. You—did you agree to his condition, Dulce?"

"Yes," says Dulce.

"You gave him your word?"

"Yes."

"Then he'll keep you to it, be sure of that. What a pity you did not take time to consider what you would do."

"I considered *this* quite quickly," says Dulce: "I said to myself that nothing could be worse than marrying a man I did not love."

"Yes, yes, of course," says Roger, warmly. "Nothing could be worse than marrying Gower."

"And then I thought that perhaps he might relent; and then, besides—I didn't know what to do, because," here two large tears fall down her cheeks and break upon her clasped hands, "because, you see, *you* had not asked me to marry you, and I thought that perhaps you never might ask me, and that so my promise meant very little."

"How could you have thought that?" says Roger, deeply grieved.

"Well, you hadn't said a word, you know," murmurs she, sorrowfully.

"How could I," groans Dare. "When you were going of your own free-will, and my folly, to marry another fellow."

"There was very little free-will about it," whispers she, tearfully.

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what's going to be done now," says Mr. Dare, despairingly, sinking into a chair near the table, and letting his head fall in a distracting fashion into his hands.

He seems lost in thought. Sunk in a very slough of despond, out of which it seems impossible to him he can ever be extricated. He has turned away his face, lest he shall see the little disconsolate figure in the other armchair, that looks so many degrees too large for it.

To gaze at Dulce is to bring on a state of feeling even more keenly miserable than the present one. She is looking particularly pretty to-night, her late encounter with Stephen, and her perplexity, and the anxiety about telling it all to Roger, having added a wistfulness to her expression, that heightens every charm she possesses. She is dressed in a white gown of Indian muslin, made high to the throat but with short sleeves, and has in her hair a diamond star, that once belonged to her mother.

Her hands are folded in her lap, and she is gazing with a very troubled stare at the bright fire. Presently, as though the thoughts in which she has been indulging have proved too much for her, she flings up her head, impatiently, and, rising softly, goes to the back of Roger's chair and leans over it.

"Roger," she says, in a little anxious whisper, that trembles ever so slightly; "you are not angry with me, are you?"

Impulsively, as she asks this, she raises one of her soft naked arms and lays it round his neck. In every action of Dulce's there is something so childlike and loving, that it appeals straight to the heart. The touch of her cool, sweet flesh as it brushes against his cheek, sends a strange thrill through Roger, a thrill hitherto unknown to him. He turns his face to hers; their eyes meet; and then in a moment he has risen, and he has her in his arms and has laid his lips on hers, and they have given each other a long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love!

"Angry—with you—my darling!" says Roger, at length, in a low tone, when he has collected his scattered senses a little. He is gazing at her with the most infinite tenderness, and Dulce, with her head pressed close against his heart, feels with a keen sense of relief that she can defy Stephen, the world, cruel Fate, *all!* and that her dearest dream of happiness is at last fulfilled.

When they have asked each other innumerable questions about different matters, that would concern the uninitiated world but little, but are fraught with the utmost importance to them, they grow happily silent, and sitting hand in hand look dreamily into the glowing embers of the fire. Trifles light as air rise before them, and strengthen them in the belief at which they have just arrived, that they have been devoted to each other for years. All the old hasty words and angry looks are now to be regarded as

vague expressions of a love suppressed, because fearful of a disdainful reception.

Presently, after a rather prolonged pause, Dulce, drawing a deep but happy sigh, turns to him, and says, tenderly, though somewhat regretfully,

"Ah! If only you had not stolen those chocolate creams!"

"I didn't steal them," protests Roger, as indignantly as a man can whose arm is fondly clasped around the beloved of his heart.

"Well, of course, I mean if you hadn't eaten them," says Dulce, sadly.

"But, my life, I never *saw* them," exclaims poor Roger, vehemently; "I swear I didn't."

"Well, then, if I hadn't *said* you did," says Dulce, mournfully.

"Ah! that indeed," says Mr. Dare, with corresponding gloom.

"If you hadn't, all might now be well—as it is——. Do you know I have never since seen one of those loathsome sweets, without feeling positively murderous, and shall hate chocolate to my dying day."

"It was a pity we fought about such a trifle," murmurs she, shaking her head.

"Was it?" turning to her, he lifts her face with his hand, and gazes intently into her eyes. Whatever he sees in those clear depths seems to satisfy him, and make glad his heart. "After all, I don't believe it was," he says.

"Not a pity we quarrelled, and—and lost each other?" Considering their extremely close proximity to each other at this moment, the allusion to the loss they are supposed to have sustained is not very affecting.

"No. Though we are rather in a hole now," says Mr. Dare, somewhat at a loss for a word. "I am very *glad* we fought!"

"Oh, Roger!"

"Aren't you?"

"How can you ask me such a heartless question?"

"Don't you see what it has done for us? Has it not taught us that"—very tenderly this—"we *love* each other." His tone alone would have brought her round to view anything in his light. "And somehow," he goes on, after a necessary pause, "I feel sure that after awhile that—that—I mean"—with an effort that speaks volumes for his sense of propriety—"Gower, will give in, and absolve you from your promise. He may as well, you know, when he sees the game is up."

"But when will he see that?"

"He evidently saw it to-day."

"Well, he was very far from giving in to-day, or even dreaming of granting absolution."

"Well, we must make him see it even *more* clearly," says Roger, desperately.

"But how?" dejectedly.

“By making violent love to me all day long, and by letting me make it to you. It will wear him out,” says Mr. Dare, confidently. “He won’t be able to stand it. Would—would you much mind trying to make violent love to me?”

“Mind it?” says Dulce, enthusiastically, plainly determined to render herself up a willing (very willing) sacrifice upon the altar of the present necessity. “I should *like* it!”

This *naïf* speech brings Roger, *if possible*, a little closer to her.

“I think I must have been utterly without intellect in the old days, not to have seen then what a darling you are.”

“Oh, no,” says Dulce, meekly, which might mean that, in her opinion, either he is not without intellect, or she is not a darling.

“I was abominable to you then,” persists Roger, with the deepest self-abasement. “I wonder you can look with patience at me now. I was a perfect bear to you!”

“Indeed you were not,” says Dulce, slipping her arm round his neck. “You couldn’t have been, because I am sure I loved you even then, and besides,” with a little, soft, coaxing smile, “I won’t listen to you at all, if you call my own boy bad names!”

Rapture; and a prolonged pause.

“What shall we do if that wretched beggar won’t relent, and let me marry you,” says Roger, presently.

“Only bear it, I suppose,” with profoundest resignation; it is so profound, that it strikes Mr. Dare as being philosophical, and displeases him accordingly.

“You don’t seem to care much,” he says, in an offended tone, getting up and standing with his back to the mantelpiece, and his face turned to her, as though determined to keep an eye on her.

“I don’t care?” reproachfully.

“Not to any very great extent, I think; and of course it is not to be wondered at. I’m not much, I allow, and perhaps there are others——”

“Now that is not at all a pretty speech,” interrupts Dulce, sweetly; “so you shan’t finish it. Come here directly and give me a little kiss, and don’t be cross.”

This decides everything. He comes here directly, and gives her a little kiss, and isn’t a bit cross.

“Why shouldn’t you defy him, and marry me,” says Roger, defiantly. “What right has he to extort such a promise from you. Once we were man and wife, he would be powerless.”

“But there is my word—I swore to him,” returns she, earnestly. “I cannot forget that. It was an understanding, a bargain.”

“Well, but,” begins he again; and then he sees something in the little pale, but determined face, gazing pathetically up into his, that deters him from further argument. She will be quite true to her word once pledged, he knows that; and though the knowledge is bitter to him, yet he respects her so highly for it,

that he vows to himself he will no longer strive to tempt her from her sense of right. Lifting one of her hands, he lays it upon his lips, as though to keep himself by her dear touch from further speech.

"Never mind," he says, caressing her soft fingers, tenderly. "We may be able to baffle him yet, and even if not, we can be happy together in spite of him. Can we not? I know *I* can," drawing her closer to him, he whispers, gently,

" 'A smile of thine, shall make my bliss!'"

After a while it occurs to them that they ought to return to the drawing-room and the prosaic humdrumness of every day life. It is wonderful how paltry everything has become in their sight, now it is dwarfed and stunted by comparison with the great light of love that is surrounding them. All outside this mist seems lost in a dull haze—seems pale, expressionless.

Opening the library door with slow, reluctant fingers, they almost stumble against a figure crouching near the lintel. This figure starts into nervous life at their appearance, and, muttering something inaudible in a heavy indistinct tone, shuffles away from them, and is lost to sight round a corner of the corridor.

"Surely that was old Gregory," says Dulce, after a surprised pause.

"So it was," returns Roger, "and, as usual, as drunk as a fiddler."

"Isn't it dreadful of him," says Dulce. "Do you know, Roger, his manner is so strange of late, that I verily believe that man is going mad."

"Well, he won't have far to go, at any rate," says Mr. Dare, cheerfully. "He has been on the road, I should say, a considerable time."

(To be continued.)

STELLA.

CHAPTER VII.

Two years of my life slipped happily away. I heard from Fritz, and wrote to him. He had played in Vienna, Berlin, London. His name was making way in the artistic world but slowly, and more from his wonderful playing on violin and piano, than from his own compositions. Still he had sufficient success to make him abandon for ever the idea of business. His uncle had done with him, and refused any further pecuniary help, and so dear Fritz and I stood alone, as it were, too poor to dream of marriage for many a long year! He said he began to feel he had been selfish to bind me to him, when the future seemed so vague, and marriage impossible. But he loved me too dearly to release me, unless I was growing tired. I declined to be released. I was hurt that he thought it possible that I should grow tired, and I spurred him on and on to work harder and harder as I read between the lines a little of that weakness, that indecision, I felt I had now the right to check. I told him I would wait for years, and my love grew stronger and stronger as the time passed on.

I was happy as the days were long. What more could any woman want? I was young and handsome and beloved. I was mistress of house and servants. I had my music to beguile many and many an hour. I filled my house with flowers. I had my darling sister near me as joyous and merry as a bird. For friends there was Marie, and when I wanted anything in the way of good wholesome medicine there was M. Rosel always ready to administer it, while my faithful Père André kept watch very carefully over us all. He grew quite happy again after Fritz left; and Fritz and I kept our sweet secret hidden in each other's heart.

In the midst of all this came the news that my father was on his voyage home! I felt a vague misgiving that my happiness would be dimmed; and then I should, of course, have to tell my father all about Fritz, when he came home. It was no use, I did not feel glad. I was my mother's child, and a woman now. But I began to *seem* glad, and told the servants the master was coming home at last, and we began to prepare his room, and I told Bébé who knew him only as a name! He loved Bébé, he was coming home to Bébé I knew, but after all, this could not hurt me now *I had Fritz*. But he never did come home after all! He died on the voyage, and so Bébé and I were quite alone in the world, at least poor Bébé had only me, but *I had Fritz!*

Ah! how I loved him, my Fritz! as my mother had loved my father! more indeed, because there was great sympathy between us, which there never had been between my father and mother. So I was to be happier than my mother! Oh! happy me!

Père André had the disposal of the remains of my father's fortune, which he left thus: so much a year for the two servants' wages, £600 a-year for Bébé, the child of his love. For Stella £100 a-year and the little cottage at Passy! A legacy to Père André, and a request that he would still act as guardian to Bébé until she married!

Even gentle Père André said it was a cruel will. Ah! well, my father only loved his second child-wife too dearly to be just. I had a little house, £100 a-year, and I had *Fritz*!

But then as yet Fritz had not so much. They pay a young artist so very little for his music. By this time what success he would have gained if he had only traded in petticoats and silk dresses with New Zealand. Could I have cared for a man with no higher ambition than that I wonder? I knew mine own heart too well! Yet this thought did come across me. Had I been a man like Fritz, an artist, and loving a girl so dearly as my Fritz loved me, and had I such a chance of making money and marrying as Fritz, I think that I would have laid aside for a few years my art, and worked hard as a merchant, till I made sufficient money to marry my love, and then in the afterwards spend happy years together, with as much music as we could cram into our happy life.

And yet I had planted in him the dreams of ambition and fame. I found as the lovers and wives of all artists must feel, that as time went on, dearly as he loved me, he loved his art best.

With me, it was Fritz first, then my beloved music!

With Fritz it was first his beloved music, then Stella!

But I am only a woman and he is an artist.

Soon after my father's death Bébé's holidays came round again, and we moved into our little cottage at Passy. It was very tiny, but very pretty, quite on the river, with sloping gardens to the water's edge, and with gay flowers and little French windows opening on to a sunny lawn. It was the very nest for Bébé and me, and away from the noise and heat of Paris. We were so busy; and stern M. Rosel came often and helped us in many ways so kindly, I almost forgave him his cutting remarks. He had news for me that Marie was going to be married in a year. And he said he expected he should grow into a very disagreeable old bachelor when he lived alone, and I said—

"Yes, I fancy you will."

He was on a high ladder hanging up my mother's picture at the time, and he stopped and muttered, frowning, that mademoiselle was, as usual, polite.

I laughed merrily, saying, "who taught me?" And now my little house was ready and I, happy as a queen, living among my flowers with my darling sister.

One evening I was sitting at my window thinking of the years when Fritz should have made his name, and I become his happy wife when, to disturb my reverie, Mathilde announced M. Rosel.

He had been good to me, so I tried to give a gracious smile, as I held out my hand to welcome him.

He wore his coldest, most determined manner, and I prepared myself for a severe lecture. He began by saying that he did not approve of my living alone, or walking out alone, or trusting so much to my own judgment. It made a woman hard, too self-reliant, it was altogether unnatural. The determined way in which I moved into my house at Passy and refused for a long time to lean on anyone's help; he had stood by and seen all this, he could do so no longer! It quite decided him on a step he had for years dreamt of. I had no one to protect me, and Bébé would require a man's firm will as years rolled on. Père André was failing in health. My father was dead. Marie was to be married. He was alone. I was alone. He was well off, but for the present, as I liked my new house and flowers, I might live where I was. He wished to make me his wife.

And I refused him point blank!

He was extremely surprised! It was absurd, he assured me he had thought this matter carefully over and felt it was for my good. I must reconsider. But I told him I did not agree with him, and that I was quite as capable of knowing my own mind as he.

He said, looking very black, "Your reasons?"

"I like living alone!" "I prefer to be mistress of myself. Free as air and as independent. I love——"

"You love," he hissed at me, "you love that silly wandering minstrel, who is restless and purposeless as the foam of the sea!"

I stood on my dignity at once, and answered him in his own style.

"M. Rosel! I recognise no right in you to question me further; if you do so, I shall forget to thank you for the honour you have done me."

He left me as abruptly as he came, feeling for the first time, perhaps, that he had found a woman whose spirit even he could neither bend nor break.

It was a cloud, but even while it passed, the sunshine came. For that evening's post brought me news of my lover! Good news, he was coming to Paris, only for a month to see me, and then off again to London, where he had engagements for the winter.

CHAPTER VIII.

How overjoyed I was to see my Fritz again! Poor fellow, he had been away three years, toiling hard. It was three days to me since I had him back! He came every day to Passy, and I enjoyed for the first time to the full a lover's privileges.

The walks we had! When he told me the story of his life since we parted, from day to-day. I let him see all my faults, and his he did not hide. Yet even now he could not speak of marriage. He was more absorbed than ever in his art, and poured forth to my willing ears his many misgivings. But I would not speak of failure, or allow him to despair, or be sorry for me. I thought him so brave thus to make a name in the world against such odds! I told him, every year I waited I should count but as a day, as long as he loved me! He held me in his arms, and called me his star, his good angel, and I was quite repaid for his long absence, to lean my head against his shoulder, and murmur my love!

His eyes were my heaven—in his arms my only rest—while his glorious music filled my soul!

Once before he left I had my Bébé home, and he said how lovely she would grow in a few years. She called him Fritz, and held up to him, with all her natural grace, her lovely brow to kiss. She danced like a mad thing to his music around the room, the garden, and, winding her arms about his neck, she crowned him with laurels! He caught her in his arms, and recognised that, child as she was, she already possessed *du charme* which was as natural to her as her madcap frolic and fun. My darling Bébé, how proud I felt that Fritz admired her.

And the sky clouded over me once again, for he was gone.

CHAPTER IX.

THE years rolled on, and my Bébé was eighteen. My days of loneliness were over, for Bébé had left school. She was an immense charge to me. As yet not one cloud had marred the brightness of her happy life, and I dreaded, as she grew to womanhood, that the least trial should overshadow her. I took comfort to myself from this fact, that my darling had not the power to feel as I felt, so nothing would affect her in the same way. Her life had been a sunbeam without a single mote in it. Her thoughts were pure, her little soul white as snow! She was very small and very, very fair, with blue, dancing eyes and rosebud mouth. While she could remain a child God forbid I

should stay her. She loved music, not as I did, intensely—there was nothing intense in Bébé. But she loved any sound that made her pretty feet go quicker and her spirits gay. She loved flowers, not as I did, but because there was life in them—their colour attracted her. She loved the sunshine, not as I did, but because it made the world more joyous to her, more dear! She was very much worshipped by her school friends, and their brothers, by her old nurse, and good Père André, and Madame la Supérieure, and old Mathilde, and her big dog, and her birds, all of whom loved her because they could not help it.

And what was I at twenty-eight? Very little altered as yet; I was so happy. I was young as ever at heart, and, except that I became a little fuller in figure, and my face a shade less pale, I could see no difference. Still, I *was* twenty-eight; nothing could alter that; and Bébé was just eighteen; and Fritz, who had been in Paris only once since he saw Bébé, was still only slowly, but surely, gaining ground. I read his name now in the papers; the world could no longer ignore his talent—his art! But it was weary work—but for our love, very, very weary work indeed. For the last two years his letters to me had been fewer, and he spoke more of art and less of marriage. But surely the end of our engagement could not be far off now, and I had such faith in him! So I wrote as of old, spurring him on. Meanwhile, our lives at Passy were happy and peaceful, and time passed on even for Bébé, who was eighteen, now a year ago.

I let her stay a week in Paris, at the house of one of her school friends, and she came back full of vague ideas about lovers, and told me all the pretty compliments handsome M. Graham, the brother of her friend, paid her. It was so hard for me to realize that my Bébé was as much a woman now as grave Stella herself.

M. Rosel came again in the winter, and Bébé knew why. She laughed very much, and said the idea of anyone like a cross old schoolmaster wanting to marry her Stel!

“And to take strict care of you, he said, Bébé!”

“*Mon Dieu! pas si bête, moi,*” and Bébé shrugged her shoulders, and danced about the house, and down the sloping lawn to the river’s side, and I heard in the distance the splash of the oar and the sound of my darling’s voice!

She was a golden butterfly, how I should hate the man who clipped her wings!

* * * * *

CHAPTER X.

I SHED tears of great thankfulness and joy. My weary years of waiting were over at last. Read for yourself my Fritz's letter:—

"MY STELLA,

"At last I have succeeded in my art! I have reached the height of our ambition, dear one. My opera has proved, beyond all my expectations, the most complete success. It has raised me to the top of that ladder my faltering steps, but for you, had never climbed. It was brought out here in London, and I have received the most flattering congratulations and praise from the greatest of acknowledged artists, who claim me at last as one of themselves! Stella, my guardian angel, my friend, I am beside myself with joy. I have not lived in vain! I pray only that my music may live, so I would willingly die in this hour of my success, but for you, my Stella. I hasten to lay all my triumphs at your feet.

"YOUR FRITZ."

I hurried to tell Bébé and Mathilde and nurse that M. De la Rue was coming, and I laughed because I saw that my secret was still my own. They were not surprised he was coming. It would be as much as I could do to keep from telling Bébé what his coming meant. But I thought he should tell her himself! I wondered what his first words would be to me. I thought I knew! I thought he would say, "Stella, I am come for my wife." Oh, happy me! I could not rest! My feet seemed to dance under me. I could not keep indoors! A thought struck me! At least I would go into Paris, to my favourite church, and kneel in thankfulness to the great God who had so blessed us both—Fritz and me. How proudly I walked along, for I thought in a little while all Paris will ring my Fritz's praise. They will know his wife! It was something to be the wife of a great artist, especially when that artist was my lover, too!

"I sang to the birds, 'he is coming,'
I whispered to the flowers 'my love is near,'
I shall glory in the sunshine of his presence.
For perfect love casteth out all fear."

Coming out of the church I met Père André, it was no use, I was so happy, I *must* tell him.

"Good Father! M. De la Rue has won his crown of success with his opera, and he is coming home at last!"

He noticed my flushed and happy face. "I am glad to hear of his success, dear child, but what is his coming to you?"

"My Father, it is the world to me! The world that I have wearied for, and waited for, for ten long years. He comes to fetch his wife!"

"*Mon Dieu*, I have been blind! What patience! All the best years of her life." The old man was speaking more to himself than to me.

"His love for me has atoned; good Father, bless thy happy child." And I knelt at Père André's feet. He said—

"I did not think M. Fritz had the strength of character, either to have persevered so long with his art, or to have been faithful so long to his love."

"Ah, you have misjudged my Fritz! To be sure, how could you know him, my Father, as I know him? I have always had such faith in him!"

"Well, my child, I have been wrong. I called him fickle, indecisive, unambitious. Forgive an old man; of course his true love must know best."

And with some happy wishes I hurried on to catch my boat.

How lightly I trod! How beautiful the world was to me since this happy morning. Every face looked bright, every flower ten times more gay! I came across M. Rosel, his was the only face that did not smile. He said—

"Mademoiselle is surely not well—her cheeks are burning! Is it not so?"

"Yes," I answered, hurriedly; "I have a colour, but I am quite well and very happy, and you?"

"Mademoiselle cares so very much how I am."

"Indeed, monsieur is unkind on this lovely day. Why cannot we all be gay?"

"Because we are not all happy," he said, frowning down at me very severely.

"Do not grudge me, monsieur, I beg of you, my happiness; it has been well deserved."

"Mademoiselle speaks in parables."

But to him I could not tell my secret somehow. Still, after we had parted, I ran back to him. "Forgive me, M. Rosel, to-night, for anything in my manner you have ever deemed unkind!"

For I thought I should so soon be married now, that I meant this to be my farewell to him. He looked surprised, but he took my hand and said less abruptly, "Forgive you, mademoiselle? Why, yes; it is not, I suppose, your fault that you cannot love!" And he left me.

"That I cannot love!" My Fritz could tell a different tale! And he was coming! He might come any moment now!

I could not sleep at night or rest all day. The flowers must be their freshest, their brightest, to welcome him! I arranged them again and again as I waited, expecting him. My dress must be new and pretty to receive my love! Bébé caught some of my excitement, and wondered if M. De la Ru would remember her. She remembered his eyes, his curly hair, did I? "Yes, I thought so," I answered, as I turned my head away, that she might not see my smile.

At last the day came! The post brought me two lines, "I am coming to night." "Thank God that I am handsome," I said, as I stood dressed before my glass. I wore a pale gray dress, with a

bunch of scarlet poppies at my throat and among the heavy plaits of my dark hair. I was not sure that it was artistic, but he liked them, and my mother had liked them. It is difficult to write praise of oneself, but it was for his sake that I was glad I was very handsome to-night.

My happy face was illumined with love, my cheeks were aglow with colour, and my eyes were unnaturally bright! For he was coming home for his wife—my love!

I ran downstairs, and found Bébé dressed too. She came running in from the garden, looking very lovely, all in white, with a wreath of little blue flowers in her hair. In summer-time Bébé was seldom without a wreath of something twisted about her golden hair. It was natural for her to adorn herself wherever flowers grew.

I walked about the garden restlessly, down the sloping lawn to the gate, and waited there.

She followed me! She might have let us meet alone; but then she did not know! What would he first say to me, I wondered! Up the avenue of trees from the river, he came, my love, at last! Another moment, and our hands were clasped together,—but for Bébé's presence, I should have been in his arms—another, and he had said:

“Stella, how very lovely Bébé has grown!”

He left me and turned to her, but she turned her blushing face away; she had heard his first words to me! We all three went into the house together, and I felt a chill creep over my heart. I shook it off, though with an effort. For he sat down on a stool, at my feet, and talked of his opera, his success, and he said to Bébé, “I shall always say I owe all I am to Stella,” and I leant over him, and pressed my burning lips to his brow. I had him back at last! He said in a month the opera would be brought out in Paris, and he would take a box for us. He played to us. For once I did not want to hear him play. I wanted him to rest at my feet and talk. I had so much, so very much to say to him now I had him back at last. He was grown very handsome, much bigger and broader, and a heavy brown moustache hid his only weak feature, his mouth. His eyes were more dreamy than ever. He was thirty-two now, my Fritz! Ah! well the time had passed, and I had him back again!

I asked him, rather nervously, if he thought I had altered in all these years, and I dreaded his answer, because I felt sure he knew every line of my face so well, and he said he had not noticed. Ah! well, perhaps I had expected too much. He was an artist! I was only a woman, a silly, foolish woman, after all!

He spoke more than ever about his art, but not a word of love! Still it was a happy day, I acknowledged, after he left and I went to bed.

Yet, somehow there was disappointment somewhere, and unless

I determined to fall asleep, that peculiar chill feeling *would* creep again over my heart !

The next day, somehow, Béb  and I never mentioned Fritz's name ; and when he came B    ran past us into the garden.

He told me he had been very busy all day in Paris, arranging for the bringing out of his opera, and receiving and paying visits to friends ; for Fritz was a popular man in London and in Paris now. His uncle, who had ignored him for ten years, suddenly acknowledged the great artist to all his merchant friends as his beloved nephew, and made him a handsome allowance so soon as he heard of the success of his opera. I should have refused it, had I been Fritz, on the spot !

Fritz said he had always been used to write to me or to come to me when he wanted encouragement and rest. If I would allow him, he would come sometimes still, in the evenings, when his work was done. *If I would allow him !*

Then he talked of B   . He said she was a poem—a flower ! At that moment we heard her voice singing in the garden, and he said, “ Shall we find her ? ”

So we went down the garden, and found her leaning back in our boat, which was stuck in quite a little nest of trees.

He was right ; she *was* lovely, and she sang to herself very prettily in the twilight ! She was a picture, and Fritz saw it ! He asked her to come back into the house and sing to him.

But she answered very saucily that she had much rather not—she was happier where she was.

So we returned without her, and he played to me for a little while.

And still B    stayed out there. He offered to fetch her in for me, and went. Perhaps I was over anxious about her catching cold ; but it seemed nearly half-an-hour before they returned ! I heard her laughing and talking as they came in together. How very soon they had become friends ! Fritz came nearly every evening, but he and I were seldom quite alone. He seemed very happy, quarrelling with and forgiving B    a dozen times a day !

She coquetted with him, she provoked him, she was sometimes very rude, and sometimes kind.

One evening we were alone for a while, and he said he had much to explain to me about the chief character in his opera, which struck him, he said, from the first as being singularly like B    ! I must hear it, and judge for myself.

But he never spoke to me any words of love or marriage, and the chill feeling crept over me again.

One day, a week before we heard his opera, he came in from the garden, frowning and looking very much annoyed. I said, “ Has anything happened, Fritz ? ”

“ No,” he said, turning impatiently to the piano, “ only B    is very much too intimate with that young Graham. They are at

the gate talking much too softly now. She reminds me of some lines I heard in London, written by their great Tennyson :—

“ For, ah ! the slight coquette, she cannot love
And if you kiss'd her feet a thousand years,
She still would take the praise, and care no more.”

“ But why kiss Bébé's feet, my Fritz ? ” I said, quickly.
And I was glad he did not hear.

For the next week we saw nothing of him ; he was absorbed in his opera.

Well, after it came out, and the glory of congratulations had subsided a little, things would be different for me, perhaps. I was brave at heart, and I did not forget what I had found out years ago—that, with an artist, the lover takes the second place. And then I remembered that “ Love is of man's life a thing part : 'Tis woman's whole existence.” Fritz told me that since he first began to write this opera he had been very unsettled, and should rest very gladly when Paris had heard it. And I believed him.

About this time, one day Père André called, and somehow I could not see him. I made Bébé say I was not well enough. I was sorry I had told him about Fritz, and until the opera was out I could not bear to see my old friend. I was so glad I had made him promise to keep the secret. I told him my Fritz would be so proud to tell him the news himself !

CHAPTER XI.

THE opera came out at last, and was a complete triumph—beyond our most sanguine expectations ! I realised what it was to become famous, as I listened to the deafening applause Fritz's music received from every individual in this crowded Opera-house ! For Bébé and I were there !

How proud I felt of my Fritz, whom I knew to-night I loved more madly than ever. The music was divine ! The artist had surpassed himself ! The laurels were well won ! My Fritz had written music that would live when every one of the hundreds listening with such rapt attention should have passed away !

Who could appreciate it all more than Stella, whom these passionate notes thrilled to her very soul ? Who trembled in every limb as she whispered, even yet to herself, he is mine ! He is mine !

I forgot Bébé's very existence !

I only remembered his glorious music, and every hour, of every day, of all the years that I had loved him !

It was over ! He was called loudly to come on to the stage. He came bowing to the right hand, to the left. He raised his eyes to our box. Ah ! this was reward indeed ; he was laying all

his triumphs at my feet! I felt I must stretch out my arms to him then and there; but I drew myself up like a queen, for I realised that the eyes of all Paris had followed his!

Paris was looking at his love!

This is what my Fritz had waited for, then—in this hour of his public triumph to introduce all Paris to his wife!

Yet, stay! Ah! surely, there must be some mistake! Or, was it difficult in the distance from the stage to distinguish one face from another?

He—was—not—seeking—my—eyes—after—all!!

He—was—looking—at—Bébé!!!

I turned quickly, and looked at Bébé's face. It was crimson!

There was no mistake.

Paris was gazing at a lovely girl with mute admiration.

The great artist had, with his eyes, in this hour of his greatest public triumph, introduced the whole of Paris to his wife!

* * * * *

I think I was mad that night!

Alone in my room, I wrestled and fought with a devil, and passed hours of terrible agony. Everything that was bad in me was uppermost in my thoughts! For I felt that I must kill him! I was Italian—I could hate as I had loved! I must kill him! I fell on my knees full of murderous thoughts, planning how I should kill him in the morning! I stretched my arms out wildly to something hovering in the darkness, above me! I shrieked, "Mother, save me!" and I fell insensible to the ground!!!

* * * * *

My mother had saved me! I was thankful I was alive! He should, at least, see that I was too proud to die! He should never know I cared! I was high-spirited! Even yet!

God only knew, and my mother, the difference in me since last night.

I was dead to the world, to holy love, to music, to my better nature. I was dead! For me the sun would never shine again. I was deceived. The colour had gone for ever out of my life. *I was dead!*

I bathed my face and dressed myself with care and went down to breakfast looking proud and stately, as my natural manner was. Bébé said I looked pale, and I told her I couldn't sleep. She, I noticed, was pale and quiet, for once in her life. She came and leant her head on me and cried a little, and then laughed, and from the force of habit I stroked her hair and smiled—I!

It was not her fault, my Bébé; she did not know.

I walked about all day as in a dream till evening came, when I heard his voice, and for the first time did not run to him. He came into the room, and looking round he asked for Bébé. I said—

"You will find her out there," and I tried to look as if I did not know why he had come, and did not care.

For half-an-hour I sat alone, and then I saw them coming towards the house. I saw him draw her golden head down on to his shoulder, and put his arm around her. And so they walked together towards me. I started up, I was going mad again! This was more than I could bear.

I hurried for my hat, and away out of the house, away to Paris, to the church where a little while ago I had knelt with such a happy heart. I prayed with all my might to God to keep me from murder, to crush my spirit out of me if need be, but to keep my hands clean. At last, after a long while, I grew calmer. But I was afraid of myself. I dared not trust myself off my knees. Suddenly some one touched my shoulder.

"My daughter, you are unhappy, follow me!" It was Père André.

Mutely I rose from my knees and followed him into his house, quite near.

"My child," he said, "I guess it all—you need not speak. You think this trouble is the very hardest it is possible to bear?"

"So it seems to me, my Father."

"Listen then to your mother's story."

And, for the first time, I heard the story of my mother's insults, my mother's wrongs, my mother's death.

I was very silent for a long time, thinking of it all. Then Père André drew me to my knees and prayed for the soul of my mother and for myself, that we might find peace elsewhere, than this world can give.

For a long time he talked to me very gently and prayed, and I bowed my head at last and wept.

"My child," he said, "it is so often so! The world does not appreciate a great soul. The world prefers always the Bébés."

Before I left, Père André said, "think now, is your trouble as bitter as your mother's? She was married, remember—and she died.

Ah! I might have been married, and then this happen—then, I should have died! Anyhow I was calmer as I walked slowly back again to my home.

I went to my room a creature without life in her, and deaf, for Bébé came running in, saying she had called me again and again, and could not make me hear. "What is it my Bébé?"

"Oh, darling Stel, I have something to tell you that you'll never guess!"

And she threw her arms round me and kissed me very much, and cried, and said—

"I don't know why I cry. For I am the very happiest girl in sunny France, dear Stel! M. De la Rue wants me for his wife!"

"And you love him?"

"Love him? Yes—I love him better than any one in the whole world, as dearly, Stel, as he loves me."

"But my Bébé has only known him one month!"

"One happy month, dear, yes—it is a lifetime in love! Come down Stella and tell him you are glad?"

"I will directly—run to him now dear, and say I am coming! I *am* coming Bébé—yes, of course I'll come!"

Another moment of agony! A fight to the death with my poor heart! And then I went down to them.

They were standing together, as I entered the room. He came towards me, and said, hurriedly, but without looking at me, "Stella, you have always been my guardian angel—*be my sister too.*" And he held out his hand, and with his other arm, drew Bébé towards me.

Once again, for one moment, I was mad! I longed to kill him as he stood before me; but alas, I—a woman, had no weapons wherewith to harm him, but my words, and my pride choked them in my throat!

But I forced him with my will to meet my eyes, and looking him through and through, with my very soul, I said, "Only be good to her—and *faithful.*"

This was the only reproach I ever gave to him—

They were married and went to live in London, for it was in London he had made his name, and it was there he preferred to live. It was better so.

Ah! mother, I whispered, as I hid my face on my pillow, on their marriage night, "the Bébés of the world have conquered us." Ah, well! my poor mother, *she lived, and loved, and died!*

CHAPTER XII.

FIVE years have passed away and I am still living with old Mathilde in my little house at Passy.

I can look back more calmly and wonder at the Stella, whose young life was full of such intense emotions of joy and of sorrow. For, in my heart, I know I am another woman now. In appearance I am the same, perhaps a little paler. But I am handsome still, and I hold my head as high as ever, because it is my nature so to do.

The Stella of old died on the night M. Fritz De la Rue startled Paris with his first opera!

The new Stella might be cut out of stone, so cold, and quiet, and grave is she!

The first year after Bébé went, my good André tried his best to make me visit among his poor. He said it would comfort my

soul, but I refused. In my days of happiness I had not done so. It would be no compliment to dedicate the remains of my life to the Great God because all sweetness had gone out of it. Besides, I had no money to give, and I have a feeling that the poor do not care to be intruded on by a sad face and an empty purse.

At last, by being so much alone, I fell to dreaming as in my baby-days at school. Suddenly, a thought roused an interest for me! I would write!

For days my mind had been full of the doings and sayings of persons I did not know, that I had certainly never met. It was a peculiar feeling, that excited me to a great extent, and absorbed me for hours! I thought living alone had turned my brain. I said to myself, "let me think! who are these people? They must be the creatures of my own imagination." This interested me. I wrote, and in fear and trembling, and under a feigned name, I sent out my writings to the world. After some time I gained success. I made money, not much but a little. Now, in some way, I might do good. I gave all I gained to Père André for his poor, and my heart found some comfort at last.

I wrote constantly, and the days grew less dreary, for I had found an object of interest in my empty life. I grew less hard at heart, and began, after a very long time, to try and think it was perhaps for my good that things had happened so.

I heard often from my Bébé, who had herself a little daughter now. She missed me very much and thought it most unkind that I would never go and stay with her. She had many friends and was very much beloved and very happy, rather bored with perpetual music, but very happy. Her husband was doing well, and their house was gay and pretty, etc., etc. . . .

For three years I wrote constantly, and made quite an addition to my small income with my pen.

Then my good old friend, Père André, died, and I realised to the utmost what it means for a woman to be alone in the world. He had been my constant adviser, my guardian, my only friend! In my trouble he, and my mother, had saved me from myself. And he was dead! I did not think that anything in the world would have power to move me now; but I cried like a child when they told me he was dead, for had he not been faithful?

I was surprised to find I could care still, and thankful, too—I thought my heart had turned to stone.

M. Rosel came a little while ago, and asked me, for the last time, to be his wife. He had been travelling abroad since Bébé left, to try, he told me, to forget my existence, for he could not settle anywhere. He was very much altered, more gentle, less masterful, and his hair, I noticed, was streaked with gray. To be sure he was forty-five, ten years older than I, and I called myself a middle-aged woman now.

Well, I told him I should never marry, I was determined to live out my life alone. I asked him how it was he came to like me, considering I had all those qualities which he so much disliked in a woman.

"Stella," he said, "I have loved you for that very spirit in you, which has conquered me and defies me still!"

But love had passed long ago from my life, and marriage without love never once entered into my mind. This I had to tell him. He said he could not bear me to be alone in the world. It was too sad, too altogether unnatural for a woman. If I would take him for my husband, if it was as a prop to lean on, to rest upon, as I grew weary.

"Stella," he said, and he put both hands heavily on my shoulder, "I love you as well as this—only marry me and I swear your will shall be my law!"

It was an immense concession from such a man; and in spite of my doubting, scoffing heart, I felt bound to believe him. But he could not shake my determination, still I have felt very grateful, and less unhappy, less alone, since he went away.

I had said until this day, I will never hear music again while I live, and the world had been deaf to me. But now in this early summer, though my voice was hushed for ever, and my hands never touched the keys of my piano, I found it was impossible to banish music from one's life.

I looked into my garden. The flowers were lovely! They tempted me out. The world was very beautiful, very full of colour! The scales were falling from my eyes—I could see clearer now! There is music surely in the air! in the voices of children! in the eyes of happy men and women, as well as in the throats of the nightingales! It is impossible to escape it, I said, and I smiled and plucked some lilies as I passed.

I stopped! for at that moment I thought I heard, above all the other voices, a child singing gaily to itself.

I was not dreaming—there *was* a little child sitting on the ground under my tall sunflowers. She was a golden-haired baby of four, singing to herself in the sunshine, and pulling to pieces with her tiny fingers a big sunflower which had dropped at her feet.

This was the music in the air!

It must be some child, I thought, strayed in the garden by mistake.

I ran towards her. What a picture she looked with the scattered golden petals all around her!

"What is your name, little one?"

She lifted up two big eyes, like blue bells, to my face, and answered gravely, "*My name is Stella—but they call me Bébé!*" I caught her to my heart, and pressed her there, as I had pressed her baby-mother years ago.

The sun was very bright, and that I suppose was why I had not at first seen *my* Bébé's old nurse, standing a little further on at the gate waiting there.

I carried the child in my arms and went to her. She said her master had told her to send the child on so before her. Then she gave me a letter, which I read, with this new Bébé's arms about my neck. It said:—

"We are obliged to travel for some time and cannot take our little one with us. Nor can we bear to leave her behind us alone. Stella, if you are noble enough to forgive—keep the child.

"FRITZ."

* * * * *

I did not send her back.



SHADOWS FROM AN OLD SUN-DIAL.

By FREDERICK GALE.

SHADOW THE SECOND.

STORIES of school-days have been so often written, that they have become rather a bore, and it is less tedious and more profitable, perhaps, to take a philosophical view of one's status during the years of absence from home, from the age of ten till nearly nineteen, when pupillage ceased.

I have a theory of my own, that a good master is like a poet, *nascitur non fit*, and that the power of imparting knowledge does not, by any means, belong wholly to great scholars, who are above teaching little boys.

My lot, at ten years old, was to occupy just the same position as the old governor's pupils did at home, that is, to be educated by a private tutor with his two sons. But what a change it was. We were seven in all, five of us being peregrines in the land. It was a very Low Church house, with a very scanty table, and an utter absence of mirth or laughter. The meal time was occupied with improving (?) conversation, my books were looked over, and many of them weeded out as frivolous and unimproving. There was a terrible relation in the house, the widow of someone or another—a methodist parson I should think—who was about as merry as an eel in a sand-pit. She was handsome, and by no means old, and my private impression always was that she was playing a part, and would not mind a second venture, and I believe that had a smart cavalry officer proposed matrimony, and commencing the honeymoon at Ascot or Goodwood, she would have jumped at the offer, and thrown the psalms-singing to the dogs. The home was of importance to her, and she did governess to the girls, who took after their mamma, and were—as I heard the mouldy footman, who was workhouse-bred, say “very 'aughty young ladies.”

It was not interesting at breakfast, when she started the argument, whether Moses was justified, or not, in killing the Egyptian and hiding him in the sand? And I thought it hard at breakfast time to be suddenly called on to tell the story; I knew no more about it than about the murder of Mr. William Weare. I knew that Thurtell killed Weare, and I knew that Moses killed the Egyptian, and there my interest ceased in both stories. Then I was suddenly pounced on for the definition of the Jewish weights and measures, or the vestments of Aaron, all of which had been explained a week before. How should I remember? I could

have described the wicked baron's vestments and the gold-hemmed muslin of the injured lady at Richardson's show, and which side of the stage the ghost came in to slow music and blue fire, because I saw them all; but I could *not* remember the Rev. Esau Grumpy's dry statistics. The Rev. Esau was tall and thin, with jaws like a pike, and champed his victuals, and he wore a white stock many inches wide; and he never appeared in lesson hours without an infernal black cane with a dog's head, and it was a case of *cave canem* all day.

There was another tutor in the neighbourhood, who took noblemen's sons at a very high figure. He was a parson, too, and precisely the reverse of the Rev. Esau Grumpy. One of his pupils was reading for Oxford, a young fellow of nearly twenty years of age, a great geologist and natural historian and a charming companion for boys; and it was an ever-to-be-remembered holiday when we went out alone with him, and he took the opportunity of giving Master Grumpy a pretty smart cut or two with a stick for some shabby trick about dividing some fruit. And when Master Grumpy complained to his father, for once in his life the old nuisance said a good thing and remarked "that no doubt young Grumpy deserved it." His real reason was that the chastiser was a nobleman's son. I will speak the truth about old Grumpy; he taught well, and at the end of my half year with him I went home with an *Æneid* of Virgil in my head, which had been driven in a *tergo* pretty much, but it stuck there.

I look back on my private school which supervened with quite as much pleasure as pain. It was a case of good feeding, tremendous work, and no end of licking. The tone of the boys was good, and they were all gentlemen's sons, numbering thirty in all, and there was no bar to fighting, and it was in every way a good preparation for the public schools. There was no cant about the master; he was an up and down worker and a real good scholar, with the temper of the Devil, and had a charming wife, who was kindness itself. And so things went on up to the age of twelve, and my entry into public school life. As I said before, school life has been told a hundred times, and details are tiresome. With forty years' experience of London life, I have seen the after career of very many old school fellows, and my distinct opinion is that the school discipline and training were worth all we learnt twice told. Not that I think lightly of what we learnt; the exaction of the masters of absolute punctuality at roll calls, the constant discipline, and last, not least, the faggings, were an excellent training for the battle of life. There were, of course, cold-blooded bullies, but they were few and far between. There were boys of riotous spirits, who threatened fags with death in the most hideous shapes one minute, and did a kindness to them the next. There were boys of no moral or physical power, who fidgetted themselves and every one else out of their lives; but then a large majority of fine-

hearted fellows who made even cricket and football fagging almost pleasant by encouraging youngsters who were ready and willing.

Looking back on masters and tutors, there were those who could and those who could not teach, and I don't think they handicapped boys' brains and tempers always. They were, some of them, like barristers brow-beating a witness, and frightening out of boys' heads things, which with a little humouring they might have got out. If they all only could have known, as some of them did, that a little kindness and encouragement sometimes would change a character and conduct, I think they would have tried; and one cannot help looking back with regret at real injustices, done in ignorance, doubtless, by attributing to boys things which they never even dreamt of, and rejecting the denial of the accused. It is a bad state of a boy's mind when he feels it hopeless to try, and such instances are not rare. There is a strong feeling now in favour of criminals tendering their own evidence, subject to cross-examination, at the close of a trial, before the judge's summing up. And if a boy absolutely asserts that such and such things did not happen, it is much better to let the matter drop than to let an innocent boy suffer the penalty, as has often been the case wrongfully; masters forget that boys will not criminate others. I am not speaking speculatively, but of my own knowledge, and what I write is positively true. Masters' and parents' ideas on school matters are often as different as the two poles, and parents do well in initiating a little enquiry on their own account sometimes, though it is uphill work to do so.¹

Turn we to a pleasanter subject. How the pulses quicken now when the mind goes back to the cricket and football matches of the past times, especially the annual football match between Commoners and College, six a side, when the honour of the side was determined in one hour. What anxiety there was amongst aspirants for the six, and how the school played up in matches as the day drew near. Though of course quick running was one of the main incidents, lasting was *the* qualification. A boy, with so few on a side, had to run probably eight miles in the hour, as it was constant charging, and condition was imperative. It was the only sport we trained for, and the training consisted in what was called "charging" three miles round and round the cricket ground, and after resting four minutes, doing it a second time; or on holidays and half-holidays (two a week) to Twyford, a village three miles off, and back. The charging meant a swinging jog trot, not with an eye to speed, but improvement of the wind and muscles. It was done in ordinary clothes, and the six miles were to be covered in the hour. This was in addition to daily football. And when

¹ If masters were to prophesy the future of boys when they leave, they would not be right once in five times.

the day arrived and the players stood out, with nothing on but a pair of flannels and a thin cotton jersey, they felt ready to fly. And what mad excitement it was when it once began. One's blood seemed like quicksilver, and the cheers of the spectators were like the roaring of the sea. And when the sound of "only five minutes more" fell on the ear, and the final effort was made for striving for or keeping a victory, as the case might be, all the pent up energies of both sides seemed to burst out at once, and when the hour struck and it was over, the whole thing seemed like a dream, just as if one had been in another world and done something about which he could not remember. I wish the Association would try six a side, assimilating the game to that of the past, by keeping the ball *within* the ropes instead of "head kicks out," they would not last more than an hour, adopting the old tactics of stopping the ball with the hands, and *instantly* putting it down in front of them, risking a charge from one of the other side, as the ball might *not* be dodged on either side but put straight down when stopped. I say nothing against any modern game, but I will venture to say that our game of the past was quicker, as there was not all the resting for throws in. And again, how those old cricket matches come back to memory. What a dream it is now to think of the calm summer evenings, when a party of the cricketers would have a table out in the quadrangle, under one of the chapel buttresses, and drank their coffee, second to none in England, prepared by the fags, listening to the band of the garrison on the Barrack Hill half-a-mile off, and discussing to-morrow's match against the regiment quartered there. We knew the play of all their eleven, as they came and practised with us when they pleased, and some of our eleven knew their bowling, as one of the officers was the Eton bowler at Lord's the year before. How we talked over and planned the match, and discussed the bowling and placing of the field, and how we should have gone all talking it over till midnight, had not the second master's window been thrown up by that good natural athletic (the present bishop of St. Andrew's), and a cheery voice out of the darkness—"Now you boys, you are all out after hours; go into your chambers and go to bed. Good night!" "Good night, sir." (*Exeunt omnes.*)

No doubt he was as anxious about to-morrow as we were, for had he not trained us all? And so was old Warden Barter, his brother athlete, one of the best ever known in his day, and as anxious for the honour of his boys as if they were his sons. I can see him now with his noble presence, six-feet-two high, with large powerful shoulders, and a grand face beaming with benevolence. He will be at the match to-morrow with all the pretty girls in the town, for he is an old bachelor, and privileged, and he will tell them that "his dear boys never gave him a moment's trouble" (what a thumper!) Do you observe that *currenti calamo*? I have said the Warden *will* be there to-morrow. Upon my word, I was drink-

ing that coffee again in imagination, and it seemed reality. Well, I should like to play that match over again.

As to the old matches at Lord's, between Winchester, Harrow, and Eton, which then were, it is heart-breaking to bring back memories of a sport which was cruelly stopped by school authorities who knew *nothing* about them, except from hearsay, eight-and-twenty years ago. Those who like it can go to the over-grown picnic at Lord's in the summer, and they can believe as much as they please of the theory of the authorities, that inter-school matches, such as those between Eton and Winchester, and Harrow and Eton, *in the school term*, tend less to idleness than a match between the schools in the holidays without vulgar excitement and display. *Dixi.*

Again come back sunny memories of the delights of the down-country, near the old school. How fondly, on my way to Southampton, I look on old St. Katherine's Hill, and the water meadows, and the trout streams, and the old double hedgerows, sacred to birds of all kinds, and a humble rabbit or two, or even a partridge, though much harassed by boys. I can re-people these scenes with many puppets which have passed away. Frank Buckland, with his trousers tucked up, in the bye-washes, poking about for crayfish or "tom culls," or hunting for stoats or hedgehogs in the hedgerows, or cracking great chalk-stones, with an eye to fossils, and sending his notes to his father about what he finds. I see the spot where the ginger-beer man, who privately supplied little boys with spirits, was thrown in by a lot of big prefects, and his basket after him, in the middle of November, for which the College paid forty pounds at the sessions for the assault, Warden Barter sitting in the Sessions Court during the trial of the boys, delighted with the evidence of the "lynching" in so good a cause. I see the spot in the Three Cross-roads, at Twyford, where our boy champion (as recorded very accurately in Adams' *Wykehamica*) fought Jupe, the town bully, and licked him in five rounds. I can see myself again, as a little boy, holding our champion's clothes, and I shiver almost as I call to mind my anxiety about his licking his man. It was no small thing for a boy of eighteen to lick the cock of the town, who was four-and-twenty, but he did it, though not without much punishment to himself. To make the victory perfect, the quarrel was forced on us. And how it seems to cool one to think of the bathing place—Waterman's Hut, where six lashers emptied themselves into a pool, which boiled like soda-water. That was the kind of place to forget all the troubles of the day; and, after the evening bathe, how fresh one felt, and how ready to tackle the next morning's work for an hour or two before going to bed, and what appeared before to be the stone of Sisyphus turned out to be quite easy going.

I fear that the mirror of the past reflects a boy most remarkably like what I was, poaching in these noble trout streams, and seldom

returning without a good basket of trout. How charmingly still the trout would lie on a hot summer morning, half asleep, in mid-water under one of the lashers; how happy he was when the wire "tickled him under the chin," he liked it more when it came under his neck, but, my wigs! what a "tantarum" he made of it when he found it tight round his body, and how he kicked and plunged and rampaged when a resolute boy held him tight and towed him alongside and put him into the basket. How one murder led to another, and sometimes four or five big trout came to hand, and after a little guilty feeling, how conscience recovered its balance when the trout came up broiled within an hour of being in the water, and devoured with bread and butter and some good tea, no sauce, simply a little pepper and salt. And don't let us forget when a boy was hit hard by some really domestic affliction, how, in that rough-and-ready world, all his schoolfellows sympathized with him and let him have his bogey grief quietly alone, and how after a few days they quietly drew him away from his great sorrow, and tried to make life lighter and more cheerful.

In olden times boys were shut up in a little world of their own for half a year at a time, their sports were unrecorded, and were not, as now, heralded before the world—a very questionable advantage of modern days—but were absolutely ephemeral, and did not tread on each other's heels by a settled programme, as now.

The cricket scores were probably the only existing records of past amusements. They were like the deeds of the red Indian warriors, who have passed to their happy hunting grounds, which were not written in books but were ever remembered by the watch-fires on the prairies. It seems to me that the great advantage of sports was their being made off-hand and played off-hand, enjoyed, and forgotten. Nothing was lost by anticipation weeks before. Many of these boyhood pleasures turned up unexpectedly. The second master, who was one in a thousand, would send down word that he would take all the skaters out to some good ice; or in summer would send for the captain and ask him to get up a single wicket match against some friends who were staying with him, and would have the players to his house to supper, and put them quite at their ease, and talk cricket and nothing else. Any peccadilloes of the past were forgotten, and he drew boys to him heart and soul by these little kindnesses, and boys worshipped the very ground he trod on. It is very pleasant to remember these things after so many years, and to remember them with so much affection; and how boys reaped as they sowed, where the actual battle of life was going on. The juniors, during some of the very important examinations of the upper school, would cluster together and discuss with intense earnestness the fate of A, B, or C, who were kind fellows, and whose performances were shaky, and spoke with utter indifference of the fate of D, or E, or F, who were decidedly unpopular. What rejoicings there were when their favourites

came off all right, and how the fags would work to get their mess ready out of real good will, and how honestly they would tender their congratulations. In that little world some of the real life friendships were made—only last autumn I paid two visits to old schoolfellows in the West of England, and at the home of each the wife interposed once or twice, in despair, with “Do give up talking shop for a little while.” I believe that sunny memories of the past are the one panacea for the ills of the present. The modern school are very angry at our cherishing old traditions, and say we must forget the past and move on; but the world will *not* do it. It is the fashion to say that it is a Cockney idea to go over the Field of Waterloo now. I don’t think I am much of a Cockney, but I never go to Brussels without doing my pilgrimage, and every time it becomes more interesting. I like to moon about Hougoumont and think that there seven thousand heroes of different nations, French and English, fell in one day and were buried, friend and foe; one section of them following an usurper, in whom his soldiers implicitly believed, and the other section fighting for the freedom of Europe. These old memories keep up the national spirit, and in spite of the sneers of the powers that be, who can’t bear being hard hit, and talk of the “Jingoes,” that Jingo song as much belongs to history now as “Lillebuleoo” did in the days of my uncle Toby.

Readers must remember how Jennie Deans appeared before the Duke of Argyll in her high-laced plaid, because, as she said, she thought “he would warm to the tartan.” And just so in all generations of those who, and whose fathers probably learnt in the same old school-room and knelt in the same chapel, there exists the *pietas* and *prisca fides* which never turn a deaf ear to the claim of kinship. There is no necessity to give help, but it is a point of honour to enquire into any application for aid. Twice I have had to ask for it, and I am too pleased to record the results. Thirty years ago, when a young man, circumstances occurred which made it imperative for me to get the best opinion in England on a matter relating to my own welfare, as I had to ask at once, and I applied to the clerk of the leader of the Equity Bar for a consultation, and found that he was full early and late for a week. I marked a heavy fee on the papers, and wrote a private note to the leader, who was a perfect stranger to me. I simply claimed the kinship of the old school, and told him that my fortune was at stake almost. In a short time a messenger came from Lincoln’s Inn with a very kind letter, saying he would read the papers in court and give me an hour in the evening. He gave me a long hour, and begged me not to hurry, and told me that he would gladly hold the brief if I wished, and I might call for the papers the next morning, and I should find his opinion. I went for the papers, and congratulated myself in having so well invested a little ready money in a somewhat heavy fee, and to my

real distress I found the cheque returned. I was sorry for it, as though the money was of small moment to him, I felt he had done too much ; but his clerk said, "You may depend upon it, sir, the being asked in the name of old brotherhood gave him more pleasure than all the money in England." Not very long afterwards he was Solicitor-General, and gradually went to the wool-sack. The other circumstance occurred last year, and I will mention the name now. The late Lord Hatherley, who was a trustee of the Charter House, was very feeble, and had retired wholly from public life. There was an election for installing a poor brother, which required the attendance of five trustees. Four only could be found in London, and a fifth promised to come, subject to his presence being required at a private meeting of the party—he was a duke, and a member of the former Government, so there was a doubt, and had the election fallen through, the nomination would have lapsed. I did the same with Lord Hatherley as with the Equity leader, and sent the testimonials, and only requested the recipient would read the letter, as it came from one of the old school, and I pledged myself that it was urgent. I told him the circumstances, and that if the election fell through, an old gentleman of seventy-five, whose case was overwhelming as regards merit, would be thrown on the world, and I begged him not to answer the letter, but requested leave, in the event of four only being present on the day, to call and ask if he was well enough to get into a carriage and drive to the Charter House Lodge, and the trustees would elect. He did not answer the letter, and on the day of election I went down in fear and trembling, and found that the dear old boy had arrived first, and I believe this was the very last act in public life that Lord Hatherley, of admirable memory, did. So you see both of those whose aid I asked, "warmed to the tartan." I believe that old brother of the Charter House will be my ruin, as I proposed winning some of his annual income at cribbage at a penny a game, and I have been at him numberless times, and am *now seven pence* out of pocket in twelve months, and I believe the old boy, who never forgets "heels" or "nob," will make it up a shilling before Christmas. And how in after life in the family party at the annual dinner in London, the old swells would unbend. On one state occasion we had a Lord Chancellor (Hatherley) in the chair, and four Ministers of the Crown present, at the time when one of them, usually called Bob Lowe, had driven London frantic about the income tax in some way, so that five payments were made in the first year. The Minister for War, in returning thanks for the Government, which went somewhat against the grain in a very Conservative party, brought the House down by remarking that it probably struck us with surprise, as it did him, that a Wykehamist was Chancellor of the Exchequer, as the school was notorious for good classics and wretched arithmetic, but his old schoolfellow,

Bob Lowe, had invented a new style, and had proved "that there were five quarters in one year." And yet one more equally funny anecdote on another occasion at the annual dinner, when one distinguished member of the body, an Equity judge (Giffard), paid a well-deserved compliment to one of his brethren, who was present, for speaking against the Irish Church Bill when Attorney-General of the Government, and thereby putting it out of his power to accept the Chancellorship, which was within his grasp. Some youthful scion of the old school, who was at the bottom of the table, in the hilariousness of his heart, "disturbed the 'armony of the hevening," as the late Chief Baron Nicholson would remark, by singing out, "Why didn't he *vote* against it too?" The youngster had hit the blot which every one had purposely passed over amidst much merriment, which was by no means decreased when Lord Hatherley, who was in the chair, remarked, with a good-humoured smile, "Never mind, I am only keeping the woolsack warm for him."

Did I not say that the discipline, and the daily life, and the prestige of the old school, and its traditions and kinship, are of as much value as the learning under the old *régime*? Upon my word, I believe it myself. The kinship has gone on for four centuries, and the longer I live the more I experience it. In business, in pleasure, in health, and in sickness, during a sojourn of forty years in this little village of London, I have found the old sparks alight, and no matter when or where, amongst perfect strangers of past or preceding generations to my own, when two of the brotherhood meet, the fire blazes up. *Tempora mutantur*. Old things have become new, radical changes have been made, founders' wills have been ignored, and strangers have entered into the sacred precincts, and fancy they can do things better than of yore. One thing is certain, which is, that education has "riz," and the new move is a capital thing for University tutors who want to start houses for those who can afford to pay, utterly regardless of the intention of the founder, who founded his college *pro casilate Dei* for *pauperes et indigentes*. But whether more brilliant scholars or greater statesmen than those of the past will arise from the ashes of the old foundation is a secret which is shut up in the womb of time. It will last my time, as George IV. used to say, and one comfort is that there are plenty of companions of the old school to finish the journey with me.

The present day swarms with great experiments—Zululand, India, and Ireland, to wit—and possibly some odd day the sovereign people will claim the funds of all endowed schools, and, what is more, they will *get* them, if they ask loud enough, and they are not very bashful now, and get more and more of what they ask every day, for, alas! votes are votes, and power and place are power and place, and ministers are mortal.

I hope readers do not think that I am undervaluing educa-

tion in any way, as no one believes more thoroughly than I do that hard grinding in dead languages, and getting at the foundation, and being made to understand the value of words and grammar, and putting words together, is the best key to the English language; but I do believe that at maturer years—say sixteen—many boys are “full,” and have no mind to go further, and their thoughts are on a different tack altogether; and there is a something in them that wants bringing out, and more than often the world has brought that something out, after masters have failed to do so, and, if it could be ascertained, I will venture to say that there have been as successful parsons, merchants, lawyers, bankers, &c., who did not go beyond the upper fifth, say, of a big school, as there have been amongst those who went in for honours. I know how we can point to brilliant scholars who have made exemplary bishops, judges, and filled the highest offices, and, generally speaking, they have been good athletes too, and gifted with sound common sense. But we never hear from the dons of the failures amongst the heroes of the honour lists, and of those who have been fine scholars, and who wanted that article, sound common sense, and a knowledge of character. There are such things in this world as priggishness and overwhelming conceit, and scholars are not by any means exempt from those failings any more than other people, and those who have them generally end in practical failure, if not a breakdown. They become like some thoroughbreds, who win one Derby and are fit for nothing afterwards. They often wish to prove themselves cleverer than the tribunal before whom they appear, forgetting that the tribunal has a will of its own, and wants handling judiciously; and I have seen many a good case lost by a conceited and clever man propounding theories which weary his audience. And some of these brilliant scholars are the very class who often make bad masters, and won't put themselves in a boy's place, and can't conceive how cruel it is to doubt a boy who is speaking the truth, or to drive things into him when he is mentally weary. I am not speaking from theory, but from knowledge of the world and experience.

But it don't much matter; with all its faults this is not half a bad world, but, mind you, not *half* so jolly as the little world of my boyhood.

(To be continued.)

A VERY OLD ACTRESS.

FRANCES MARIA KELLY.

THAT genial, boy-like, "middle-sized man in pantaloons," who died in 1834, in one of his "last essays of Elia" describes how "Barbara S—," in the year 1743 or 4 (Elia pretended to forget which), just as the clock struck one, ascended with her accustomed punctuality the long rambling staircase, with awkward interposed landing-places, which led to the office, or rather a sort of box with a desk in it, wherein sat the then treasurer of (what few of his readers even then remembered) the Old Bath Theatre, "for," said he, "all over the island it was the custom, and remains so I believe to this day, for the players to receive their weekly stipend on the Saturday. This little maid had just entered her eleventh year; but her important station at the theatre, as it seemed to her, with the benefits which she felt to accrue from her pious application of her small earnings had given an air of womanhood to her steps, and to her behaviour. You would have taken her to be at least five years older. Till latterly she had merely been employed in choruses, or where children were wanted to full up the scene. But the manager, observing a diligence and adroitness in her above her age, had for some few months past entrusted to her the performance of whole parts. You may guess the self-consequence of the promoted Barbara. She had already drawn tears in young Arthur, had rallied Richard with infantine petulance in the Duke of York; and in her turn had rebuked that petulance when she was Prince of Wales."

Charles Lamb at first asserted that the touching little story of Barbara S—, was that of Miss Street, afterwards celebrated as an actress whose genius almost equalled that of Mrs. Siddons; but he afterwards confessed that it was based upon an incident in the life of Miss Frances Maria Kelly, who at the beginning of last December was still alive, and residing at Feltham, retaining her faculties to the last, and delighting still in talking of the generations of histrionic and literary celebrities with whom she had been on intimate and familiar terms, not least in her affectionate remembrances being her once dear friend, Charles Lamb.

It is about two months since, through the mediation of Mr. Charles Kent, whose centenary edition of Lamb's works is in such high favour, a small government grant was awarded to Miss Kelly, who did not, however, live to receive it. She died about a fortnight

after, not long after she had received a visit from Mr. Irving and Mr. Toole.

But I fancy I hear the astounded reader exclaim "Eleven years old in 1743-4, and alive in December, 1882? Impossible!"

Exactly so, quite impossible. It is evident to those who have taken the trouble to consult the necessary records that this is only another of those ingenious blendings of facts with fancies of which Lamb was so fond. Some of his statements belonged to Miss Street, whom successive marriages changed to Mrs. Dancer, Mrs. Barry, and Mrs. Crawford; others are parts of the biography of Miss Kelly, whose name was always the same. But let me turn to facts.

On the 14th of January, in the year eighteen hundred, about one year after Garrick's death, the late Frances Maria Kelly made her first appearance on the boards of old Drury Lane. It was a year of great public excitement, when this country was throbbing in the feverish hopes and fears of a great war; when the press-gang was the night-mare horror, haunting thousands of happy homes, and the fifes and drums of the recruiting sergeants awakened the village echoes, as the tramp of soldiers and the rumble of departing artillery did those of the great sea-ports. There was much sensational talk at the time about Dr. Jenner and cow-pox vaccination; and the names of Nelson and the little great Corsican general, Napoleon, were on every tongue.

Amongst the eminent players then on the boards were Miss Pope, "with her precise bit of a voice and genuine humour;" Mrs. Mattocks, "who had a never-failing recipe of a sudden flash of laughter starting out of an acrid face;" the beautiful, kindly-hearted Mrs. Powell, "with her honied tones;" Miss Murray, afterwards Mrs. Henry Siddons, "with her sweet voice and eyes, the latter a little too rolling;" Mrs. Jordan, delightful Mrs. Jordan, "whose very voice drove away care from every heart but her own;" and Mrs. Siddons, "the mighty mother of the pall and sceptre;" Madame Storace, "loud, free and clever, with a reedy voice;" Mrs. Crouch, "once lovely, then, says Leigh Hunt, "going the way of all forsaken princes' mistresses;" the lady who was to become Mrs. Charles Kemble, Miss De Camp, "a delightful, dark-haired, dark-eyed girl, whose every motion was music;" Mrs. Billington, "looking like a handsome apoplexy, and straining her throat until you thought she would have one;" Mrs. Mellon, "a handsome girl, with a short knowing manner," who afterwards married Mr. Coutts, a famous banker, and, at his death, became Duchess of St. Albans; together with many another old world celebrity, long ago forgotten.

Then reigned, lord of Drury Lane, John Kemble, the animated statue of an ancient Roman, full of the cares and perplexities of successful management under unusual difficulties, and Elliston, "the best lover on the stage, both in tragedy and comedy;" and Fawcett, whose mannerisms of voice and action, were as comical

as the real acting of more clever comedians; and honest Jack Bannister, whose *Job Thornberry* Leigh Hunt pronounced "as superior to Fawcett's as a brazier is to his brass;"* with Pope, "who was always lifting up his arms, like St. Paul preaching at Athens;" and Powell, "the last of the declamatory white handkerchief mourners of an older school;" and Munden, "who masticated his grins till they were irresistible;" "the English ballad singer," as Incledon delighted in calling himself; and Emery, "startling in rustic tragedy;" and Irish Johnstone, "of a most lack-a-daisical potency;" and Cooke, who "took almost all the ideal out of tragedy, but put some good stuff into it;" and Blanchard, "a most petulant and palsied singer," and Robert Palmer, "a dogged kind of natural actor;" with Henry Siddons, "who had the huskiness of his uncle and the melancholy mouth of his mother;" and many more, not forgetting the father of our own more recently departed veteran, Charles Mathews.

"What troubles did all these people have! What pleasures too! And how much pleasure did they give!" wrote Leigh Hunt, in his penny daily paper of more than half a century ago, *The Tatler*.

But these were all silenced, for ever, so long ago that two or three generations of players and playgoers have since had their various entrances and their final exits.

Mrs. Glover, "expressive of face, noble of figure, rich and powerful of voice;" Miss Maria Foote, whom portly Horace Smith called, with such sad regret, "a beautiful vision," when departing the stage she became Countess of Harrington (and of whom a good old playgoer told me he was strongly reminded by a new girl genius who played and sang most charmingly the other night at Ladbroke Hall; Miss Inez Bassanta); and Mrs. Waylette, whose sweet voice still sweetly echoes in the memories of our fathers and mothers; and Helen Fancet, now Mrs. Theodore Martin, still, happily, living, of whose appearance De Quincy spoke so rapturously as "an unveiling of the ideal statuesque;" Miss Ellen Tree, afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean; her greater sister, Maria; and Miss Vincent, the heroine of melo-drama; with the wife of Armand, son of "the God of Dancing;" Madame Vestris, afterwards Mrs. Charles Mathews; and Sally Booth (whom a printer's error in the first edition of Cassell's *London* converts into Sarah Brooke); and Fanny Kemble, afterwards Mrs. Butler, an actress worthy of her lineage; and poet-inspiring Mrs. Humby; and Miss Taylor, afterwards Mrs. Walter Lacy; together with Edmund Kean, Cook, Wallack, Cooper, Dibdin Pitt, T. P. Cooke—then a clown in pantomime; Booth, father of President Lincoln's assassin; and Ben Webster, first known as pantomimist, fiddler, and low comedian (whose abandoned house, opposite

* Bannister being asked what he thought of Fawcett in this character, replied that he had the very face of a brazier.

Kennington Church, looks as forlorn and desolate as if it mourned its long-time master); Tyrone Power and Vandenhoff. Then following, Macready, Phelps, Wright, Osbaldeston, G. V. Brooke, Marston, Hudson Kirby, Charles Kean, Robson, Fechter, Keeley, Wigan, Charles Dillon, Mrs. Warner, Miss Cushman, Madame Celeste, Rosina Wright, Adelaide Kemble, and a long line of histrionic kings and queens, who came, saw, conquered and departed from the boards long after the triumphant first appearance of Francis Maria Kelly, as *Prince Arthur* on the boards of Drury Lane.

As "Little Fanny" (so she was then and long afterwards called) was born at Brighton, in December, 1790, she was then a mere child; but, strictly speaking, even that was not her first appearance, for she had figured on the same stage two years before (January 16th, 1798), in Colman's spectacular and musical play "Blue Beard," when another little child, named Carey, afterwards famous as Edmund Kean, also appeared for the first time. Both were part of a grand procession in it, and, says the composer of its music, little Fanny's uncle and master, Michael Kelly, "It may be worth noticing that the *Blue Beard* who rode the elephant in perspective over the mountains was little Edmund Kean."

"Blue Beard" was a grand success, and its popularity had a very long reign indeed, dying away on the toy-stages of my boyhood, when "Skelt's scenes and characters," coloured and tinselled after the original, were in immense request for its frequent production. Johnson, the famous Drury "property man," achieved no little fame by his skilful production of the paste-board horses and elephants, one large, and two smaller for perspective effect. Sheridan had suggested hiring a real elephant from the show at Exeter 'Change, in the Strand, but Johnson repudiated the idea with a lofty scorn; "If I can't make a better elephant than that at Exeter 'Change," said he, "you may hang me."

To return to the year 1800, the 14th of January, and little Fanny's performance of *Prince Arthur*, in Shakespeare's "King John." It was a great triumph, and her uncle Kelly and Mrs. Crouch, who had both trained her privately for the part, were highly gratified with the reception she received. Kemble, who had taken great pains with her at rehearsals, expressed himself very warmly in her favour, and Sheridan stated that he was at the fashionable club, Brooke's, when Charles Fox and Lord Robert Spencer came in after the performance, and that the former, after speaking of John Kemble, as the *King*, and Mrs. Siddons, as *Constance*, said, "But there was a little girl who played *Prince Arthur*, with whom I was greatly struck, her speaking was so natural;" and he added, said Sheridan, "Take my word for it, that girl will be at the head of her profession!"

Kelly, who despaired of ever making her a musician or a singer, took these words to heart, and although she remained a member

of the chorus, little Fanny's training took a new form from that night.

Sheridan himself saw her in her boy part on the next night, and eulogistically endorsed the great statesman's praise, telling Kelly that he wished her to read to him the part of *Monimia*, in "The Orphans;" he was convinced that she would act it admirably.

She played other small parts after this and sang in the chorus, and when not so engaged was a constant student of her art from the front of the house, where her most enthusiastic admiration was always awakened by the performances, of Mrs. Jordan, to whom she afterwards said, as she said but a few weeks since she owed her earliest and most ambitious histrionic inspiration. She played both of the princes in "Richard III.," with John Kemble; she witnessed the London *début* of Henry Siddons, the great actress's eldest son, in a new play which was damned on the first night; she saw Mrs. Billington fall upon the stage in a fit, while playing *Madame*, in "Artaxerxes." She witnessed Braham's first appearance at Drury Lane, in 1801, and was probably in the theatre when an attempt was made to shoot the King by a man in the pit; as she was when bottles and glasses, apples and oranges were thrown from the gallery at the actors on the stage in a mere freak of brutality, which ended in a terrific riot, the plunging of the theatre into darkness, and finally the appearance of soldiers with fixed bayonets to clear the house. She witnessed Kemble's magnificent revival of Shakespeare's "Winter Tale," and Mrs. Siddons's wonderful acting in it, which created an extraordinary sensation and nightly drew huge crowds. She saw Thomas King, Garrick's dear old friend, an actor who had the reputation of speaking prologues and epilogues better than any other of his time, make his final bow on the stage, from which he was led by Charles Kemble and Mrs. Jordan. He had been on the boards four-and-fifty years! The company presented him with a silver cup, on which was inscribed from Shakespeare's "Henry V." these lines—

"If he be not fellow with the best King,
Thou shalt find him the best *King* of good fellows."

You will remember how cheerily and fondly Charles Lamb wrote of this old actor.

In 1807, acting upon her uncle's advice, Miss Kelly went to the newly-built Glasgow theatre, to gain that provincial experience which was considered essential to the perfect training of a professional player. Mrs. Siddons soon missed her, and on enquiring where the promising girl was who performed with her in "King John," was told, and remarked, "Well, I shall be glad to see her return to London, where she ought to be, for if she continue to improve, I am much mistaken if she do not become at some time a very conspicuous ornament to her profession." Theatricals were

then in no very flourishing condition in Glasgow. John Kemble often played on its boards to audiences whose payments did not average ten pounds per night, and the manager, Jackson, endured no little opposition and downright persecution from the clergy while he was erecting the mean little circular theatre in which little Miss Kelly (she was still but a child), with no little timidity and dread, first faced a Scotch audience. The former theatre had been openly burnt down by religious fanatics once, and was believed to have been secretly set fire to by them on a second occasion. Before she left Glasgow Miss Kelly had grown greatly popular.

In the summer of 1808, when Miss Storace and Miss Pope quitted the stage, Coleman had the Haymarket Theatre, then known as "The Little Theatre in the Haymarket," and Fawcett, Palmer, Liston, Charles Mathews * (the elder), his wife (formerly a Miss Jackson and the daughter of Mark Kelly's first wife), Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Davenport, Charles Kemble, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. St. Ledger, and Mrs. Bellamy were members of his company. Miss Kelly, on the recommendation of Mathews, was also engaged to supply the place of her half-sister, Mrs. Charles Mathews, at the close of the season, but did not appear until June, 1809, when she played *Fanny*, in "Killing No Murder," a farce by Hook, which he had to alter very considerably in deference to the methodistical prejudices and fanaticism of the licenser of plays, Mr. Larpent, who denounced it as "a most indecent and shameful attack" upon the religious body, of which he was a prominent member.† At the Haymarket, Miss Kelly attracted no special attention.

When Mr. Arnold opened the English Opera House for the burnt-out Drury Lane company, Miss Kelly joined it, and went with it afterwards to the Lyceum, there playing with Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Oakley, Miss Sterling, Mrs. Edwin, Charles Mathews, Knight, Oxberry, Wewitzer, De Camp, Braham, Mrs. Maddocks, Mrs. Mountain, and Miss Tidswell, in a long series of new pieces, many of which were operatic. In those days the same piece was not often played on more than two consecutive nights, and a change in the bill was made every day. Her first real hit was made in Sir James Bland Burgess's "Tricks upon Travellers," in which she played *Beatrice*, a poor part, stupidly written, to which she gave wonderful prominence, by the mere force of her acting and singing. This was in 1810, the year in which Sir Francis Burdett was committed to the Tower by the House of Commons, for presuming to dispute its authority to imprison a Member of Parliament; that in which six hundred desperate French prisoners of war escaped from the ship in which they were confined in the Bay of Cadiz;

* He had made his first London appearance at this house six years before.

† This same gentleman refused to license Kemble's "*Gustavus Vasa*," on the ground that he could not spare time to read it.

and that in which a terribly alarming number of bankruptcies created such immense excitement and panic throughout the entire commercial world.

From this year forward Miss Kelly's star was in the ascendent. In the old melo-drama, "Yes or No," in "False Alarms," and in many another famous long-since-forgotten play, she awakened enthusiasm in both press and public, and was lauded to the very echo that did applaud again.

It was to this time that her love episode with Thomas Phillips, the famous Dublin vocalist, belongs. Only Miss Kelly herself could have told why a courtship, which began in ardour, was prosecuted with vigour on the one side and received with tenderness on the other, was suddenly and unaccountably broken off as if by mutual consent. Comments were made freely enough at the time (seventy or more years ago!), but they were evidently from those who guessed a great deal more than they knew. Miss Kelly remained Miss Kelly, and resolutely set her face against lovers, of which she had no lack in those far-away days of her youthful charms and popularity. Phillips was very talented both as actor and singer. He made his *début* in Dublin in 1800. He was a tall, handsome young fellow, with a military bearing, was fond of riding a tall charger-like horse, and affected a kind of military undress when riding in and about Dublin. He first appeared in London, at the Lyceum, in 1809, and there first saw and soon after fell in love with the heroine of my gossiping histrionic biography.

In 1811, Oxberry, in his memoir of Miss Kelly, says, Moore, the poet, seeing her performance in "M.P.; or The Blue Stocking," spoke of her with fervid praise. She was then playing at Drury Lane. Her acting had been noted by the critics for an absence of rant and staginess, for the powerful expression of passion and deep pathos, by means so apparently real, that they won for her "deservedly," says her fellow player, Oxberry, "the appellation of 'The Child of Nature.'"

In 1816, while playing *Nanny*, in "Modern Antiques," at Drury Lane Theatre, a stranger, named George Barnett, who had pestered her with a couple of silly poetical love epistles, without receiving the slightest recognition and encouragement, stood up in the pit and fired a pistol at her, "with intent to kill and murder her." Little Knight, as he was called, was playing *Joey* with her, and in the character of her lover, had just taken her into his arms, when the shot was fired.

Here is an extract from the madman's first eccentric letter:—

"Years ago I was your admirer, but always met with disappointment. Coquetry indulge you, though often obtained at the expense of others.

"Without vanity to myself, I think my good intentions towards you have been more trifled with than any of my contemporaries,

Miss Kelly has shown already a versatility that no other women in our memory ever did, but she has powers yet unawakened. . . . The drawbacks on her performance are, want of *great* physical power (for her voice is not particularly weak) and the general flatness of her features, that ill accord with the preconceived notions of heroines." He afterwards wrote—"She is dramatically faultless;" and, denouncing the rising demand for spectacle and opera, with women put upon the stage rather for their beauty than their talent, added, "all Mr. Farley and Mr. Elliston can produce cannot make our minds wander from the contemplation of the mental powers of an actress like Miss Kelly. We admit the fascination of music, the effect of gorgeous scenery, and we have been, perhaps, too sensible of the enchantments of beauty; but these are not the only feelings we should have in connection with the theatre; such sensations accord with the character of the box-lobby lounge, but are disgraceful to the lover of Shakespeare and the drama."*

Miss Kelly's face in early womanhood was a very pleasant one although not actually handsome, but her figure was beautiful in its proportion and symmetry, as well she knew, being fond of displaying its perfections in male attire. Her forehead was low, but her smile to the last retained its old gentleness and sweetness.

For many years Miss Kelly's appearances were made almost exclusively at "Drury," where Kean was also playing. There one by one she began to miss the dear old friends of her childhood and youth. In 1814 kindly John Bannister, Garrick's pupil, bade the boards farewell, just after old Richard Wroughton had done the same, and about that time Miss Mellon made her last appearance, as did also Mrs. Johnson, who played *Ophelia* at the Haymarket in 1798. In 1815 Mrs. Powell finally retired from London, and in 1816 John Kemble retired, to die in 1823.

But new-comers were not wanting to take their places, and prominent amongst those who did so were Miss Foote and Miss O'Neil. Macready and Miss Stephens (afterwards Countess of Essex), Miss Somerville (Mrs. Bann), Keeley and Booth, whose vain attempt to outshine Edmund Kean drove him in anger and despair out of this country to settle in America.

* I must here note a fact which has caused some confusion among Miss Kelly's biographers, which is that there were the three Miss Kellys in the profession: the heroine of this paper, Miss F. M. Kelly, her sister Lydia, and an actress who afterwards attained the very summit of her ambition, and became the acknowledged legitimate successor of Miss O'Neil, viz., Miss F. H. Kelly, also the only daughter of an Irish military officer (born in 1805), and still living.

* Oxberry was born in 1784 and began his professional career with the father of Douglas Jerrold, of whose company Edmund Kean was then a member. Oxberry was the low comedian, vocalist and bill printer, and Kean was even more versatile. Oxberry played at Covent Garden with the Kembles and Mrs. Siddons in 1807, left the stage with Munden.

Miss Kelly's last appearance on the boards of Old Drury was made in June 1835, she being then no longer young and having acquired enough to live upon in comfort, and, as she conceived, for the remainder of her life.

However, in 1840, she determined to serve the profession which was still so near her heart by founding and taking charge of a school in which actors might be systematically and carefully trained for the stage. For this purpose she purchased an extensive freehold property in Dean street, Soho, adjoining her residence, on which she erected the theatre which so long bore her name. This little theatre was opened on the 25th of May, 1840, with a new piece by Mr. Morris Barnett, called "Summer and Winter," in which she herself played. It was closed after the fifth night a failure, and after a fresh attempt to utilise it in a monologue entertainment, which also failed, she retired into private life, a loser of between seven and eight thousand pounds. Enlarged and improved, the theatre became in 1861 "The Royalty," and under that name has passed through very varied fortunes.

In John Foster's *Life of Charles Dickens*, the poor old lady, who was one of Charles Lamb's most respected friends, of whom, as an actress, Mrs. Siddons, Fox, Sheridan, and John Kemble spoke so warmly, who so long enjoyed the esteem of so many professional friends, who was so faithful and tenderly true to her duty as a daughter, and of whom the best critics of the day, critics who had seen Garrick play, and were familiar with some of the greatest performers in histrionic records, spoke so highly, was ungenerously and rudely held up to ridicule and disparagement in a private letter which ought never to have been printed.

Foster wrote, truly enough, perhaps, "Fanny Kelly, the friend of Charles Lamb, and a genuine successor to the old school of actresses in which the Mrs. Orgers and Miss Popes were bred, was not more delightful on the stage than impracticable when off, and the little theatre in Dean Street, which the Duke of Devonshire's munificence had enabled her to build, and which with any ordinary good sense might handsomely have realized both its uses, as a private school for young actresses and a place of public amusement, was made useless for both by her mere whims and fancies."

There were no lack of failures at the Royalty under other management than Miss Kelly's.

The extract given from the letter Charles Dickens wrote as a private communication to a friend was amusing and harmless, full of his comical exaggerations and whimsical jests, but to publish it while the too sensitive object of its flippant ridicule still lived, a worthy old lady of more than eighty years of age, was cruelty. The latter speaks of her in 1845, when Dickens and other celebrities were rehearsing on the Dean Street boards for an amateur

performance, thus, "Heavens! such a scene as I have had with Miss Kelly this morning!" (the explanation of the said scene being merely this—Miss Kelly was desirous of having the theatre properly cleaned for their reception. This and nothing more!) "By the foot of Pharaoh, it was a great scene! *—especially when she choked and had the glass of water brought. She exaggerates the importance of our occupation, dreads the least prejudice against her establishment in the minds of any of our company, says the place already has quite ruined her, and, *with tears in her eyes*, protests that any jokes at her additional expense in print would drive her mad. By the body of Cæsar, the scene was incredible! It's like a preposterous dream!"

Did the poor old actress's tears touch no heart?—awaken no generous sympathies?

One of the personal friends of Charles Dickens, Leigh Hunt, wrote of Miss Kelly in 1831, "She is perhaps, on the whole, the best actress of the day on the English stage; no actress so often makes us forget her art, by exact and seemingly unconscious touches of nature; and she can excite smiles and laughter, by her quaintness and natural simplicity, with as much ease as she can thrill our nerves by her representation of terror, or painfully move our sympathy as a wife, a daughter, or a sister, performing some heroic action, prompted by the strength of the domestic affections. The powers of this gifted actress were, last season, too much devoted to scenes of distress, painfully true and literal she indeed made them; but representations of nature under extreme excitements, when too often repeated, vitiate the taste, and make the ordinary tenour of existence, even when extremely well acted, appear inspid."

But I must put aside the pen. I wonder how many knew that we had amongst us an actress so famous and so old before the generous exertions of Mr. Charles Kent brought Miss F. M. Kelly once more before the public in that newspaper paragraph which informed us, only a few weeks ago, that in her 93rd year she had received a grant from the State of one hundred and fifty pounds. And I wonder, again, if those who now ennoble the boards by their talents, or make much money on it by their—whatever it may be, did not take a fresh and living interest in this old spinster lady and determine to reverently look after her, and feel the deeper sympathy for her because of that wonderful age which had carried her so far away from all her dear old companions, friends, and admirers, and left her solitary and isolated, old, poor, and helpless, a mere waif and stray of the forgotten and uncared for past.

A. H. WALL.

* These extravagant exclamations were intended *à la Bobadil*, the play being Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour."

A REMINISCENCE OF CHARLES DILLON.

THE career of most successful men in the theatrical world, in the early part, at least, has generally been chequered. Charles Dillon's was no exception to the rule, for, like many actors that have scrolled their names on the plinth of fame, his was for a long time all cloud and no sunshine. The early efforts of the present race of histrions were made under more favourable surroundings than those of the past age. Charles Dillon, who was born about the year 1820, and who first commenced his theatrical career about ten years later in the "Mistletoe Bough," may be said to have belonged to the past generation. His earlier experiences were gained in "those good old times" when journeys were long, tedious and expensive, and the rate of postage so serious a consideration, that being out of an engagement was no pleasant prospect. In those days provincial circuits were far apart, and it was a not unusual sight when an actor was out of funds and unable to afford the heavy fare charged by the coaches, to see him and his family stowed away amidst straw and luggage in one of the huge unwieldy waggons of the time, lumbering along the broken and rutted road at the high pressure speed of three or four miles an hour. But there were periods when even that luxury could not be indulged in, and when walking was the only resource left—lame legs and sore feet being the result. More than one tragedian of my acquaintance has been known, under cover of night, to limp into some sleepy little town with his small amount of properties in his carpet bag—minus almost everything else except ambition. These experiences, which seemed hard and cruel at the time, have served, when success arrived at last, to make laughter for many a sociable hour, when in the twilight, round the domestic hearth, old friends have assembled, and the welcome words, "I remember" or "That reminds me of," &c., &c., has been the commencement of a series of anecdotes of the early hardships that each had in his turn gone through. I have often heard Charles Dillon describe how, when a young man, he had to make one of those foot journeys. He had accepted an engagement to play *lead* in a small country town, and such was the pauperised state of his purse that he had no alternative but to walk, and so he set out at once. The weather was not inviting nor his apparel over warm for the season of the year, but he was young, enthusiastic, and, as he was about to play *lead* for the first time, the poverty of the present was lost

in the glory of the future ! On his way he had to pass through Stratford-on-Avon, and there he determined to pause for refreshment and, like a histrionic pilgrim, offer up his devotion at the shrine of Shakespeare. After a trudge of many miles he arrived. His first thought, as he passed a cosy inn with its glowing fire and sanded floor, was to avail himself of the comforts offered in the shape of some bread and cheese and ale, but such was his devotion to the memory of the bard that, tired and hungry as he was, he determined to visit the shrine of Shakespeare first. Arrived at the place and looking at it for the first time in his life, so long and earnestly did he gaze at the house that he was asked by the guide to step inside. He did so, and was shown through the building, and, on leaving, so absorbed was he in reverie, that he dropped a silver coin into the hand of his guide. Then he made for the cosy inn which had attracted his attention on entering the town, but almost on the threshold he suddenly stopped, for he remembered he had given away the only shilling he owned in the world. The picture of bread and cheese, ale and rest vanished in an instant, and there was nothing for it but to resume his journey, with his appetite reproving him for the sacrifice he had made to the idol of his soul. Arrived, completely worn out, at his destination, he obtained lodgings at a quaint little shop, owned by a plump little baker, who was not unlike the plump little loaves exhibited in his own window. The baker was his own master, journeyman, errand-boy and all. He had a round, fat, good-humoured face, from which twinkled a pair of large laughing eyes ; while his wife was a perfect little dot of a woman, with almost the same round, merry face and the same kind of eyes as the husband, only that now and again the merry look softened into a motherly light as she watched, unseen, the young tragedian in the most practical and unpoetic way demolishing a perfect tower of toast and ham and eggs, to say nothing of many a deep refreshing draught of tea !

Young Dillon soon found that the theatre of the place was looked upon by the inhabitants generally as a sort of haunted grange, and that it was left accordingly to rank grass, damp, mould and cobwebs. In the daylight it was shunned, but at night, no superstitious peasant ever avoided ghostly tower more completely than—with a few exceptions—did the people of that far-behind-the-age little market town. This was not a bright prospect for our “tragedians of the City,” still they determined to persevere in the hope of eventually proving successful. I may here remark that in all the world I don’t know a class of people that trust more to to-morrow than actors. However black the cloud may be they can always see in it a silver lining, be the business never so bad, hardship never so great, hope rises before them like a Will-o’-the-Wisp, and blindly will they follow its fascinations through fog and fen, as it were, into deeper misery.

So it was in the present instance for, though the attendance was bad from the first, yet night after night was looked forward to in the delusive hope that matters might suddenly take a turn for the better. Dillon was very sanguine; and both the little baker and his wife helped him to look forward to better times by the cheerful way in which they spoke of the future. At last, however, he began to lose heart. The sum he owed them for board and lodging was beginning to look heavy, yet their manner to him never changed; the same fare was placed before him with the same genial smile from the little landlady, while the baker always greeted him with the same good-humoured grin and comical nod. Had they wavered in the slightest from their general bearing, had they changed even for a moment, he would have been better pleased; but, instead of this, they were always the same, and such unvarying goodness of heart made him feel the helplessness of his position all the more.

At last it seemed as if the prophecies of better business were about to be fulfilled. The manager had, by some peculiar process known only to himself, found a vulnerable point in the mayor's dignified armour, and a bespeak was the result. The Will-o'-the-Wisp was nearer and brighter than ever, and Dillon's spirits—always of the most elastic nature—rose to the occasion, and he shared in the general feeling that the tide had turned. The mayor ordered tickets and authorised the announcement that he with his family would be present, and as audiences in provincial towns—small towns especially—are something like a flock of sheep, the fact of the mayor acting as bell-wether gave some ground for hope that at length the long wished for success was at hand. As the time drew near expectation was at white heat. Dillon had in imagination already paid his bill and, after travelling about the streets eyeing the various shopwindows, had in fancy, to show the fulness and gratitude of heart towards his landlord and landlady, bought them each appropriate presents. But on the arrival of the night in question, lo! the spell was broken, the dreamers were roused from their golden sleep, for, with the exception of the mayor and his party, the house was even worse than usual!—AND THE PLAY CHOSEN FOR THE OCCASION WAS A COMEDY!

That night Dillon, with the rest, left the theatre with his hopes so completely crushed and broken down that he could not face his home. The thought of the cheery aspect of the place and the uncomplaining patience of the kindly couple was too much for him, and so he turned his steps where wailing night winds, sullen black clouds, and spectral trees offered him companionship more suitable to the haggard state of his feelings. With his senses in a sort of stupor, he wandered up and down roads and cross-roads, lanes and by-lanes till, worn out and numbed, the first streak of day found him leaning upon the low parapet of a little rustic bridge which arched the noisy flow of a shallow stream. Yielding to the mesmeric

influence that water always had over him, he watched the eddying current as it leaped along and gave himself completely up to the grim jailor of his thoughts, till at last a fitful and restless sleep seized upon him. This sleep, however, brought no soothing balm to his mind, for as he leaned there with his head bowed on his crossed arms, the vision of his landlord and, worst of all, his landlady, rose before him, demanding with angry violence the payment due to them. The more he pleaded the more they raved and heaped his head with scornful epithets. Then the surroundings suddenly changed, and he was in a deep and lonely cell, dark and gloomy as his own thoughts. Again there were the reproachful faces of his landlord and landlady peering at him from the grating. At length something touched him, when, with a start, he woke, and found himself in the broad daylight with the little baker standing beside him. He had been his morning rounds and unexpectedly come upon his truant lodger. Without a word he twitched Dillon by the sleeve, and both turned away, Dillon walking by the side of his captor with all the air of a culprit concealing as well as he could the gyves upon his wrists! Not a word was uttered by either till, reaching home, the little baker entered the cosy kitchen with its bright hearth and glow of comfort, and, pointing to where his wife sat, her face pale and sad and her eyes wet with tears, said: "Never been to bed all night—never cried so much since we lost our little one; it was cruel to treat us like that, sir, cruel." The little baker, as if poor Dillon had been a refractory child, led him to the warmest corner of the room where the table was laid with his last night's supper. "Never mind," said the little woman, with a joyous laugh, as she dried her eyes, "the bad boy's come home again, and please to remember, sir, THIS IS your home till a better one turns up." So saying, she bustled about with the colour once again in her motherly face, and as if her sudden flow of spirit was infectious the whole room seemed to Dillon's imagination to look brighter and bonnier. The pan was soon spluttering on the fire, the kettle sang, the coffee steamed, the toast looked more mountainous than ever, as poor Dillon, with a "Bless you, mother," quivering on his lip, fairly broke and wept like a baby!

Many years after, when fortune had changed and he was the successful lessee of the Lyceum, he was one night slipping through the usual crowd of idlers and the curious, into his brougham when a voice, with more emotion than grammar, cried, "That's him!" Something in the tone of voice took his mind back to that quaint little couple I have attempted to describe. He turned, and there before him, with their heads whiter, but their faces kindly and genial as ever, were his old landlord and landlady! Dillon drove to the end of the street and got out and waited. Soon the pair passed him, and he followed in the shadow. For a long time they did not speak, till at last the little woman said, in a sad voice,

"He didn't know us, John, and yet he saw us." But suddenly there was a rush, a squeezing of hands, and uttering of joyous exclamations; and that night, in one of the best rooms in an hotel in the Strand, three people made merry; the old kindness and love were born again, and when they parted the same motherly voice, though in different tones, said, "God bless him, he hadn't forgotten us after all!"

HAL LOWTHER.

GAY SYBIL!

GAY Sybil, fair mistress of the Hall,

Cometh forth each morning to bless the flowers
(Herself the loveliest flower of all);

And she sighs amid her garden bowers—

As the orient beams on her roselips play—

"Ah me! that men-lovers should crowd one's day!"

O happy the glades where wander her feet!

How many a squire at those feet would kneel
And crave but one hand with a kiss to greet.

Ah, vain! for what human touch may she feel?

Yet that envious pug and her tawny "bull"

May have her caresses right plentiful!

At the hunt she leadeth o'er fence and sward,

A miracle rare of grace, I ween;

And many a horseman panteth hard

To win by the side of the dapper queen.

But O bold rider, have care of thy breath,

For Sybil may smile when in at *thy* death!

And at night, when the merry dance goes round

And the lamps blaze sheen in the festive hall,

Gleam brighter her auburn locks pearl-bound

And the winsome rays from her eyes that fall.

Do thy hopes rise fast as she moves with thee?

Ah, tremulous heart, it were wise to flee!

Say, shall love ever torture that form divine?

O Sybil, sweet angel, you'll pine one day;

For your base neglect that proud pug shall whine,

While a tear down your crimson cheek doth stray.

Yet, methinks, e'en then a sad train of men

Will weep your pet soul to its joy again!

J. B. DALTON.

HAUNTED HEARTS.

By J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON.

CHAPTER III.

THE stranger had been inducted into the room provided for him. It was the same which Wilfred Poynings had occupied in years gone by. It was the same where Wilfred Poynings had fought the bitter fight, in which self-sacrifice to fancied duty had been the victor. And there, once again, sat Wilfred Poynings, for it was he. Nothing had been removed from that room in which so many of his youthful hopes and aspirations had filled his mind with a fantastic world of dreams. A fire had already been lighted; a lamp shed its rays around; and—yes!—there still stood on the table the portrait of his father. Once more he knelt before it as if to ask a blessing, then rose and looked around with emotion on this theatre of his early life. It was evident that some friendly hand had bestowed the tenderest care on his belongings in that room. Everything had been dusted and cleaned. Each chair and table, book, paper, fishing-rod, or inkstand was in its accustomed place. For a moment a thought of exultation darted through his mind: could Alice have thus evidenced her sympathy for all that had once been his and that he had left behind him? It was a fitful flash of hope that did not even flicker; it was gone—rejected at once as a delusive meteor. No; it was impossible. She was no longer the Alice of his passionate admiration; she, now so cold, so stern: doubtless she hated, as she despised, him in her heart—if ever a thought of him crossed her mind. No, she could never have cherished his memory by that tender care, which recalled the times gone by and lost for ever. He had been a mad fool to have ventured near that well-known mansion, once his happy home, he reasoned with himself. But he had striven in vain to resist the spell which lured him thither, as if by magic witchery. His heart was haunted by the spectre of the happy past; and the spectre had driven him to that trysting place of fate, whether he would or no. He sat by the table, looked fondly again at his father's portrait, and then, stretching out his arms, bent his head between them and murmured, half aloud, "I have seen her now, and all is over." He heard some one enter the room: but he did not stir; he was startled, however, by the sound of sobbing, and raising his head he saw, kneeling by his side, the form of Harris; and, before he could speak, the girl had seized one of his hands and covered it with passionate kisses.

"Good heavens! what does this mean?" said Wilfred, starting up.

"Hush!" said the poor girl, rising to her feet, and endeavouring to repress her hysterical sobbing, although the tears still coursed themselves down her pretty cheeks, "Not so loud! I knew at once that it was you, and I was so glad, and yet so sorry—and so frightened!"

"How did you discover me?" whispered Wilfred, "I thought myself so changed."

"Trust to a woman's heart, you cannot deceive that!" murmured Harris, as the blood rushed into her cheeks.

"And yet *her* heart was dumb!" was the thought that passed through the mind of Alice's lover.

"Oh, Mr. Poynings! you are in danger here;" said the fond girl hurriedly, wiping away her tears; "should that horrid Donce discover you——"

"But Donce has evidently no suspicions——"

"No! not as yet; but purblind as some men may be, malice and hate are wonderful spectacles for dull eyes. Even unknown to him he hates you by instinct. He is furious at the thought of waiting on you; and so I snubbed him, and told him that I would let you know supper was prepared for you below. I was glad to have the opportunity."

"And it was you who cared for my poor relics here?" said Wilfred.

"It was I," answered Harris, with her eyes cast down.

"God bless you!" was the fervent ejaculation coming from the grateful object of her solicitude, although evidently as much bewildered as touched by the girl's strong emotion. There was a pause of silence between the two.

"You must come now, Mr. Wilfred," said Harris, mastering herself at last; "delay might excite suspicions in that horrid man. The supper will be ready by this time," and she led the way into the little hall.

Donce was there, with the footman superintending the supper preparations on the table whilst he reposed in an arm-chair by the fire; and he was still grumbling, "A pretty business to be obliged to wait on tramps," as Harris came in, shortly followed by Wilfred Poynings.

"Well, then go, if you don't like it," snapped the lady's maid; "I'm sure we don't want you. Joseph and I can wait."

But a spirit of contradiction was one of Mr. Donce's characteristics.

"I have my lady's orders, and I remain," he grumbled, rising condescendingly from his chair. Harris shrugged her shoulders, pettishly. Her great anxiety was to prevent her enemy from approaching the stranger near enough to be able, perhaps, to recognise him: but her manœuvres to this effect were certainly rather more zealous than discreet. When Mr. Donce gruffly announced

to the guest that supper was ready, she pushed between the two to place the stranger's chair; as the ex-valet took the other side, she was again before him on the pretence of arranging the spoons and glasses. Now she officiously unfolded the napkin and flourished it between Wilfred's face and the table lamp; now she stumbled against Donce in a different position, with the exclamation, "There you awkward man, you will upset everything!" It was surprising that no suspicions were aroused on the part of Mr. Donce; but he was too much preoccupied with the sense of his own outraged dignity to entertain another thought. He merely growled, "Mrs. Harris, I must insist on your not interfering—I am told it is my duty to wait on this individual; and my duty I must do." But Harris persisted in her manœuvres, and the old feud was beginning to wax fiercely between the two domestics, when the portly form of Lady Bellairs appeared on the top of the stairs.

"What's the meaning of all this wrangling?" she cried, authoritatively. "You may go, Donce, and Joseph too. I will wait myself on the gentleman."

"But my lady—" commenced Mr. Donce.

"Didn't you hear me, man?" pursued Lady Bellairs, sweeping down the stairs. "You may go. If anything else is wanted I will ring. You go, and you too, Joseph; Harris will help me if necessary."

Harris heaved a sigh of contentment, as Mr. Donce left the hall, followed by the man-servant.

"You do not eat," said Lady Bellairs to the guest, with her most winning smile.

"I don't know how to thank you sufficiently," responded Wilfred, in a subdued tone. "But I really am not hungry."

"You must—indeed you must eat—just to repair your shattered strength," persisted the would-be hostess. "Would you let me see you fainting from inanition before me? Here, just try this wing of a chicken, it will just suit an invalid"—and she placed a portion of a cold fowl on the stranger's plate—"and a glass of good wine. They say that the cellar is good here, and the wine first-rate; but I know little of these matters, I am not a materialist, you know. Come! you must give me your judgment on the wine?"

Wilfred endeavoured to obey her ladyship's behest; but he was choking with emotion, and he felt that he could not swallow a morsel.

"Oh, my dear Mr. Barton," pursued Lady Bellairs, in a pensive tone, as she seated herself coquettishly by his side, "you really ought to bestow a juster appreciation on our poor hospitality—such as it is. I know well that Langbourne Manor House is far from being what it was in former days; but we do our best. Yes, my dear Mr. Barton, there was once a time when all was life and brightness around us—all gone—all gone!" And she sighed a

deep and explosive sigh. "Ah! my dear Mr. Barton," she continued, musingly, "when I think of those days it wrings my heart. It is a sad—sad life I lead. I was once the most brilliant, the most admired in the best society. Ah! those, indeed, were happy days! Ah! if you had seen me then, the brilliant constellation of the ball-room, sparkling with all my diamonds—for I have the most superb diamonds. I never speak of them now; I never care to exhibit them to a mortal soul. These souvenirs of a happy past are more than I can bear. But for you, my dear Mr. Barton, for you, I will make a sacrifice of my own feelings. Here, Harris——"

"I must entreat your ladyship not to make any such sacrifice on my account," said her guest, in a low, embarrassed tone. "Really, you must not trouble yourself for me."

"Yes, they will be sure to interest you. I must do my little best to while away the time. Here, Harris," pursued Lady Bellairs, pulling out an ornamented key, "open my Japanese cabinet, and bring me down my jewel casket. What does the girl stand staring there for?"—the girl had hesitated—"go, and do as I tell you!"

Mrs. Harris disappeared up the staircase, casting behind her a painful look at Wilfred.

"Would you believe it, my dear Mr. Barton," pursued her ladyship, "that these diamonds were once stolen by a horrid wretch of a fellow, a vile, ugly, low-born creature."

"Indeed!"

"Yes! my dear Mr. Barton, he was one of those low fellows, with whom a man like you is never likely to come into contact. I recovered my diamonds; the fellow ran away and disappeared, and the affair was foolishly hushed up; but the agonies I endured at that time none can tell." And so Lady Bellairs babbled on until Harris returned with the casket, and placed it on the table.

This precious depository was opened by another richly chased key.

"Now look, my dear Mr. Barton, what a remarkable lustre there is on these gems. Examine them for yourself," and she placed the casket in the hands of the stranger—but it was rudely snatched away. Wilfred Poynings turned, with a start, and saw Lady Langbourne, who had followed Harris down the staircase, unheard and unseen.

"Mother!" she said, in a cold, harsh voice, "these jewels will be safer in your possession, under lock and key, than in the hands of this—gentleman."

A conviction darted at once through the mind of Wilfred Poynings, like a lightning flash—she knew him!

"My child, what do you mean?" cried Lady Bellairs, aghast—"Really, your rudeness passes all bounds; and, considering how

you have been brought up, I cannot conceive how—my dear Mr. Barton,” she continued, low, as Lady Langbourne turned away to place the casket in the hands of the attending Harris, with injunctions to return it to its usual place of security, “you really must excuse a little abruptness on the part of my poor daughter: she has been much tried, and her temper is not what it was, poor dear; you must make allowances.” Then, as Lady Langbourne again approached, she drew her aside to expostulate. “Mr. Barton will make allowances, I have no doubt; but you, positively, must control your temper, I am thoroughly ashamed of you.”

Lady Langbourne took no notice of the lecture addressed to her, and simply turned away with the words, “Leave us, mother. I will do the honours for this gentleman, and make him what apologies are due to him.”

“But Alice,” began Lady Bellairs, in tones of expostulation; but the imperative manner, and cold, hard bearing of her daughter had long since subdued her spirit. She merely mumbled a Parthian shot: “Your temper grows worse and worse, I am grieved to see,” and retreated slowly upstairs.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN the two beings, formerly so dear to each other, once more, after a lapse of years, stood face to face, a painful silence ensued.

It was Wilfred Poynings who spoke at last.

“I see you know me, madam,” he cried, almost proudly; “you have discovered who I am.” Lady Langbourne was evidently struggling with violent emotion, and she seemed unable to find the strength to speak. “Yes, I am Wilfred Poynings, the object of your uncle’s bounty, the friend of his son, the man you once loved.” Lady Langbourne shuddered and sank down into a chair, closed her eyes with an expression of the deepest pain, mingled with indignation and disgust. Her hands were clenched before her; but still she did not speak. “Yes, I can say it truly, the man you once loved; I do not deceive myself, you did love me, although the words of love were never spoken. I know you loved me, by the very excess of hate and scorn you show me now.”

“That hate and scorn are merited,” Lady Langbourne found words to say, although she never opened her eyes to look on the man who stood before her erect and almost proud.

“No! they are not merited,” he said, coldly but firmly, “for I was innocent of any deed that should have brought them on my head.”

“Innocent!” exclaimed his accuser, at last flashing her eyes on him, as if to find in his face some conviction of the truth of his

assertion. But then, with a low bitter laugh, she added, after a pause, "Innocent! innocent!—did not your own mouth condemn you?"

"It did! but my innocence is no less true," pleaded Wilfred. "Had I been really guilty, should I have been here now? Should I have allowed that powerful feeling, which incessantly haunts my heart, to have driven me, against my will, against my better reason, to this house, with no intent except to look on the beloved place once more?"

"In such a heart of crime as yours, what is a falsehood more or less?" cried Lady Langbourne, springing up, and crossing the room as if to leave him.

"Oh, I can bear all this no longer!" exclaimed the wretched man, losing all his previous forced calmness of manner; "I have suffered long; I have expiated bitterly my devotion to those I loved; my courage fails me at the last, before the unmerited scorn of the woman, to whom alone my heart has been given in this world."

"You insult me, sir," cried the lady, violently, shrinking from him, as he approached, with a shudder, as if a noxious creature had come near her.

"I am wrong," said Wilfred, humbly, retreating from her; "I am wrong—utterly unjustified in speaking of a love, which—pure as it may be—I ought not to allow to dwell on my tongue now, and which is nothing, nothing now to you; but I have a right to defend myself, at least to exculpate myself before *you*, when my avowal of the truth can no longer do harm now, alas, to one who was my friend."

"What would you say?" exclaimed Lady Langbourne, turning suddenly, and dropping her previous tone of scorn and indignation.

Was her heart humbled by tender recollections of the past, which had subdued her, spite of herself—who can tell? She was evidently prepared to listen, although she still paced the room feverishly.

"You will hear me?" said Wilfred, eagerly.

"I humiliate myself by so doing; but you appeal to me in the name of justice, and I will hear you." Lady Langbourne, as she spoke, seated herself on a bench beneath the staircase, where she was entirely in the shade, and where the light of the lamp and candles on the large fireplace could not penetrate. Was she afraid that Wilfred should see the emotions that might flit over her countenance? She sat with sunken head, and arms lying listless on her lap, although her fingers occasionally twitched nervously.

Wilfred Poynings stood by the table, with his hands touching it, almost as a criminal at the bar. It was a cruel task he had before him—the denunciation of his dear friend, the husband of the woman he addressed. In such simple words as he could find, and with every possible gloss of extenuation, he told her Vivian Langbourne had plunged more and more into difficulty and debt by his

extravagance, and especially by his propensity for gambling; how he, when without resources, had a heavy debt of honour to meet immediately, but did not dare to confess his position to his father; how he had borrowed the diamonds of his aunt, by her free will, as he asserted, with the intention of pledging them, in order to wipe off the cruel debt of honour, and redeeming them, when fortune should again smile on him; how he (Wilfred) had been persuaded to go over to London, and raise the necessary money on the diamonds, and had obeyed his friend's behest; how the diamonds, contrary to Vivian's anticipations, were missed, by a fatality, almost immediately, and the conviction forced on his own mind, that they had been robbed, not borrowed by consent of the owner.

"How could I," pursued Wilfred, with deep emotion, "I, who owed everything to Sir Heathcote, I—who loved poor Vivian as a brother—how could I allow him to be cursed by his father, whose heart would have been broken—to be denounced—dishonoured? Who was I?—a poor object of charity! What was I—I the orphan, the poor soldier's son—in comparison with those who had been all in the world to me, and whose family honour I resolved to save? I took the deed on myself. Now you know all. I have betrayed the secret; but it is you who have forced me to it."

Lady Langbourne had been evidently much excited and agitated by the revelation. She could have been faintly seen rocking herself to and fro in the gloom of the shadow where she sat; but she remained cold and impassive, and gave no sign of belief in the story or of denial. Was she overwhelmed by a flood of newly-formed doubts? or were incredulity and determination to persist in her old convictions uppermost in her mind?

The silence between the two was suddenly broken by a wild joyous laugh. Two arms were thrown on Wilfred's neck from behind. He started and, on turning, stood face to face with Sir Vivian, who had crept down the staircase unseen and unheeded. Wilfred felt as if the apparition came to upbraid him for his treachery.

"Oh, pardon me! pardon me, dear friend," he said, sinking on his knees and taking Vivian's hand; "pardon me for what I have confessed. But I was crushed to the earth by——" he could say no more.

"Pardon! I pardon *you*!" said the madman, softly, as if seeking to understand. "No, no; it isn't that—what is it?"

"Oh! if he could but speak and tell the truth!" was Wilfred's thought.

"Yes; 'tis that! 'tis that! I know what I have to say to you," stammered Sir Vivian. "I have to tell you that——" As he spoke he caught sight of Lady Langbourne, and staggered back with a shudder; then looked at Wilfred and, with a wild laugh,

cried, "No, no; I have nothing to tell you now; nothing, nothing!"

"Do but say that you know my innocence, I implore you!" exclaimed Wilfred. "Speak, Vivian; only say that I am innocent!"

The madman looked at Lady Langbourne with an expression of extreme terror, and then only shook his head.

"Leave this comedy, sir," said Lady Langbourne to Wilfred, coldly. "It is clear you have speculated on my poor husband's aberration of intellect to obtain some credence in the wild tale you have just now been fabricating.

"Yes, yes!" sobbed Wilfred, in despair, "heaven must work a miracle—illumine the reason of this poor sufferer, permit him to attest the truth—before your hard heart can be moved to believe!"

"No more of this acting, sir. You know he cannot speak; you are sure of his silence." With these disdainful words, Lady Langbourne turned away.

"Still cold and scornful!" retorted Wilfred, as his exasperation mastered him. "Ah, madam! you are unworthy of a true man's love! I know what remains to me to do!"

He turned to leave the hall, when Sir Vivian threw his arms about his neck.

"They shall not harm you! They shall not harm you!" he cried, defiantly, looking back with angry, and yet terrified, eyes at his wife.

The loud voices brought Lady Bellairs from the rooms above, and Dr. Hodson from the interior of the house.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed the former, with anxious curiosity.

"It means—it means," said Lady Langbourne, "that this man"—pointing to Wilfred; but she could say no more—she paused, as if choking. The bitter thought came to her mind that, much as she might despise the man she had once loved, she could not denounce him, and that her weakness was in itself despicable and odious.

Whilst Dr. Hodson was occupied in trying to soothe the excitement of the madman, looking at the same time on all around with his far-searching eyes, as if he thought to see some light gleaming to enlighten the mystery of Sir Vivian's madness, Wilfred Poynings left the hall abruptly, heedless of the cries of the poor maniac, who still attempted to reach and hold him in his arms.

Lady Langbourne had sunk down on a seat and, hiding her face on her hands, was rocking herself backwards and forwards, swayed hither and thither by a storm of doubt.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

AFTER a sleepless night, during which the most painfully conflicting feelings tortured her mind, Lady Langbourne sat by the side of her husband (who, after all his wild excitement, now slept peacefully), the same tormenting doubts and fears still struggling for mastery. Sometimes she allowed belief in Wilfred's story to possess her; but belief in him condemned her husband; and she strove to drive the suggestion that *he* could be guilty of a crime, so mean and ignominious, from her thoughts. Again she asked herself, Was she unjust in her persistence in disbelieving? and yet the tale was so improbable. No! she would not believe it—she did not dare to believe it—she did not dare—for, spite of all, she feared that, should Wilfred be innocent, and so noble, so self-sacrificing in his innocence, she might love him still. No! better be obstinate in disbelief. It was a sore struggle in that poor haunted heart—haunted by so many ghosts of days gone by, haunted by new spectres of doubts and terror.

She rose at last from the bedside and paced the room, indignant with herself for having allowed such thoughts to master her—Sir Vivian still slept peacefully—and wrapping a shawl over her head, she threw open the window of an ante-room reaching the floor, which gave access to a raised terrace on the southern side of the manor house. This terrace communicated straight on with the hill-side, covered with woods, against which that portion of the mansion was built. From an opening in the balustrade of this terrace a flight of steps led down to the plantations below.

Lady Langbourne felt like one suffocating—she needed air to breathe. A sudden change had taken place in the weather. The night had become comparatively mild. The morning sun was bright and cheery, and, spite of the season of the year, the air felt soft and balmy. She looked over the balustrade of the covered terrace: the snow was being melted in a slight but genial thaw; the icy chains of the earth were giving way; but she shuddered at the thought that there was still a core of ice around her heart—that no balmy hope could come to thaw the freezing cold in her own soul.

The only comfort she could find within was in the thought that Wilfred Poynings was no longer beneath that roof—no longer in near proximity to herself. No! she knew that he had left the house. He was gone—gone! already far away, she hoped, to avoid

discovery, disgrace, and possible imprisonment. Yes! gone—for ever, probably! and she would never see him again; never more be troubled by his distracting and humiliating presence: and yet her sigh of relief at this thought was accompanied by a feeling of pain, which was almost the agony of despair.

It was with listless indifference that Lady Langbourne followed the movements of Bill Soames, the gardener's boy, as he passed along the walk, skirting the plantations below, apparently on his way to the neighbouring town. She saw without seeing, her mind receiving no impression from the object that passed before her eyes. But a sudden movement, confusing to her senses at first, at last arrested her attention. Mr. Donce, the late valet of her uncle and the present major-domo of Langbourne Manor, had seized the boy by the collar, and was shaking him and cuffing him angrily. It was evident that he was endeavouring to take possession of a paper, which the boy held in his hand, and was refusing to give up. The man's strength and violence prevailed, however. The paper, which now appeared to be a letter, was wrested from the boy's grasp; and Mr. Donce seemed somewhat puzzled and surprised as he read the superscription. But Mr. Donce's triumph and wonder were of short duration; a third person had come unseen behind him and snatched the letter from his hand in turn. This fresh actor in the little bustling scene was Lady Bellairs' maid, Mrs. Harris. An altercation ensued between the two servants, brief as it was violent. Mrs. Harris turned and ran towards the house with her prize, followed, with less fleet steps, by the ex-valet, whilst master Bill Soames struggled after them, howling partly from despair at losing his treasure, and partly from resentment at the undeserved beating he had received.

Preoccupied as Lady Langbourne might be with her own conflicting thoughts, she could not but be attracted by the strange little drama acted below her. What was that letter; and what could occasion the excitement concerning it? A mere little domestic controversy between the servants, probably, which could in no way concern her. Yet what presentiment was it whispering to her, that this letter contained a matter of the deepest importance to her fate? Her nervous system was so completely unstrung, that this involuntary presentiment swept over her like a cold wave which made her shudder. Reason with herself as she might, she gave way to this new strange feeling, and determined to fathom the little mystery of the letter. She retired to her boudoir attached to the room now occupied by Sir Vivian, and rang the bell with the violence of impatience. To the servant who answered her summons she expressed her desire that her mother's maid, Harris, should be sent to her immediately.

In due time, the buxom lady's maid appeared. But, instead of her usual frank expression, she wore an air of embarrassment, almost amounting to a consciousness of guilt.

Without any hesitation Lady Langbourne plunged at once into the matter, which now so strangely preoccupied her mind.

"What was that letter, Harris, which you snatched just now from the hands of Donce? I want to know."

For some time the girl hesitated to reply. At last came the unwilling and evasive answer, "I don't think it is anything in which your ladyship can have any interest."

"I want to know," repeated Lady Langbourne, in a hard, cold tone.

Another pause of hesitation on the part of Harris.

"Have you the letter still?"

No answer, but a fearful increase of embarrassment.

"Have you the letter still? I should like to see it."

With evident unwillingness, the girl drew the letter from her pocket, and handed it over to her inquisitor.

Lady Langbourne took it, and she started painfully; she knew the hand-writing well, and the letter was addressed to "George Felton, Esq., Superintendent of the Rural Police." She gasped as if suffocating. The writing was that of Wilfred Poynings, and it was intended for the police—for the police! What could this strange incident mean? How would it affect them all? Could it possibly contain information which was purposed to denounce her wretched husband? She trembled violently, but she mastered herself sufficiently to say, in the same cold, hard tone as before, "You know, girl, who is the writer of this letter?"

Harris hesitated again. But she took courage at last to avow, "Yes, my lady, I won't tell a lie, I *do* know."

"Indeed!" said Lady Langbourne, somewhat startled by her avowal; "and who may it be?"

"Your ladyship must pardon me, but I had rather not say."

"Indeed!" repeated the lady, with the conviction that Harris was really acquainted with the secret of Wilfred's identity. "And you took this letter from Donce's hands because you knew who the writer was?"

"Yes, my lady."

"But why?" Harris was still silent—"but why, I ask?—speak out, girl!—speak out! You have nothing to fear; *he* has nothing to fear—speak out!"

"Well, my lady!" sobbed out Harris, at last, in a very hysterical fashion, "you see it was addressed to the police; and I feared he wanted to give himself up."

"Give himself up!"

"Yes, my lady! that's just what *he* would be sure to do! He went last night to the village for a roof over his head."

"How did you know this?"—a pause—"how did you know this?"

Harris blushed scarlet, and hung her head. At last came the words, in smothered tones, "Because I followed him." Another

pause on both sides. "This morning, Bob Soames, the gardener's boy came for orders. He had the letter which he—that is, the man—had given him to take to the town. He was fool enough to let Donce see it. Donce seemed to smell a rat, followed the boy, and tried to take the letter from him; but I was determined he should not have it, and so—and so——"

"You took it from him, fearing that he might do the writer an injury."

"Yes, my lady."

"And with the knowledge that you were trying to stop the due course of justice?"

"Yes, my lady—no, no, my lady," said Harris, eagerly correcting herself; "I mean, no. Real justice would acquit—" a pause, then—"him of the accusation against him. I'll swear he is not guilty."

Lady Langbourne started painfully, and was silent for a moment.

"Do you know the weight and importance of what you are saying, girl?" she cried.

"Perhaps not. I only say what I think and feel," said Harris, steadily and sturdily, in a low tone.

Another pause.

"And you think that Donce was aware by whom the letter was written?" said Lady Langbourne, with some evidence of anxiety in her voice.

"I fear so, my lady. I fear so," answered the lady's maid, with much tremulous excitement. "And he hates him like poison. He will be sure to do him a mischief, if he has discovered him."

"Go now, Harris, and leave the letter in my hands."

"Oh! my lady——"

"Have no fear!—it shall be returned to you. Go, go! I may need you again soon."

It was with considerable unwillingness, and in much trouble of mind, that Mrs. Harris left the room.

For a long time Lady Langbourne sat gazing on the superscription of the letter which she held before her. Her thoughts seemed long before they assumed any definite shape, and, when at last she had formed a resolution, her nervous indecision shook her painfully. "Am I not about to do a shameful action? Am I not degrading myself?" were the thoughts that racked her mind. "But it is useless to attempt to resist the impulse—addressed to the police! and by him—by him! I fear to know, but I must. I will know!" She seemed no longer a free agent; circumstances were stronger than her own will: she tore open the letter. It was from Wilfred Poynings—that she knew already; but for the contents she was scarcely prepared. In that letter Wilfred Poynings denounced himself to the police, as the robber of Lady Bellairs's diamonds; the man they had so long sought in vain was

now ready to give himself up. She dropped the letter as though it burned her hands. Could the man be really guilty, who could do this thing? She dreaded more and more to look into the depths of the mystery around her. If Wilfred were innocent, her husband was guilty. How should she dare unravel the truth?

She started painfully as the door communicating with Sir Vivian's room opened. She almost expected to see her husband confront her as an accusing spirit, and reproach her with her doubts of him. The intruder, however, was Doctor Hodson. She snatched up the letter, and hid it about her person; then she commanded herself sufficiently to say, with a smile, "Ah! doctor, it is you? What news of your patient?"

"News?—there is no news!" said the doctor, thoughtfully and somewhat sadly, "I have been turning this strange, apparently inexplicable case over in my mind all night; and have ventured to come thus early, as I think I have found the means of arriving at the truth."

"The truth! what do you mean? what do you surmise—suspect?" cried Lady Langbourne, startled.

"Hush! Sir Vivian is now sleeping peacefully, we must not disturb him. But please sit down, Lady Langbourne—you, too, need rest, your nervous system is obviously greatly shattered." The doctor took a chair near her, and spoke in low smothered tones.

"Can you bear to hear the conclusion at which I have arrived? you will need all your courage."

"Speak!" said the unhappy wife, in as firm a tone as she could command.

"My conviction is, that the heart of Sir Vivian is haunted by some great remorse, and that the torture of his mind has caused his madness.

Lady Langbourne could not control a painful start. Such a surmise would bear out the truth of Wilfred's story.

"And what has induced you, may I ask, to arrive at a conclusion so strange—I may say so preposterous?" she stammered, at last.

Doctor Hodson smiled a grave smile, and answered simply, "The mere habit of putting two and two together; and, trust me, I do not often make five of them. By following up this clue, I might ameliorate our poor patient's state; will you not assist me, Lady Langbourne?"

"But how can I? What can I do? I should be unable——" stammered the wife, in evident confusion.

The doctor eyed her so sharply, that with all her assumed self-command, she was obliged to turn away her head. His obvious idea was that she knew all.

"Lady Langbourne!" he said, after a pause, "I must earnestly entreat you to reveal anything you may know."

"What should I know?—what *can* I know?" was the only answer. "Perhaps later—to-morrow—I will think it over."

The doctor eyed her still with an air of profound reflection.

The silence became oppressive. The air of doubt and suspicious investigation on the doctor's face was painful to Lady Langbourne.

"Of what are you thinking?" she said at last, anxiously, but with an attempt at ease of manner.

"My old habit," replied the doctor, carelessly, "I am putting two and two together."

"You are a dangerous man, doctor," said Lady Langbourne, with a feeble effort to banter.

"Only to those who persist in being antagonistic to me."

Another painful pause.

"Lady Langbourne," said Dr. Hodson, at last, "I must see the stranger whom you sheltered last night. I am convinced, from what passed, that he is somehow concerned in this strange mystery. Sir Vivian's apparent recognition of him, his confused words, all prove that my surmise is far from being erroneous; I must see him, and interrogate him."

"Interrogate him!" exclaimed the startled woman. "You must not—cannot. A stranger to be mixed up with our most secret family affairs! No, no; it cannot be!"

"Pardon me," said the doctor, calmly, "I should like to see him. Where is he?"

"I don't know," gasped Lady Langbourne, eagerly. "He left the house last night. Didn't you hear so? How should I know where he is now?—far enough away, I should say, by this time. And how should that man tell you anything?"

Her laugh, as she made these questions, was so hysterical, that the doctor again knit his brow reflectively.

"H'm!" he said, "we shall see. I will have another look at Sir Vivian, then, if I can leave him, I will go to visit my humbler patients and return."

He moved towards the door leading to Sir Vivian's room, then paused and said, "My dear Lady Langbourne, you lack one essential quality."

"And that is?"

"Confidence in your doctor." He was gone.

Lady Langbourne determined that it would be impossible to allow the doctor to meet Wilfred Poynings and interrogate him. That nothing would be elicited from him prejudicial to her husband, she was sure; and yet, in making this assertion to herself, she felt that she was paying, in her heart, a tribute to the noble nature of the man whom she was anxious to hate and scorn; for was it not her duty that she should do so? What was to be done? She walked uneasily to and fro, with her hands clenched tightly before her, until their nails almost pierced the delicate skin. At all events she must prevent Wilfred Poynings from giving himself up to justice and even from holding any conference with Doctor Hodson; one course of action alone seemed open to

her; and on this at last she was resolved. Painful and repugnant as the interview would be to her, she must meet the man again, and dissuade him from a desperate intention which could not but be fatal to himself, and might recoil eventually on her unhappy husband. She strove to persuade herself that the resolution which she had taken was for Sir Vivian's sake alone. Yes; she would see Wilfred Poynings once more. She rang, and told the servant who obeyed the summons that she desired Mrs. Harris to come to her again.

"Do you know where he is?" she said, abruptly, when the maid appeared.

"No, my lady," answered Harris, without questioning, for the moment, to whom the unnamed "he," referred.

"Can you find him?"

"How can I say, my lady?" was her reply, hesitatingly given, with evident suspicion; then, seeing a gesture of vexation and impatience on the part of her mistress, the maid slowly added, "I don't know—perhaps——"

"You *do* know, I can see it in your face," pursued Lady Langbourne, sharply. "Find him out, tell him that I would speak with him—that I must speak with him. He will come."

"But, my lady——"

"Not a word; go!" Mrs. Harris turned, obedient to an imperative gesture. "Stay! I cannot see him here—no, no, not here! He shall not enter this house again!" She shuddered at the thought. "On the terrace, by the conservatory—no! the place is too open to observation; let him wait for me by the plantations below the small south terrace here. It is of easy access for me; I will come to him. There! go, go!"

As Mrs. Harris left the room, Lady Langbourne sank down on a sofa and rocked herself backwards and forwards, with her head between her hands. Tears came at last to her relief.

"God forgive me, if I do wrong," she sobbed. "Thou knowest I do it for the best!"

(To be continued.)

GLIMPSES OF MADAGASCAR AND ITS PEOPLE.

By A. H. GRANT.

NEARLY a hundred years ago, in a passage which carries with it a stinging rebuke, by anticipation, of the high-handed acquisitiveness of his countrymen of to-day, the Abbé Alexis Marie Rochon remarked that "the island of Madagascar has excited the cupidity of Europeans ever since it had the misfortune to be tolerably known. Its extent, together with the richness of its soil and productions, seemed to offer to the people who should make a conquest of it commercial advantages which they would not certainly have suffered themselves to neglect. Luckily, however, the unwholesomeness of its climate has hitherto saved it from the yoke of those civilised nations who assume the barbarous and unjust right of subjecting to their authority those tribes whom they call savages merely because they are unacquainted with the manners and customs of Europe."*

Its independence, hitherto, in the midst of the most various and occasionally the most imminent dangers, has imparted a political significance into its designation as the Great Britain of Africa, which some of its admirers have bestowed upon it on account, primarily, of its physical analogies. Considering that its area is several times greater than that of the United Kingdom, and that it is, in fact, the third largest island in the world, being about 900 miles long, with an average breadth of nearly 300, it is wonderful that it should have escaped the personal inspection of Europeans until so late a date as the beginning of the sixteenth century. It was on the 1st of February, 1506, that a Portuguese, named Fernam Soares, a captain in command of eight ships detached with a cargo of spices from the fleet of Dom Francisco de Almeida, first Viceroy of the Indies, sighted the east coast of the Island, on which, in honour of its discovery on the Eve of St. Lawrence, the name of *Ilha de San Lourenzo* was subsequently bestowed.

Madagascar had, however, been known from time immemorial to the merchants and mariners of Arabia, Persia, and Malabar, by whom settlements were formed in very ancient times both on the north-west and south-east coasts of the island. Yet it is remarkable that, although the Arabs were in the habit of navigating to Sofala, in about 20 degrees south latitude, in the time of Mas'udi, and must then—the beginning of the tenth century—have known Madagascar, there is no intelligible indication of it

* *Voyage à Madagascar et aux Indes Orientales.* 1791.

in any of their geographers whose works are current in the West. Mas'udi, indeed, speaks of an island called Kanbalu, well cultivated and populous, one or two days from the Zinj coast, and the object of voyages from Oman, from which it lay about five hundred parasangs distant. It was conquered by the Arabs, who captured the entire Zinj population of the island, about the commencement of the Abbasside dynasty, in the middle of the eighth century. Barbier de Meynard thinks this island of Kandalu may have been Madagascar. Colonel Yule prefers to identify it with the island of Pemba.

Thus it happens that Marco Polo, the Venetian traveller of the thirteenth century, is the first writer, European or Asiatic, to offer any information about the island; and his description is a delightful *cento* of inaccuracy, incomplete knowledge and confusion; for he had no personal acquaintance with the country he described, and laboured under the disadvantage of being a mere vehicle of hearsay testimony and uncritical tradition. In many particulars he refers to Madagascar the phenomena which would be more correctly predicated of Zanzibar and other contiguous portions of the coast of the African continent; as, for instance, where he says that in Madagascar and Zanzibar are more elephants than in any other country in the world; and that the amount of traffic in elephants' teeth in these two islands is something astonishing.

"In this island," proceeds Marco Polo, "they eat no flesh but that of camels; and of these they kill an incredible number daily. They say it is the best and wholesomest of all flesh; and so they eat of it all the year round. There are numbers of leopards, bears, and lions in the country, and other wild beasts in abundance."* All which interesting particulars are to be met with one comprehensive but distressing negative—there are no elephants or camels, no leopards, no bears, or lions in the island. "Beasts of prey," says Captain Owen, who surveyed the coasts in 1822-24, are "unknown in Madagascar, and we never heard that the snakes were formidable in their size or venomous in their bite; but the rivers abound with alligators, and scorpions are extremely prolific."†

The assertion of Marco Polo to the effect that the island produced many trees of red sanders of excellent quality is fully borne out by the trade in sandalwood which is ascertained to have been carried on with Madagascar; in the interior of which an authentic map of A.D. 1576 identifies a region in which occur whole forests of red sandal-wood, *quivi sono boschi di Sandari rossi*. But to say, as Marco does, that all the forests of the island consist of sandal-wood, is to do a miserable injustice to the splendid infinitude of their variety. For "the forests," according to the better informed Abbé Rochon, "contain a prodigious variety of most

* *The Book of Ser Marco Polo, the Venetian, Concerning the Kingdoms of the East.*

† *Narrative of Voyages to Explore the Shores of Africa, Arabia and Madagascar.* By Captain W. F. W. Owen, R.N.

beautiful trees, such as palms of every kind, ebony, bamboos of an enormous size, and orange and lemon trees. All the forests of Madagascar abound with plants unknown to botanists, some of which are aromatic and medicinal, and others adapted for dyeing.”*

“They have also,” to recur to our Venetian authority, “in their island, a quantity of ambergris, for whales are abundant in that sea, and they catch numbers of them; and so are *oil-heads*, which are a huge kind of fish, which also produce ambergris, like the whale.”† It is only recently that the coast of the province of Ivongo, in the north-east of the island, has been mentioned as abounding in whales and Antongil Bay as a favourite resort for whalers of all nations. A description of the whale-catching process practised by the islanders of St. Mary’s, or Nusi Ibrahim, to the south of the entrance to Antongil Bay, is given by De Bry, in his *Quinta Pars India Orientalis*, and corroborated as follows by Captain Owen:—“The canoes are small, of the common form, and delicately made; but, slight as they appear, the natives venture far from the land, and will sometimes attack with success the largest whales, that sport in good numbers between the island and the main. They cautiously approach the monster, and, with their neatly-formed iron harpoons, which have a long line and buoy attached to them, strike him deeply in the side. Writhing in agony, he dives to seek relief in the depths below, but short is his respite; he finds but little space in this shallow sea and rises again but to meet his watchful foe, who, guided by the tell-tale buoy, is prepared to repeat the deep and exhausting wounds. He struggles, but it is in vain; the conflict is soon at an end, and terminates in towing the huge body in triumph to the shore. It did not appear that the people of this island had any particular form when attacking whales, like those on the main, who never pursue an old one, but always the young, when they humbly beg the mother’s pardon, stating the necessity that drives them to kill her progeny, and requesting that she will go below while the deed is doing, that her maternal feelings may not be outraged by witnessing what must occasion her so much uneasiness.”

But Madagascar, or some one of the islands to the south of it which were reported to be as nearly as possible inaccessible on account of the stormy currents of the sea, is especially dear to ornithological and heraldic romance. For here flourished at certain seasons the bird gryphon, which persons who had seen it described as being “for all the world like an eagle, but one indeed of enormous size—so big, in fact, that its wings covered an extent of thirty paces, and its quills were twelve paces long and thick in proportion. And it is so strong that it will seize an ele

* *Voyage à Madagascar.*

† “The word rendered *oil-heads* is *Capdovilles*, or *Capdols*, representing *Capidoyleti*, the appropriate name still applied in Italy to the spermaceti whale.”—Colonel Yule’s *Book of Ser Marco Polo*.

phant in its talons, and carry him high into the air, and drop him so that he is smashed to pieces. Having so killed him, the bird gryphon swoops down on him and eats him at leisure. The people of that island call the bird *ruc*, and it has no other name, so I wot not if this be the real gryphon, or if there be another manner of bird so great. But this I can tell you for certain, that they are not half lion and half bird, as our stories do relate ; but, enormous as they are, they are fashioned just like an eagle." A feather of the *ruc*, which was taken to Kubla Khan by envoys whom he had sent to enquire into this and other marvels, is stated to have measured ninety spans, whilst the quill part was two palms in circumference. "A marvellous object!" exclaims Marco Polo, to whose statement Colonel Yule appends a note to the effect that the fable of the *rukh*—the rook of our chess-board—was old and widely spread, like that of the Male and Female Islands, and, just as in that case, one accidental circumstance or another gave it a local habitation, now here now there. The Garuda of the Hindus, the Simurgh of the old Persians, the 'Angka of the Arabs, the Bar Yuchre of the Rabbinical Legends, the Gryps of the Greeks were probably all versions of the same original fable. It is surmised that the tendency to localise the *rukh* in the direction of Madagascar arose from the occurrence in that island of the great fossil *æpyornis* and its colossal eggs. The almost contemporaneous existence of this bird, indeed, has been alleged so late as the years 1861 and 1863; whilst the *ruc*, or *rukh*, occurs without any breach of continuity whatever in the pages of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, and is of periodical reproduction in this country as often as the adventures of Sindbad the Sailor are incorporated with our pantomimes.

The ethnology of Marco Polo, as conversant with Madagascar, is scarcely more trustworthy than his ornithology. "The people," he says, "are all Saracens, adoring Mahommet, governed by four *Esheks*, Sheikhs, or Elders." But this is a mistake which, like several others of the same author, has arisen from confounding Makdashan, Magadoxo, and Madagascar. What is true, however, is, that there are traces of a considerable amount of ancient Arab colonization on the shores of Madagascar. Arab descent is ascribed to a class of the people of the province of Matitánana, on the east coast between the twenty-first and twenty-third degrees of south latitude, and the Arabic writing is in use amongst them. The people of the St. Mary's Isle of our maps, off the east coast, in seventeen degrees south latitude, also call themselves the children of Ibrahim, and the island Nusi Ibrahim. On the north-west coast, and on the northern side of the Bay of Bambilaka, or Bembatooka, Captain Owen found "a large, straggling town, nearly a mile in extent, and containing a large population of Malagash and Arabs, whose forefathers were settled there from time immemorial; and also, from the relics of their tombs and

other indications, appear to have been much more numerous than at present. The style of their buildings, like their inhabitants, is one-half Arab, and the other Malagash. The government, until a few days previously to our arrival (when Radama, with a numerous army, marched in and took possession of Majunga, the town in question) was vested in three men, who were appointed by the princes of the surrounding country. Of these, one was a Malagash, as representative of that part of the country; another was chief of the Arabs; and the third had the guardianship of strangers; all being equal in power." In this arrangement Colonel Yule very naturally finds a suggestion and a reminiscence of the four Sheikhs of Marco Polo's narrative.

It is a singular circumstance, as illustrating the shifting tendency at once of areas of demand and of centres of supply, that sixty years ago the foreign commerce of Bembatooka in every other commodity—rice, bees'-wax, gums, and others—was dwarfed into comparative insignificance by the vastness of the traffic in bullocks which it carried on with the United States. Captain Owen found several American vessels lying in the harbour at the time of his visit, the crews of which were actively engaged in completing their cargoes by slaughtering on the spot the fine cattle of the district, jerking the beef, curing the hides, and preserving the tallow. "The Arabs," says Captain Owen, "exactly resembled those of the main, and the Malagash those of their countrymen that we had met with, except in speech; for it is a singular fact, that at both extremes of Madagascar, the natives have the same language; whereas, in the intermediate coast, they speak a different one, as likewise in the central parts, although between the latter and the first many words are in common."

More scientifically the language of Madagascar may be regarded as substantially one all over the island; comprising, indeed, many dialectic differences, but not strongly marked, and presenting no traces of any speech of a distinctly different stock from that spoken by the mass of the people. There are strong linguistic proofs of the ancient relation between Madagascar, the Malay Archipelago, and the islands of the Pacific Ocean. Sanskrit words are not unknown in the language of the island, which is soft and beautiful, abounding in vowels and liquids, and "so mellifluous that it might be called the Italian of the Southern hemisphere. Its character is so peculiar, philosophical and original, as to render it truly amazing that uneducated and uncivilised people should have preserved it in such perfection. They have no literature; the language has, therefore, reached its present stage of excellence merely by ordinary conversation, speeches in the public assemblies, and pleadings in the courts of justice."*

But "while the Malagasy people have no ancient literature or

* *A Grammar of the Malagasy Language in the Ankora Dialect.* By the Rev. David Griffiths. 1854.

inscriptions of any kind, they have a considerable amount of what has been termed 'unwritten literature' existing in their language and daily speech. This consists of numerous proverbs, oratorical flourishes, emblems, allegories, and figures, songs, and a large body of folk-tales, most of them only recently taken down in writing. These products of the mind of the Malagasy give abundant evidence of their intellectual acuteness, habits of observation, and imaginative power. Almost all the people are ready and fluent speakers, and many of them have considerable oratorical abilities.*

This attractive obverse of a medal, struck in honour of the sonorous beauty and fulness of the Malagasy language, has a reverse inscribed with symbols which are not altogether so engaging. Common swearing is reported to have been carried to such an extent amongst the people of Madagascar, that, in familiar conversation, and in commercial transactions, an oath is uttered with almost every sentence. And the habit of using abusive language when speaking to each other is almost equally prevalent. Lest this gift should fall into desuetude, or perish for want of opportunities of improvement, the people frequently form themselves into two parties for the practice of reciprocal abuse; and the applause of the spectators is proportioned to the degree of excellence reached by the vituperation submitted for their suffrages.

The degree in which the use of Arabic characters has prevailed in any part of the island is extremely limited; and their actual employment for any literary purpose is difficult to ascertain. Several French writers, indeed, have asserted that the Arabic character has been introduced into certain parts of the coast, and that books and scientific treatises—or quasi-scientific treatises—on medicine, geomancy, judicial astrology, and other subjects professed by the *Ombiasses*, who are the literati, sorcerors, and physicians of Madagascar, have been written in it. Both the *Sieur Etienne de Flacourt* and the *Abbé Rochon* concur in this statement; the former speaking of the existence of twenty-eight books of the kind indicated, and the latter describing their paper as being made from the *Papyrus Niloticus*, which is named *Sanga-Sanga* by the scribes of Madagascar, who use in their writing pens made from the bamboo.

Without going to the length of denying or even questioning these particulars, it is pretty certain that the knowledge and employment of Arabic letters must have been very local in area, and probably confined, almost absolutely, to the purposes of trade. "No such books," Mr. Sibree asserts, "have been seen at the capital, and Arabic has had very little influence on the native language; nothing is known of it by any of the Hovas in the central provinces."†

* *Madagascar: Country, People, Missions.* By Rev. James Sibree, F.R.G.S. 1881.

† *Madagascar and Its People.* 1870.

The Sieur de Flacourt, just referred to, was the author of a work entitled *Histoire de la Grande Isle de Madagascar*, the materials for which he had amassed during his tenure of office as *Directeur Général de la Compagnie Françoise de l'Orient, et Commandant pour Sa Majesté dans ladite Isle et és Isles Adjacentes*, and which is especially a record or relation of the transactions which took place between the French and the natives of Madagascar from 1642 to 1657. It has a dedication "*A Messire Nicolas Fouquet, Chevalier, Vicomte de Melun et de Vaux, Ministre d'Etat, Surintendant des Finances de France et Procureur-Général de Sa Majesté.*" This high functionary is invoked to supply the people of Madagascar with persons expert in teaching all the arts of life, trades, handicrafts, professions, manufactures, agriculture, and European civilization generally, political and municipal institutions and administrations, but especially with "that which is above all the most precious of earthly things, ecclesiastics, priests, and preachers to convert the people, and teach them the mysteries of the true religion." It appears to have been in pursuance and illustration of this last aspiration that Flacourt produced a smaller work, the full title of which, for the present purpose, will be a competent description. It is a *Petit Catéchisme avec les Prières du Matin et du Soir, que les Missionnaires font et enseignent aux Néophytes et Catéchumens de l'Isle de Madagascar, le tout en François et en cette Langue.* 1657.

In his zeal for the establishment of a Christian propaganda in the island, the same Sieur de Flacourt enacts the part of *advocatus diaboli* whenever the beatification of its heathen inhabitants is agitated. He would have his readers to imagine these as the most perverse, the most deceitful and the most fawning of mankind; amongst whom treachery and revenge pass for virtues, whilst gratitude and compassion are accounted weaknesses. It must be conceded that some of their best friends are of accord in surrendering their national claims to truthfulness. There are said to be more words in the language of the island to express the various modes of deceiving than any other vice; and the precocious development in a child of the talent of duplicity, fraud, and overreaching, is recognised as a promising sign of genius and consequent success. Lying, again, is reported to be common to all classes of the community. "To lie is esteemed clever and pleasant, and it is a part of the national creed of the Hovas, that, when speaking with a foreigner in political matters, it is a duty to state the exact opposite to truth. Should any one be found telling the truth, he is liable to be punished. One objection brought against Christianity by the heathen was, *that it taught the people to scruple at telling lies.*"*

But their apologist and avenger is at hand. "If the Malagaches,"

* *From Pole to Pole.* By Joseph Hassell. 1872.

writes the Abbé Rochon, whose *Voyage de Madagascar* is a continued indictment of the aggressiveness of the French with respect to the island—"If the Malagaches have sometimes employed treachery, they were forced to it by the tyranny of the Europeans. The weak have no other arms to defend them from the attacks of the strong. Can these people defend themselves by any other means from our bayonets and artillery? They are destitute of knowledge and resources; yet we take advantage of their weakness to make them yield to our caprices. They receive the most rigorous treatment in return for the hospitality which they have so generously shown to us; and we call them traitors and cowards, when we force them to break the yoke with which it has pleased us to bind them. These melancholy truths are too well proved by the ruin of the different establishments which the Europeans have attempted to form in Madagascar."

In amplification of the last sentence, it may be observed that the Portuguese made scarcely any systematic attempt at the colonization of the splendid country they had discovered; and their connection with which is at present chiefly attested by the names they gave to its principal headlands, and to a number of its rivers. In former times, however, the supposed conflict of their interests with those of the Arab traders led to jealousies which found expression in religious antagonism and persecution; and with regard to an island, which has since become notorious as a crowded arena of martyrdom, it is singular that its first lesson in dogmatic exclusiveness—so utterly foreign to the natural disposition of the inhabitants—should have been taught by the bitter animosity exhibited towards each other by the followers of the Crescent and the Cross.

Fever paralysed the attempts of the Dutch to establish settlements in the country towards the close of the sixteenth century; and the persistent efforts made by the French for nearly two centuries to maintain colonies were rendered abortive in part by the insalubrity of the climate, and to a greater extent by the tyranny and oppression which we have just seen to have been exposed and denounced by the Abbé Rochon.

English colonies in Madagascar were projected in the middle of the seventeenth century; but were reduced to a *fiasco* by the terrible domestication of pirates in districts which had been designated for an honest and peaceable emigration. The reader of Robert Drury's narrative is frequently startled by the matter-of-fact way in which piracy is mentioned, as interweaving itself into the ordinary phenomena of life in Madagascar during the first three lustres of the eighteenth century.* Captain Hamilton, writing of the same and a yet more extended period, 1688-1723, speaks of the rivers of Madagascar as "serving for nests of pirates," who first chose St.

**Madagascar: or Robert Drury's Journal during Fifteen Years' Captivity in that Island. 1729.*

Mary's Island for their asylum and head-quarters. When these gentry, however, heard that squadrons of English ships had been commissioned in quest of them, they removed for greater security to the main island, where they contracted marriages, and formed other connections with the natives so largely as to make their dispossession a matter of equal peril and difficulty. Captain Hamilton, for reasons which may presently be suggested, was unable to discover the religion professed by the people of Madagascar; but he was not far wrong in surmising that "the pirates are but sorry schoolmasters to teach them morals."

On the west side of the island, where—particularly at St. Augustine's Bay—the English "drove a trade for slaves," the nefarious exploits of the pirates had the singular effect of generally deterring the slave-merchants from their honourable traffic; "though some venture their necks in going to trade with them." One amusing instance of playing the commissary to these buccaneers of the Indian Ocean is given by Captain Hamilton, who, complaining of the slight success which had attended the anti-piratical cruises of several squadrons of British men-of-war, avers that "one Scots ship, commanded by one Millar, did the public more service in destroying them, than all the chargeable squadrons that had been sent in quest of them; for, with a cargo of strong ale and brandy, which he carried to sell them, in anno 1704, he killed above five hundred by carousing, though they took his ship and cargo as a present from him, and his men entered, most of them, into the society of the pirates."*

The existence and depredations of these sea-rovers were all the more scandalous to the moral and religious feeling of this country from the fact that four-fifths of them were estimated to be Englishmen. Both force and finesse were called into play for their extermination; or, alternatively, as this seemed impossible, for their harmless and even beneficial absorption into the ordinary life of honest citizens. Proclamations of immunity were made and falsified; and its distrust of the pirates was nurtured into despair by the faithlessness of the British Government. Voices were raised in advocacy of a free pardon to be offered to outlaws who were beyond the reach of effective punishment. It was pointed out, on economical grounds, how much it would be to the advantage of this country to welcome back her crime-stained but repentant prodigals, who would return wealthy with the spoils of the subjects of the Great Mogul and other miscreants, instead of allowing their treasures to lie hidden and useless beneath the surface of so remote an island.

It was better that a number of desperate men, whose riches, however acquired, would be sanctified by home circulation, should

**A New Account of the East Indies: Being the Observations and Remarks of Captain Alexander Hamilton.*

enjoy the gracious pardon of Her Majesty Queen Anne, and so be reclaimed from a worse than heathenish course of life, than "to suffer them to continue, and perhaps increase, and be for ever established in Madagascar, to the eternal reproach, as well as damage, of the English nation and the Christian religion, and the destruction of many lives and souls." *

One of the principal reasons adduced for the inability to put down piracy with a strong hand, was the absence of any central power, any supreme monarch in Madagascar—which was then, and for more than a hundred years thereafter, "divided into a great number of petty kingdoms, independent of each other"—from which to expect successful co-operation. This distribution and dilution of power amongst a number of chiefs, who were the rulers of independent tribes generally hostile to each other, and frequently separated by broad marches of waste and uninhabited country, continued until the early part of the last century. Up to that an historian of the true Miltonic spirit might superciliously describe their conflicts as the wars of kites and crows. But about one hundred and eighty years ago, and even during the circulation of the *Proposals* just alluded to, the natural, not to say inevitable, tendency to aggregation and to ultimate unity of government, began to show signs of development and activity. The approximate sovereignty of the island first fell into the hands of a small but warlike tribe called Sakalava, of high reputation for bravery and generosity, and with regard to their physical qualities the finest people in Madagascar, who formed the western provinces into two powerful kingdoms which retained their supremacy until the close of the last century. Since that period, however, the Hovas, occupying the province of Imerina, in the centre of the island, who perhaps represent the latest immigration into the country, and are most likely of the purest Malay stock, have become the dominant race in Madagascar and their chiefs the virtual sovereigns of the island. Their authority, which has been aided by an English alliance, is still slight over large portions of the western side of the country; but unless complications, forced upon them from without, retard the spread of their influence, it should not be long before the tribes, yet turbulent and unsubdued, are brought under the central authority, and one strong government is established over the whole of Madagascar. The Hovas are the lightest in colour, and are the most advanced, civilised, and intelligent race in the country; and it is amongst them that the largest amount of missionary labour has been expended.

Mr. Sibree has "roughly grouped" the various tribes of Madagascar into three great divisions: eastern, central, and western. Of these, the Betsimisavaka, Bezanozano, Taimoro, Tanala, Taifasy,

* *Reasons for Reducing the Pirates at Madagascar, and Proposals Humbly Offered to the Honourable House of Commons for Effecting the Same.*

and Taisaka, are the chief in the eastern side; then, still from north to south, the Tankarana, Sihanaka, Mainty, Hovas, Betsileo, and Bara, in the centre; while all along the west coast are numerous tribes, all loosely called Sakalava, although this properly is the name of one tribe only, as each has its own name and distinct nationality.

(To be continued.)

GRANDMOTHER GRAY.

SHE mumbled her proverbs the long summer day
To Granddaughter Nelly, did Grandmother Gray.
Cries Nelly, "He's handsome, this lover of mine!"
"Nelly," croaks Granny, "*all new things are fine.*"
"His voice in my heart like a brave ballad rings!"
"Ah! *sweet is the honey, but, Nell, the bee stings!*"
"Stings!" replies Nelly, "*my lover speaks fair.*"
"When the fox preaches let goslings beware!"
"Granny, your wisdom is withered and tart:
Sage though your head be, I'll learn from my heart."

She mumbled her proverbs the long summer day,
Then forth in the moonlight went Grandmother Gray;
As a voice (not a nightingale's) stole from the field,
She said, "*Love, or a cough, Nell, is never concealed!*"
And growled, as she gazed 'tween the bars of the gate,
"*No crooked staff ever cast shadow so straight;*
Yes, Nelly, he's handsome, and sweet is his smile;
But, till we get over, we don't praise the stile!"
Ah, Granny, your wisdom is withered and tart:
Sage though your head be, Nell learns from the heart.

"Away with your proverbs, good Grandmother Gray,
For I'm to be married on Michaelmas Day!"
"But if, my dear Nelly, there's no flax to spin?"
"*Poverty, Granny, you know, is no sin.*"
"But foolish is she who a rainy day scorns."
"*If I'm to walk barefoot, why should I plant thorns?*"
Never mind, Granny, my darling and I
Agree with each other—*there's no trust like try!*"
Granny, your wisdom is withered and tart:
Nell's learnt, as you once did, to trust to the heart.

BYRON WEBBER.

NATURE'S HEALING.

Softly through rustling woods,
Forgetting winter floods,
 Flow the still streams,
No longer now they rave,
While through the boughs that wave
Above, whose stems they lave,
 Steal flickering beams.

The lush long grass is set
With blue-bell, violet,
 And fox-glove gay ;
Upon a morn so sweet,
When earth and heaven meet,
Fain would toil-weary feet
 In greenwood stray,

Careless and all at ease,
Beneath the cool green trees ;
 And there, perchance,
From each wild sylvan dell
The thrushes tales would tell
That weary thoughts should quell,
 Make sad hearts dance.

There grief should cease to smite,
As heavy eyes grew bright
 With happy drops,
And care sank into sleep,
Lulled by the silence deep,
And half-heard sounds that creep
 Through mead and copse.

And hearts that seek to win
Some ease from toil and sin,
 Some self-commune,
Their own true songs should know,
And fresher, braver grow,
Bearing a burden low
 To Nature's tune.

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

❖ TIME. ❖

—❖*❖—
MARCH, 1883.
—❖*❖—

A REAL QUEEN.

CHAPTER VII.

And when they won to the walls of brick
That had tossed back battle with lightsome scorn,
The builded bulwark and rampart thick
Were melt to the mist of a summer morn :

And when to the midmost keep they won
That a thousand knights might not hope to win,
Each gate of steel and each girth of stone,
As carven of cobweb, hath let them in.

As she approached the door of her castle, Rosamond was seized with an awful hope that the man who had shown himself such an adept at imprisoning himself might have disappeared again, either through the window, or the wall, or the floor, or the roof, or by whatever path it was that he had entered. It would be so much more than a relief—it would all be so simple and natural to find that nothing had really happened after all. For there are things so impossible that it is easier to disbelieve in the memory of our own eyes and our own ears than to believe. What a delight it would be to draw a free breath on finding her room empty, and to feel herself without a secret once more !

Everything was so silent as she listened at the door, with a beating heart, that the wish that it could be so almost grew up into the hope that it might be so. The fear that it might be so swallowed up all the remains of meaner fear. She opened the door as gently as possible. It was never really light there, owing to the height of the windows, the badness of the glass, and the smallness of the panes. It was not immediately, therefore, that all hope died away. But alas, the death of hope's last whisper had to come. There, on the straw heap, sat the Man.

"Good morning, Miss Fane," said he, courteously and even pleasantly, as she closed the door. "Ah—and bread! I was

getting so famished that I almost fancied you meant to get rid of me by starvation. Give me the loaf, if you please. Did you ever see a wolf killed, Miss Fane?"

"A wolf?" The word did not come agreeably from the lips of this strong and wild looking scare-crow. For the long night, and the cold daybreak, and unbroken hunger, had done their work upon him, and he was really looking, in broad daylight, the desperate criminal that he professed not to be.

"Never? Then you shall see me kill one now. But—pray sit down. It won't take long."

She did not obey the invitation to make herself at home in her own room, but stood, wondering how all this was to end, while the convict tore the bread into huge fragments and devoured them greedily. Not for five good minutes did he speak a single word. At last he paused in his work, drew a strong sigh, and said,

"Do you bake at home?"

"Yes," said Rosamond, with a start from her hopeless thought: for, under the circumstances, so homely a question was surely the most startling that could have been devised.

"So do we—at Lowmoor: but nothing like this. 'Liberty and a crust,' indeed! this is liberty and Ambrosia. There—the wolf is pretty near dead now: at any rate asleep till dinner time. And now to business. The rest of the bread won't hinder talking. But—while we talk, Miss Fane—pray oblige me by taking a chair. You would rather stand? Then so will I. In the first place, Miss Fane"—another bite, and an almost simultaneous swallow—"I mustn't forget manners. I must thank you for being kind—no, that would be nothing to you: I mean I must thank you for being brave. It wanted a little courage to come all alone with that loaf to a hungry, hunted, heaven-forsaken man like me, when you could have got rid of me in a moment, with a word or a scream. Women are not often brave, Miss Fane, and men, poor creatures, more seldom still. I was driven to trust you with more than my life last night, because it was my one last desperate chance; but I hardly half-believed that I *could* trust you. I heard a mouse scrambling once, outside the door; and so sure was I that I had fallen into a trap, that I thought you had brought the police or the gaolers upon me: and if you had I wouldn't have blamed you. A mouse wouldn't frighten you, Miss Fane—but it frightened me. Do you know what made me trust you through thick and"—another bite and swallow—"thin? This was it—not a triumph of literature, but written with a pin dipped into a heart for an ink-stand, and a good big heart, too. I knew the hand that wrote *this*," said he, bringing down his fist upon her pile of scrawl, "wouldn't deprive even a real wolf of bread and water and open air."

Something like the maternal instinct—the only thing that fears nothing—arose in Rosamond at seeing her brood of fancies covered by a strange hand, and at hearing that they had already

been profaned by sacrilegious eyes. In any case, perhaps, no shame, in point of heat and sharpness, equals the shame of being detected in a first act of authorship, where the fancy is concerned. If uncle Æneas had been the criminal, she would have wished for the floor to open and cover her—even Sophy, her intended public, was not to set eyes on a word until the moment—if it should ever come—when the last word was written and copied: and even then she might lack the courage, even if she should retain the desire. This had been written only for the writing's sake, as children write: and it may be that she held to it all the more closely, as half conscious that she was too quickly out-growing its inspiration, just as a girl may make a younger girl an excuse for playing with her doll, or as a boy who has become half a man may still hide away his old make-believes in a dark corner of his heart, to take them out and play with them when he is quite sure that he is quite alone.

"Give me my papers!" she said, feeling like a detected criminal, but speaking like a real Queen. "You have no right—those are my papers, and this is my room!"

/"And therefore my place of refuge," said he. "Of course I hadn't a shadow of a right to read this romance of yours. Of course I haven't a ghost of a right to be here at all. But I don't beg pardon for either. I've read *you* in your romance, Miss Fane: and I feel as safe here as if I had your wizard's invisible ring. You can no more betray a man to whom you have given bread than Flora Macdonald could have given up Prince Charley. Could you—yes or no?"

But there was no need to read her writings—in which, after all, an author is mostly prone to paint himself as he is not—to feel that Rosamond Fane could no more betray a trust than she could give up her worst enemy to his pursuers. With all his masterful ease of manner, this condemned soul (according to her theories of Lowmoor) was inspiring her with a dread which felt, to her innocence, almost like what she fancied must be hate: and his having read the secret of her life gave him the kind of awful influence that comes of knowing all the mysteries of one's mind and soul.

"I have done all I can," said she. "This is not my house, though it is my room. You—if you were my own sister, I could do nothing for you: nothing in the world."

"In fact, you are as anxious to be clear of me as I assuredly am—or rather assuredly was—to be clear of you. Well?"

"Perhaps—if you are not found—I can manage to bring you something to eat: just once more, before you go. But you *will* be found. Mr. Fane, my uncle, is a magistrate; Silver Moldwarp has been sent for, who finds out everything; Oswald—Mr. Hargrave—who knows every inch of all the land, is riding after you everywhere——"

"And therefore the only place for me is the only place where Silver Moldwarp, who finds everything, and Oswald—Mr. Hargrave—who rides everywhere, will neither look nor ride." He spoke in a tone she had not yet heard from him, and she did not understand it, for she had never yet, so strange a place was Crossmarsh, seen or heard a sneer. "Who is Oswald—Mr. Hargrave? And what has he to do with the affair?"

"Mr. Hargrave, of Windgate," said she, stiffly. "He is not likely to let go anything that he once takes up—till it is done."

The convict growled something to himself, in which more accustomed ears might have recognised words hardly suited to a girl's ears. "I never counted on *that* wind!" said he. "Well—if one trusts a man, one tells some woman: if one trusts a woman, one tells some man. Of course, *he* has read this romance of yours, this Mr. Hargrave, of Windgate? *He* may find me here, without riding?"

Not even the faded remembrance of what had passed yesterday in the greenhouse rendered Rosamond conscious that her mention of a man by his Christian name had at once suggested the conclusion that he must needs be her lover to her most unwelcome guest. There are girls, scarcely older in years, who would have read in the words, in the passing sneer, and in the suppressed eagerness of the half-question, something deeper than an escaped convict's dread of discovery—that is to say, jealousy. He had, beyond question, too much to think of to have a thought for love-making at first or second sight, even were such a thing under any conditions outrageously absurd: but danger, and hunger, and loneliness, and weariness, and watching will make their victim melt at the faintest touch of long unknown kindness, and a girl's voice had become a new sight, a girl's voice a new sound, to the ex-inmate of Lowmcor. The girl who was not Rosamond would have felt, at least, one thrill of fearful pride before leaving the room and closing the door upon this gaunt, perhaps desperate, certain evilly handsome scarecrow for good and all. Even Rosamond could not help feeling indignant, though she knew not wholly why.

"Nobody *ever* comes into this room but myself," she exclaimed, imprudently, forgetting that the opposite belief would be the most efficient means of scaring him away—"Nobody in the world!"

Three taps on the door—count one, two, three, four—two taps—count three—one blow.

The convict, as well he might, started and turned pale. It was clearly a signal of some sort—and, to a man with only himself to think of, what thing could it mean but one? Rosamond could almost hear the clench of his teeth, as he threw upon her a look of upbraiding—no: she could never betray him now. That reproachful glance, thrown by a strong man, who believed himself

betrayed, and by her, would have been past her bearing if it had been deserved. In fancy, before there was time for the next count, she felt the remorse of a traitor: come now what might, her course was sealed.

"Quick, quick!" she could only whisper, "hide yourself under the straw—and don't rustle or move." How Rosamond, even Rosamond, who had never before had a secret in her life, should be suddenly inspired with the sole shift for keeping so great an one, belongs to the chapter of mysteries—and of common things.

She was as long as possible in opening the door, since for a long man to hide himself under a straw heap is by no means so easy as it sounds. But it was done as quickly as it might; and Rosamond, having thrown a glance round the room to make sure that there was nothing in sight that might tell tales to Sophy's sharp eyes, answered the signal.

"What is the news now?" she asked, trying to fill the doorway. "Am I wanted, again? Oh, Sophy, so busy as I am, I only wish the world would leave me alone!"

"Silver Moldwarp's come—and, of course, I thought," said Sophy, while her eyes tried to look over Rosamond's head into the farther twilight, "I thought you would like to know."

"Does he guess anything? Does he think he can find——"

"I don't know. He's with uncle Æneas now. But you ought to come down and see him—he's such a figure of fun! He always did wear the strangest sort of clothes, but he must have bought of a beggar those he's got now. Do go and look at him, Rosamond; I'll guard your castle while you're gone."

Rosamond's secret felt as if it were choking her—she would as soon have left Sophy alone with it as a cat with a basin of cream. "No, no," she gasped, "I don't want to see Silver Moldwarp—and certainly not his old clothes. Anyhow that—that man—he isn't found?"

"I only wish he were! Please don't shut yourself up to-day; I don't like to go about the house alone. We don't believe in ghosts, of course—not in real ones: but I've been fancying myself seeing things ever since breakfast, and hearing things too: and I don't like it at all."

"Hearing things! What things?"

"Strange voices, and things like those. I wouldn't go back through the lumber room and along the passage, alone, for the world. It seemed as if people were talking in your castle—not out loud, nor whispering, but between. I thought you never *would* open the door!"

Rosamond's heart was sinking deeper and deeper—she had forgotten that stone walls have voices, and that Sophy had ears as well as eyes. "Voices?" she asked in a faint voice, that harmonised well with the touch of panic in her sister's humour. "What did they say?"

"That was the worst of it," said Sophy. "I couldn't make out a single word. Do you think the house *is* haunted? I should lose my senses if I was to sit all alone in a dark, empty room, like you. I *must* come in, till you're ready to go. I feel as if that horrible wretch they're trying to find was coming down the passage after me. Do come into the garden, Rosamond—it's sunshine there."

It would have been easy enough for Rosamond to lock the door and go back with Sophy at once to the living rooms or the garden; but she was still but a tyro in plotting, and she fancied it would look suspicious if she refused admission into her castle-tower. It is true she had done so fifty times before, out of nothing but whim; but now she had become afraid to move a finger, lest that finger itself should prove a traitor. As for looking so much as the hall clock straight in the face, she felt that she would never have the courage to do such a thing again. So she made way for Sophy to enter, and followed in an agony, from which the only attainable relief was to press her finger-nails hard into her palms.

"No," said Sophy, "I can *not* make out what makes you so fond of sitting here. But what a lot you have written, to be sure! What have you been doing with dry bread? I saw you with the rest of the loaf after breakfast, and there's nothing left of it but crumbs, and not many of them."

"Bread? Oh, I often get hungry when I'm working," faltered Rosamond—a reason as true to the letter as was ever made by a hungry girl who grew in sea air. "Yes, the story is nearly done now. I—I wish it had never been begun. I know what we'll do, Sophy! We'll take it out into the garden, now, this minute, and I'll read it you as far as it's gone."

"But there are ghosts in it, aren't there—and murderers?"

"Yes, plenty!"

"Then, Rosamond, I think I'd rather wait till it's *quite* finished. I want to get all that sort of people out of my eyes and ears. Not that I mind them so much, any more, now that I'm here with you. After all, it's snug to have a castle all to one's self, and all one's own. When you're married to Oswald—oh, yes, I know!—I'll take this for myself, only I won't keep it just like it is now. I'd have company—I'll have a big cage for canaries, and two or three dogs, and a kitten, and perhaps an owl. And—good gracious, Rosamond! what *is* the matter with that straw?"

Poor Rosamond felt that she was indeed bearing the very last straw.

"What straw?" she gasped, as well as her throat would let her.

"I saw it—it moved!"

"And you heard voices! and you saw ghosts!" cried Rosamond, who had almost foreknown what must come. But she also knew that she must hold out to the last, for honour's sake, and let herself be torn in quarters by wild horses, if need were, rather

than let so contemptible a thing as cowardice betray the man who had trusted his all to her courage. "Come, Sophy, I will see Silver Moldwarp, after all."

"One minute, Rosamond; I *must* see if there's anything under that straw!"

Rosamond contrived to place herself between Sophy and the far from easy bed where the convict lay.

"No, Sophy—what nonsense! What should there be?"

"It might be a mouse, or a bat, or a cat with kittens. It might be something that would do for my room, you know."

It was too late to repent the over-cleverness which had let this irrepressible detective into the room. That Sophy would dive into the straw-heap, unless very speedily prevented by some extraordinary means, was as certain as that the convict was hidden there. And then? Then either Rosamond must either have to bear the life-long remorse of feeling herself responsible for the return to Lowmoor of a condemned soul, or else—the thought was not too horrible to rise up before her like the apparition she had conjured up last night—this desperate man might prefer the doing of murder to the loss of liberty. She could be almost willing, for her own part, to lose life if that were the only means of getting rid of her secret—but if Sophy, groping among the straw for a kitten or a mouse, were suddenly to be grasped round the throat by the hand of a murderer! Rosamond turned faint, and for a moment the light of day turned to a chaos of sparks, and the air seemed filled with the buzzing of bees. Only by a desperate effort she gathered herself together.

"Sophy," said she, "do me a real favour—please; pray don't look under that straw!"

"Oh, Rosamond! Why?" asked Sophy. "What *can* you have hidden that I'm not to see?"

The sisters were really very like boy and girl—or Rosamond would surely have known better than to think that the way to keep a secret is to implore that it shall not be unlocked, so long as the key is in the door.

"Nothing—you'll know some day—at least, perhaps you will."

It was a challenge to a game of hide and find: for how could Sophy dream that Rosamond was not making up some new play? Rosamond's one real secret was her story: and even that was shared with Sophy, as were all other things.

"Oswald says you are a real witch," said she, "and that you come here to work real spells. Do you keep your—what is it they call it—your Familiar under that straw?"

"Perhaps," said Rosamond. "But please, pray, never mind what it is now. I want to go out—please don't tease me now."

Even Sophy, struck by something in her voice, and perhaps in her face, began to think that all this mystery was something more than play.

"I'll tell you what it is," said she, with her best grown-up woman-of-the-world air; "you've been seeing things, and hearing whispers and strange talking, as well as me. They all came from your castle: and, now we're in the castle, it all seems to belong to the straw. I'm not going to be frightened by bogeys, nor shall you. I was frightened, but I'm not now. Ghosts *are* nonsense, you know—and there's nothing in the house that could hurt us, if it's alive. And so—here goes!"

"Sophy!" cried Rosamond, holding out both her arms to bar the way.

But Sophy, though not famous for courage before known and intelligible dangers, would have charged a regiment of soldiers if they barred her way to the ghost of a secret, and have opened Pandora's box or Bluebeard's chamber, as surely as if she had been christened Eve. In an instant she had dived under Rosamond's right arm, and was scattering the straw.

Rosamond fancied she heard a scream, but could not tell whether the cry was Sophy's or her own. In truth it was her own: but it was audible only to herself—voice and limbs were paralysed as by nightmare. Had the moment been less terrible, she must have swooned. And then —

"There!" cried Sophy, in triumph. "As if I didn't know there was nothing at all, all the time!"

Had Rosamond indeed lost her senses?—or had the convict indeed been but a monstrous apparition, created of overwrought fancies and dreams? There stood Sophy, waist deep in the scattered straw. But there was neither cat nor convict, murderer nor man.

CHAPTER VIII.

SIR MIDAS. If you had seen, sir, half that I have *known*!
Spirits from space in flesh-and-blood-like form—
(Materialised, we term it)—if you'd seen
Twice two make five, and chairs with tables dance,
And great Lord Bacon, taught in other worlds,
Come back to jabber like the parish fool,
And harps, unfingered, twang themselves, and all
The laws of Newton topsy-turvy-wise—
You'd surely, sir, have faith?

COLONEL HOTWELL. I would indeed—
In Doctor Bolus: and I'd send for him.

"Of course," said Silver Moldwarp, with a slightly superior smile, "of course they'll find neither nothing nor nobody if they go to work that way. That's the fault of all the regular detectives, sir. They think to find a thing by looking. But that aren't *my* way."

"I know you're a clever fellow, Moldwarp," said uncle Æneas, who was giving his Prime Minister a private audience in the library; "that's why I sent for you. But what is your way?"

"That's their mistake, sir—to think they'll find things by looking. And whether it's a Flint or whether it's an Elefant, the principle's the same. The way to find a thing's by *not* looking."

"By not looking? Bless my soul!"

"That's right, sir. What's the way, if you're lost a-horseback, to find the high road, but to give the animal his head, and leave him to instinc', sir? That's my way. When I want to find anything, I get on the back of instinc', and straight I go: but I could never tell you how I got there for a hundred pounds. The others can always tell you the way they went, but 'tis always to nowhere. Now, sir, do you think it likely a desperate character, and as cunning as an old fox, would go where any mortal soul would think of looking for him? No, sir; you don't think anything of the kind. And you're right, sir—just as you always *are* right, and as I never know you wrong. Ah, Mr. Fane, begging your pardon, you've that eye for an axe as'd puzzle old Harry to take in *you*."

"Well, Moldwarp," said uncle Aeneas, "I certainly do think Mr. Hargrave over confident in supposing that the rascal could be discovered by means of mere topographical knowledge. What you say only confirms my own original view. But you understand the gravity of the occasion? Here is a desperate character from Lowmoor at large in Crossmarsh, if he's anywhere. If he is finally to make good his escape, he must manage to supply himself with food, money, clothes. Not a house in the parish is safe as long as he is at large. Not a man can safely go out after dark, nor a woman at all. As you say, the authorities have lamentably broken down. You suppose he *is* in Crossmarsh, Moldwarp?"

"Yes, sir, I do. He couldn't have cleared the parish in his prison clothes; and if he had changed 'em, by force or trick, we'd have heard tell of it long afore now."

"Of course there'll be a reward issued for his apprehension. But, whatever it is, I, on my own account, as the principal resident in this parish, will add fifty pounds to whoever gives such information as will lead to the apprehension of this Laurence Derwent—yes, fifty pounds. Great Heaven! To think there's an escaped convict about, in the same parish with a house like this, Moldwarp—with a museum of flints worth their weight in gold!"

"Aye, sir—to think of that, indeed!"

"This house is a national responsibility, Moldwarp. Suppose the man were to break in some night and carry off some priceless link in the history of the aboriginal Phœnicians—the labour of a life, and the intentions of Providence, might be destroyed. While that man is at large and exposed to such temptations in the shape of flints, I shall not be able to sleep in my bed, and be unfit for my work all next day. It is worth paying fifty pounds for peace of mind."

"I'll give you that, sir—leastways, a piece of *my* mind. And that's not to trust overmuch to a young gentleman like Mr. Hargrave. He's young, you see; and if he goes scouring all over the country, he'll find nothing himself, and'll only spoil the game of them that can. A young gentleman, galloping that gait, would scare away that Fenian Sun-Dyle. If I'm to earn that fifty pound, I must earn it my own way. And I can't, if you don't put in a word to hinder Mr. Hargrave."

"Well, Moldwarp—there is certainly sense in what you say. But—you said something about a sun-dial, a Phœnician sun-dial; how do *you* know that if there's one thing wanting to be found—what do you know of such things? What put the idea into *your* mind?"

For a moment, Mr. Moldwarp looked a little disconcerted. But it was only a moment before he scratched his head and smiled again his superior smile. "There it is, sir! I couldn't tell you how! You might as well ask a bee how he knows there's honey in a flower. He'd only buzz—and that buzz would mean natural instinc', Mr. Fane. That's how I find things, and no other way."

"Aye, Moldwarp, but I don't understand how a man hits on things by chance, without knowing what's wanted."

"As you say, sir, 'tis just beyond mortal understanding; nobody that understands things is ever able to do anything any more. Why don't you find the axes and the flints?—because you understand 'em. What comes of my not knowing one from 'tother?—why, I find 'em. If you, sir, was to understand the works of my mind, 'twould be all the same as if I was to understand yours, and then we'd be of no more use than if we understood why we was both born."

"Well, well," said uncle Æneas, hastily, not wholly convinced, but not caring to follow farther in the direction of so unwelcome a conclusion as that Silver Moldwarp might not be so complete an ignoramus as his patron chose to believe him. "Well, well: I dare say that's all very true. I'll speak to Hargrave; the lad's reasonable—at least, in most things—and he'll see the need of your setting to work in your own way. And about this Lawrence Derwent—how are you going to begin?"

"That's instinc', sir."

"But, bless my soul, instinct isn't dumb, I suppose? What does it say?"

Uncle Æneas would far sooner have lost confidence in himself than in Silver Moldwarp; but impatience to justify his own faith in the man who could find everything rendered him impatient, and the impatience, expressing itself somewhat testily, may have seemed to Moldwarp in the slightest degree flavoured with suspicion. At any rate, he thought it advisable to satisfy his patron's desire for something definite by suggesting something in the shape of practical course of action.

"Instinc' says, sir, says she, that I'll take the boat out of the boat-house, and course along under the cliffs, and overhaul the holes and caves. If that scoundrel's neither drowned nor dry, he must be between the two. And if he's in a hole, sir, I'll spot him, with half an eye. He must have scrambled up, or scrambled down, and if there's a scratch on the rock, or a pebble out of place, or a tuft of grass awry, I'll know if it's been done by man or cony—and there's none else to leave a mark except myself, and I know my own marks as sure as sure. That's the voice of instinc', Mr. Fane."

"Aye, Moldwarp, and of reason too. I said from the beginning that the man would make for the caves. But you'll want help?"

"No, thank you, sir. Helping's hindering, all over the world. I'll just go along with the tide, and the pair of sculls. Another man would be interfering with instinc', and may be asking why I did this? and, why I didn't do that? or went here, or didn't go along there, till I didn't know sense from reason. I'll have him, if he's alive. And if he's not alive, why he's drowned. And you won't say a word to Mr. Hargrave, sir, if you please—except to tell him not to go scattering my flints, and, maybe breaking to bits things you'd like to have found whole."

"Bless my soul, Moldwarp—that's true! I never thought what might come of riding about the country off the roads. Why that confounded mare's shoe might strike on a Phœnician sun—Better let fifty convicts loose than have *that* happen. I'll tell him!—Come in!"

"Uncle," said Sophy, opening the door without coming in.

"Well! what is it? Don't you see I'm busy with Moldwarp?"

"I want you to come to Rosamond, if you please, uncle. I'm afraid she's ill."

Rosamond was not ill. But it was not strange that she seemed so: it would not have been wonderful if she were. Not only had she been living under the burden of an intolerable secret, but the unaccountable disappearance of the convict from his hiding place and from the room itself made havoc of her whole mind. Unless she had been dreaming, he had been there. The straw heap had moved before her own eyes as well as before Sophy's; he could not have left it without being seen by her, as well as by the quickest eyes in the world; there was no other hiding place in that empty room, and the window was too high for a tall man to reach without using either the chair or table. And yet he had vanished, as completely as if he had never been there at all.

When Sophy first plunged into the straw, she had half covered her eyes with her hands; when she removed them, all sense of relief was lost in incredulous wonder. Were magic and witchcraft real—had she, while engaged in the creation of apparitions, been playing with edged tools and fire? Was the occupation, or

the crime, of the condemned souls in Lowmoor truly of a sort that defied and over-turned the laws of nature? Mr. Pitcairn had told her tales of Indian conjurers—of the great basket trick, and how a man can throw a rope's end into the air, and climb up the rope, coiling it after him, till he and it are out of sight, and seemingly lost midway to the sky. But this feat was to the full as wonderful as these; it was the work rather of a wizard, who can control nature for great ends, than of a conjuror who is hired only to surprise and amuse. With awe of Lowmoor deepened in her, she was in the mood to give way to a belief in magic and in all maddening things.

"Into the air!" was all she could say to Sophy, who, wondering at her sudden paleness and change of voice, took her sister's hand and led her from the chamber of mystery. Then, safely away at last from an atmosphere that seemed charged with a necromancer's fumes, she lay down upon the sofa in the parlour, with flowers within, and the window open to the sunshine and the birds, and closed her eyes. She neither fainted nor slept; but yet, for some needful instants of rest, her mind and memory became closed. It was the instinct of health and strength to preserve themselves: and health and strength were Rosamond's fairy godmothers, who had promised never to fail her whatever might betide.

But Sophy, who had never seen sickness except in a labourer's cottage, was alarmed; and Rosamond's next living sensation was the sight of her uncle's anxious face, who bent over her and held her hand. He was as sparing as his favourite flints of the signs of affection; and Rosamond's heart, touched to its depth, felt like a criminal's. The need of confession healthily possessed her, and confession no longer meant so much as the imagination of treachery. If the human-seeming creature had ever been there, he was gone now, and safe, no doubt, in some region where nature has no laws, and where such things as this can be.

Her uncle listened in silence as she contrived, incoherently enough, to deliver the story of her nightmare, while Sophy sat at her feet in fascinated amaze. She was not interrupted by a word: and even when she had finished, Uncle Æneas did not ask her a single question. He only shook his head gloomily.

"Yes, yes, my dear," he said, "I dare say—I've no doubt—it all happened just exactly as you say. We oughtn't to have let you hear about such things. Justice work, and men like that and their doings, aren't fit things to fill little girls' brains. I think you'd better go to bed and go to sleep. I don't wonder at your lying awake, with all my coins and flints in the house; I must buy a safe and put everything into it every night at bed-time. See your sister up-stairs to her room, Sophy, and when you've seen her in bed come back to me."

"Bed, uncle!" exclaimed Rosamond. "No; why half the day hasn't gone, and I'm as well——"

"Yes, yes, my dear. No doubt you're perfectly well, but you'll go to bed all the same. Sophy, take your sister to her room."

Uncle Æneas did not often interfere with his nieces' liberty, but old-fashioned obedience to lawful authority was one of the laws of their life, and Rosamond did not dream of rebellion—and, for that matter, she was growing hungry for rest and solitude. The companionship of Sophy would only be a burden to her for some hours to come.

"Then, uncle," she asked, as she rose from the sofa, "then—you don't think all I saw was true?"

"God bless my soul, no—bless my soul, yes, I mean. But don't worry over it any more, there's a good girl; don't be afraid of the man any more. He's gone, and Moldwarp will find him, and then he'll be kept safe enough, you may be sure, for the rest of his days—for he's in for life, I'm told. There, go to sleep like a good girl, and forget it all."

"And—and—you don't think I did wrong?"

"No, no; don't worry, that's all. Be off with you, and don't let me hear about it any more."

"Oh, Rosamond," said Sophy, on their way up-stairs, "and have you really been hiding that prisoner, all alone? I wonder you aren't dead of fear! Why didn't you scream, and call up the house? Why didn't you call me?"

"Indeed, Sophy, I can't tell you all about it now, I must think it all out, for I'm sure there must be something about it all that can't be really true. Sophy, forgive me. I'll never try to hide anything from you any more. It's the first time, and the last too, so forgive me—please do. But how could I give up that poor runaway? You'd have done just like I did, indeed."

"Indeed, I wouldn't though," said Sophy, "I should have run away back to bed, and hid under the clothes. I don't pretend to be brave like you," she added, for Rosamond was still her heroine and her chief, and she felt that her heroine had somehow risen to the occasion, though she hardly comprehended how.

"Will you forgive me, dear?" asked Rosamond, humbly, the larger nature bowing before the smaller, as is the way of larger natures, always and everywhere.

"Of course I do. And—and—I think—I'll never try to find things out again, only I do wonder how he got away. I must find out that, or else I shall never be able to rest in my grave."

"I'm afraid, Sophy, there are a great many things that we'd much better not try to understand. I don't want anything to happen any more. I want things to go on just as they are for ever. Promise me you'll never marry anybody, Sophy. If you won't, I never will."

"What—not Oswald?"

"No—nobody."

"Then, neither will I. But you're quite sure you'll never have any secrets from me any more?"

Rosamond laid down upon her bed without undressing. Sophy brought her book and then returned to uncle Æneas in the library.

"Ah, there you are," he said, stopping in the middle of an impatient walk up and down the room. "Have you seen her safe up-stairs?"

"Yes, uncle. But *how* did he get away?"

"Then, say nothing to the other servants, but go into the yard, or up the long garden, and find Pritchard, and tell him to ride over to the village, and give this note at once to Dr. Hawker, and to trot fast all the way."

"Dr. Hawker, uncle?"

"Bless my soul, yes—who else, when Rosamond's got the fever on the brain? But don't say a word about that to Pritchard, or to another soul about the place till Hawker's been. They might think it catching——"

"Then you don't believe, uncle——"

"Bless the child, no? As if an escaped convict would hide in the house of a justice—as if he could get in, and, being in, as if he could get out again—absurd. And, on her own showing, there was no convict—convicts at Lowmoor don't treat young ladies, and a houseful with throats to cut, and of priceless archæological treasures to steal, in that fine, gentlemanly sort of way. She's been reading too many story-books, and has been patching up a *réchauffé* of Claude Duval, or some such lady-killing scoundrel. I shall overhaul that lumber room, not for convicts, but for books; and if I find what I expect, I'll take a leaf out of old Don Quixote, and have a bonfire without waiting for November. That straw will come in well. And *do* I believe that a man of flesh and blood can vanish, like a hobgoblin on a broomstick, through solid walls!"

"Oh, uncle! Is she ill?"

"She's been scared about that convict being at large, and it's got to her brain. But she mayn't be seriously ill—if Hawker gets here pretty soon."

Off ran Sophy. Illness had never yet come to the cottage, and she scarcely knew how to feel towards it when it did come. Could it mean that Rosamond might die? But nothing like that could happen—that would mean the end of the world. Of course her uncle was right, and Rosamond could really have seen nothing; but Sophy remembered how she herself had been tricked by phantom voices along the passage, and how she herself had seen the straw-heap move. Had she also received a touch of fever on the brain? But, with this appalling shadow hanging over Rosamond, she had reason enough for feeling fevered now. Having delivered her message to Pritchard, the groom and gardener, with

an attempt at prudence and reticence that suggested nothing less than a sudden outbreak of plague; and with an evasion of questions that amounted to exaggerated answers, she crept back to the house, and, not daring to disturb her sister, gave herself up to tears until she was tired.

Rosamond, alone at last, and free from the burden of her secret, closed her eyes, and wished and wished so strongly that the wish almost persuaded her that her night and morning had been a dream, and nothing but a dream, or, at any rate, a visitation from that unknown and lawless world beyond the hills. People who are unused to wonders believe in them when they come more easily than those who live in an atmosphere of strange things. At last, however, the sense of infinite relief possessed her; and, after her sleepless night, set her sleeping. She slept so sound and so long that she knew nothing, towards the end of the afternoon, of the visit of Dr. Hawker, who, having heard her story, came and shook his head over her, and very properly ordered that on no account should she be disturbed. "She's called in Dr. Nature," said he, "and I won't interfere till he goes. When he gives up the case, call me again. It's a case of cerebral excitement; but I hope that inflammation may be averted with proper care. Miss Rosamond is of a peculiar type, of the nervous temperament, I should say. Strange things, those morbid fancies; but we may look for plenty of them, with an escaped convict roaming over the country. Mrs. Hawker, when she heard of it, went off into hysterics: she's a highly organised type of the nervous temperament, too. Miss Sophy had better not sleep in the same room to-night, for fear the patient should be disturbed; every minute's sleep is worth a pound of medicine. But she can be somewhere within call: patients like these are liable to have bad dreams. Die, did you ask, Miss Sophy? Nonsense—or perhaps when she's a great grandmother of eighty years old. Only keep her quiet and let her sleep: that's all. Her being woke up before her time is just the one chance—and there's always one—of things going wrong."

The counsel was wise, and it made Sophy happy again: for, though her heart had not yet grown to be very large, it was all Rosamond's. She even rose to the occasion, and took infinite precautions to ensure her sister's slumber from being disturbed by the remotest of accidents. She shut every window in the house, and stood sentry, without any shoes, on the landing outside the bedroom doors, so as to compel silence on all who went up or down. At tea-time, she poured out the milk drop by drop, and would not stir her sugar for fear the spoon should rattle. And her going to bed—among the creepy sensations belonging to the first experience of a solitary room—was as much a miracle of swiftness and silence as her sleep was of soundness so soon as the pillow was touched by her golden hair.

It was dark when Rosamond woke; but she was not ignorant

of the hour, because the hall clock, which Sophy had unaccountably forgotten to stop, struck eleven immediately afterwards. "I *have* slept!" thought she. "What can it mean? And I am not undressed—yes, I was sent to bed: I remember now. Sophy,—are you there?" she whispered; but no answer came, nor, when she listened, could she hear the faintest breathing. "They're very late in coming to bed," thought she. She rose, groped her way to the door, and looked out upon the landing. All was dark; the hall lamp was out, and the tick of the hall clock was the only sound.

She worked her way back to Sophy's bed, and found it empty. It all seemed very odd; and of course Sophy ought to have slept lightly enough, in the next room, to hear her moving. However, Rosamond could find a match, and lighted a candle, and presently discovered that Sophy's room had been changed. "Am I going to be ill?" thought she. "And yet I don't feel different from usual. But perhaps I do feel different without knowing it; and surely people don't sleep all day and half through the night when they're well. I wish Sophy was awake, but I can't wake her; she looks a great deal too happy. Oh, I hope I am not going to fall ill—and oh, if I am, there's my story: nobody must find that; nobody must ever see that now. I must get hold of that, and tear it to bits, before I ever go into that horrible castle again."

After the part it had played in her terrible adventure, the creature of her mere fancy had been blighted out of life and soul. She would never be able, herself, to bear the sight of it again; and the vision of herself laid up helplessly ill, while her uncle, and perhaps Oswald Hargrave, were exploring her bower and rifling her past of its mysteries, was not to be borne. That must be averted at any cost, even at that of another, one more, one last visit to the castle, where she had formerly spent so many happy and busily idle hours. She might find herself ill to-morrow, the deed must be done now. Yet she shuddered as she thought of a repetition of last night's journey. It was like courting fresh disaster, and she foreknew that, as she followed the passages to her citadel, the echo of her feet would become visible phantoms. Still they would be but empty phantoms, this time, after all; the manuscript must be seized and forthwith destroyed, as if it were some evil charm. She need not linger a moment in the room, she need but snatch the papers from the table, lock the door behind her, fly back to bed and safety, and let herself fall ill, if so she must, with a clear mind. Sophy might wake at any instant. The deed must be done, and now.

She had expected so much from the terror that fieth by darkness that the reality fell infinitely short of her fears. It was true that the boards would creak, and that the failure of the ticking clock to rouse the household was scarcely short of a miracle. But, for the rest, the powers of darkness did not molest her on the

road. For the last time—for the very last time—she entered that dreary room, which the light of her one bedroom candle rendered more dreary and dismal still. Her hand was on the papers, the deed was well nigh done. But at that moment another hand was laid upon her shoulder.

"You are come at last!" said—He.

Let those picture the poor girl's misery who have the power. It passes mine.

"I am half dead with hunger, half mad with waiting," said he. "But never mind now. After all, you could have chosen no better time. For Heaven's sake, don't look so scared, bring your wits together. Don't you want to be rid of me, for good and all? Won't you understand that I've found the way to escape clean off never to see you again, if you'll only be half as brave, for a short ten minutes, as you were, God bless you, last night and this morning? Come—you must be; you shall. Do you think I want to stay here? And do you want me to stay? Listen—be yourself. Don't you understand that you are to rid yourself of me; to help me to go?"

"I can do nothing more," said she, faintly.

"Yes—you can. And you have no time to lose. I know, better than you, that any minute may bring somebody to this room. The very stupidest of them all can't go on without looking in the right place for ever. Their stupidity—even theirs—has reached its last limit by now. There's a boat-house, isn't there, where you keep a boat, with sculls?"

"Yes," said she, without in the least wondering how he had come to know.

"Is it locked or open?"

"Not locked." His former mesmeric force over her was returning rapidly.

"Then—you must let me out of the house, and show me the way. I'm sailor enough to pull a boat in a calm, and I shall know where to make for. If I can get off at once, I shall have as many dark hours as I need. Come."

"No!" she managed to bring out, with what seemed to be the last remnant of strength that was left in her.

"Then—Miss Fane—there is only one thing to be done. I can't stay here and starve; and I won't be taken back to Lowmoor for nothing. Do you understand?"

She did not understand; at least not wholly. But she could guess his drift, and began to be conscious that only her courage stood between a desperate man and some desperate deed. His voice and his manner, for all their quiet ease, and their unflinching courtesy, were for that very reason more significant than threats could have been. Whatever it might cost her, the man must go, and in his own way.

"Are you ready now?" asked he. "You have only to guide me to the boat-house, and then to return as quietly as you please. You can wake in the morning, certain of there not being a sign left to show that I have been here for a single hour. When the boat's missed, that will be nothing to you. You will never be troubled by me again, I shall be either on the other side of the world, and alive, or dead at the bottom of the sea. If you pause one moment longer, you are a fool, and on your own head be whatever comes of your folly."

"Anything to be sure he is gone for ever!" thought Rosamond. And, somehow, she felt as if the convict read her thoughts as he followed her from the room.

(To be continued.)

ROSES OR LILIES?

A REMINISCENCE OF GLADIATEUR'S DERBY.

"SEVENTEEN years ago! By Gad, it must be," said Tod Ashton, as his gaze followed the sixteen-year-old form of his eldest hope out of the room. "That youngster, and his first appearance in pink to-morrow, reminds me how time flies. Charlie, old chum, I've never mixed up women and horse-racing since that eventful year, and I never mean."

Very well I knew to what he alluded. Through boyhood and early manhood Tod and I had kept up a close friendship, which the frosts of mature middle age had as yet done nothing to chill. But, inasmuch as his tastes and habits never allowed him to leave England, except under circumstances over which he had no control—such as the annual celebration of the Grand Prix or a doctor's prescription of *Aquæ Mattiaci* at Wiesbaden—and my own conditions of life, pecuniary and otherwise, were in favour of a constant residence abroad—during the last three lustra we had met seldom. Not until this winter of '82-83 had I set foot, since the Spring of 1865, within the threshold of Tod's place, in Surrey—which at that time had not been Tod's but his father's. This winter, improved health and an improved banking-account—together with "a nunting nunger," which creeps over Englishmen with the fall of the leaf, and which in my own case even the sport shown by Lord Howth with the Pau hounds had never sufficed to satisfy—had drawn me from the Rivierian resort, where I drivel away most of my days, just when the usual flock of migrants were beginning to settle there. A bed for myself, and stable-room for the steed or two I might pick up at Tattersall's *en route*, were such certainties at Ashton Castle that the form of asking for them might be pretermitted.

So I thought, and so the result proved. A few turns with the cub had only served to whet my appetite for the real business, which was to begin on the morrow of the day on which I introduce myself to my readers. The ladies, most of whom intended to grace the first legitimate meet of the hounds with their presence, either on wheels or in the saddle, had retired early. We had met, a full muster, in the smoking-room; but most of the men had dropped off, after one small cigar and a single B. and S., muttering something about nerves and a long ride next morning to covert. By an hour before midnight my host and his son alone were left

to bear me company, and Captain Ashton, becoming alive to the situation, at once packed the boy off to bed. We had rung the changes during the evening between fox-hunting and horse-racing, and the last theme had elicited from my friend the remark with which I preface my storiette. But he did not seem inclined to pursue the subject otherwise than in his dreams, as, after denouncing the departed sportsmen jointly and severally as muffs and sleepy-heads, he proceeded to follow their example, and at 11. 30 mine was the only candle left unclaimed on the sideboard.

Seventeen years! Well, I did *not* feel sleepy; and as the smoke of the cheroot I'd newly lighted curled bluey upwards, it seemed to figure before me the persons and events that had made memorable my last visit to Ashton Castle. I remembered all about it—not by any means as if it was yesterday, which had passed from my recollection so soon as it ceased to be to-day—but with that peculiar distinctness vouchsafed to the printing of certain events, insignificant perhaps in themselves, on the retinæ of our minds. In the time of the old Major—Tod's father—Ashton Castle was the most popular resort of the fashionable part of the sporting world anywhere for five-and-twenty miles out of London. Its lawn-meets, its battues—just then coming into vogue—its balls, private theatricals, fancy-fairs, picnics, and house-parties—especially that for the Epsom summer meeting—filled columns in the *Court Journal* and *Morning Post*, and supplied many paragraphs to the *Owl*. In the Spring of this year (1865) Major Ashton had gathered round him an unusually gay and brilliant throng. Some had been stopping at the Castle, off and on, ever since the end of the previous London season; some had come for Christmas but not yet left. Many were there for a fortnight, more or less; many more had arrived on the Monday of the race-week, and would stop over Friday's races. Altogether, on the Tuesday before the Derby, the elastic accommodation of the great building—a baronial castle restored, with all the latest improvements of plate-glass windows, damask curtains, bathrooms, and hot-water pipes—was taxed to the utmost.

I had been included in the first batch of Ashtonians (as we were called) above indicated. Why I had stopped so long I can't, at this distance of time, recall; largely, I think, through having nowhere else to go. During all these months the guests had been as many, and almost as migratory, as those of a large hotel; only one visitor, whom I had found there on my arrival, was still on the spot at the end of May. She, like myself, had put in absences of a week or so at a time—only to turn up again, like the proverbial piece of bad coinage, which at the finish she proved to resemble even more than I did. The lady was a Madame Gérard, a young French widow, with wonderful eyes, teeth, and ankles—a prime favourite with the Major, who, after some undefined fashion, exercised towards her the duties of guardian. A favourite,

indeed, Madame was with all of us—excepting the Major's daughter-in-law, who was the acting lady of the house, and my friend's wife. Mrs. Tod Ashton cherished an antipathy for the charming foreigner, which all her efforts were ineffectual to conceal. Indeed, the little *châtelaine* had about as much idea of *rinesse* as the wild-rose she much resembled. She was the daughter—one of many—of a Devonshire squire, of ancient and flawless pedigree, residing in an old, ivy-grown tower, that kept watch and ward over a wide expanse of acreage, now mortgaged—alas!—up to the very door-step. The previous year Tod had, after a long bout of illness in India, sold out of the service, soon after obtaining his troop. He had come home in time for Goodwood, only to be laid up by his exertions there, and sent with the first breath of the autumnal breezes to convalesce at Torquay. Here he had met Miss Rose Quivil: and, being very hard up for something to do, had fallen a little in love with her, while persuading her to fall a great deal in love with him. Their marriage had taken place after an engagement, the brevity of which was denounced by old-fashioned Devonians as indecent. Matters were so arranged that they came off their honeymoon—which Tod was bitterly disappointed to find could not conveniently be passed in the shires—in time to join the Christmas festivities at Ashton Castle.

A very short stay under the same roof with Captain and Mrs. Tod sufficed to show me that the little bride was inordinately jealous of her husband. He was always a most popular man with women, towards whom his manner was a charming mixture of frankness and deference, that conveyed a great deal more than—seeing it was so general—could possibly have been intended. It was difficult, even for a very young and unsophisticated and much-in-love wife, not yet eighteen years old, nor eight weeks married, to feel keen pangs of jealousy about displays of affection so widely spread that, supposing it to be genuine, no one individual could have claimed more than a very small share in it. Gradually, however, things assumed a graver complexion. It became evident to the most casual dropper-in at Ashton Castle that something different from one of his ordinary flirtations was being carried on between the heir of the house and the French visitor. The Tuesday night before the Derby brought matters to a climax.

Of what follows I saw little; but heard all, at first-hand, from each of the two principal actors in the little drama. It is far briefer, if not quite so easy, to weld their two stories into one consecutive narrative than to present them as severally related.

Neither Captain nor Mrs. Tod Ashton had dined with us on the Tuesday evening. He had proceeded direct to town after the last race, in order to take part in an annual banquet, inaugurated and sustained by a party of choice spirits, none of whom—to quote one of their number—would be kept away by anything short of death

or imprisonment. And, then the devil, or the gaoler, would have had to keep a pretty sharp look-out. Mrs. Tod had been lying down all day with a headache, ostensibly—really to brood over her wrongs and meditate on the next step. Amid all the massive and splendid hospitality of Ashton Castle she pined for the mouldy, ill-kempt, old home in Devon, her mother's advice and sisters' sympathy, and was already beginning to wonder how she was to reach this haven, in the event of her worst fears about her husband and the odious Frenchwoman being realized. Mimi Melvin, her great school-friend, was married and settled in London. At her house Mrs. Tod resolved that she would break her journey, and be forwarded on her way. You see that to this little country-girl the voyage by rail from London to the extreme South-west, all by herself, seemed a very long and hazardous undertaking indeed.

Mrs. Tod was aroused from her reverie by the crunching of gravel under horses' hoofs, and the sudden stopping of wheels at the front entrance, which was immediately beneath her window. In the deepest profundity of grief a woman never forgets to be curious. The blaze of light that poured forth from the hall, on the doors being thrown open, enabled her to distinguish her husband's tall, erect figure step out of an ordinary station cab; and at the sight of his well-known grey overcoat, her resolves and fancies of five minutes ago vanished as the loftiest air-castles always will at the first touch of reality. As the captain threw open his coat to pay the cabman, she was pleased to notice that he wore a tiny bouquet of early rosebuds she had herself made up into a button-hole, and sent with his dress-clothes when his man took them to Town. A few minutes later she heard his step in the dressing-room adjoining her bed-chamber; but she sat still, and held her breath, lest the slightest sound should betray her whereabouts. She had been crying—crying her eyes out all day—and she well knew that what was left of them would tell tales to her husband, who, even beyond the majority of his sex, had an abhorrence of feminine tears. Moreover, she felt nervous and unstrung—out of tune altogether for joining the gay crowd downstairs, as her autocratic lord would be sure to insist on her doing. She felt better already—a little later would be quite well, and then, perhaps, she might steal down to see what was going on.

Early hours were not favoured at Ashton—or rather they were favoured very highly, being devoted to music and the dance; “sweet ivory sins” in the billiard-room and pious pipes in the smoking sanctum, instead of to inglorious repose. Eleven clear-voiced hours were pealing from the turret-clock when Mrs. Tod descended from the upper regions, but nobody—it wasn't the hunting season *then*, you see—had begun to think of going to bed. She crept along the passage, past the apartments which her ears told her were being devoted to various modes of noisily killing the last hour of night, till she came to the theatre—a vast saloon,

never used except on special dramatic or musical occasions, and at other times only partially lit. Feeling her way across the floor, she stepped through an open window on to the balcony which ran the entire length of the reception rooms, and formed a very favourite lounge, being furnished with numerous shrubs and orange-trees in boxes, rustic benches and tables, and open-work cane arm-chairs lined with embroidered cloth. At present it was tenanted by only two persons. Seated on a deep-backed bench, in the construction of which even the prosaic mind of the local carpenter must have contemplated a series of interesting *tête-à-têtes*, were Madame Gérard and Captain Ashton. From the position of their heads it might be inferred that their conversation was confidential in the extreme. The young wife slipped behind one of the largest shrubs, well within earshot of the pair, and felt no touch of shame at playing the spy. Whoso amongst you hath loved, and hath never known jealousy, let her throw the first stone.

"You had my note?" Madame was saying.

"Yes, and your flowers." Alas! the traitor now wore in his buttonhole a delicate little bouquet of lilies which, indeed, Mrs. Ashton had observed on her husband's dressing-table before dinner-time; but had supposed McOrchid, the head gardener, had sent them there, an attention he was sometimes in the habit of showing towards his favourites. "You see I am wearing them."

"And how about your English rose?"

"Faded, withered, useless, out of the betting—for the present, at all events. That may bloom again another year. So far as I can see"—this with a meaning look which, thought the poor little wife, could not be mistaken—"my allegiance is all claimed by the lilies of France." And he pressed his lips, first on the white flowers he wore, next on the yet whiter fingers extended towards him, in evident anticipation of such an attention. The talk was then resumed, in tones too low to be caught, even by Rose's painfully intensified hearing, but evidently with much agitation on the part of Madame Gérard. The last words which reached the listener were in her husband's voice, and as follows:—"The plot is sure to fail, but you may be all right yet. Whatever happens, of course you may rely implicitly upon me."

Next morning, when Mrs. Tod Ashton was inquired for at breakfast time, a message was brought by a servant to the effect that the missing lady had gone out very early, and had left word that she should not be back to accompany the rest of the party to the races. Stable statistics elicited the further evidence that her departure had been behind a pair of fast-trotting cobs she was often in the habit of driving. Whether or not any additional information was contained in a note Captain Ashton received from the hand of his wife's maid, he vouchsafed no word on the subject to anyone. But a few hours later, about the time the saddling-

bell for the big race was being rung, enquiries were vainly made in the Grand Stand, on the hill, and in the paddock, for the said captain, who was a person of sufficient importance to be missed in his own set even on the Derby day. The enquirers would have been greatly astonished to see the object of their solicitude—the staunch backer of Gladiateur, the man who was to meet this one here and that one there with the latest information—doing a strong gallop up and down the diminutive bijou drawing-room of a diminutive bijou residence in South Kensington, talking with great rapidity, if with some incoherence, arranging, disarranging, and re-arranging articles of vertu and bric-à-brac, and performing all the most approved antics of a beast of the field in an emporium of crockery. However, these manœuvres, so far from being resented by, appeared to afford the highest satisfaction to, the two ladies who were audience and spectators. This company consisted of pretty little Mrs. Tod Ashton, and her equally pretty, and not much bigger, friend, Mrs. Melvin.

“Never was so deceived in a woman in my life—or, for the matter of that, in a man either. Never! Thought she was all on the square, but, like the rest of you, wanted to have a bit on a horse if she thought she could get about six to four the best of the bet. But no doubt she got mixed up with those beautiful racing friends of *le feu* Gérard till—what with borrowing money from them and then losing it to them—she scarcely knew how to call her soul her own.”

“You forget, Captain Ashton”—it is Mrs. Melvin who speaks—“that you’ve been dealing in generalities all this time, and we poor women—I am sure I may speak for Rose as well as myself—cannot follow you the least.”

“Then you shall have the whole story, and if you’re bored to death, you’ve brought it upon yourselves. From the time the first book was opened on this year’s Derby, I kept backing the French colt, Gladiateur, till at last I stood to lose more money on him than I cared to think about having to pay. And yet I fancied the colt so strongly that I didn’t like to spoil my investments by laying any part of them off. Madame Gérard saw I was bothered about something, and wormed all this out of me by degrees. You know what a way she has of getting hold of things. (A voice: “And people, too.”) She at once began letting fall dark, mysterious hints about something being wrong with this Gladiateur. As I knew that she *was* well in with a certain clique across the Channel, I thought she might be worth listening to. Hence those frequent and secret interviews, which seem to have upset a certain silly little woman’s equilibrium. Day after day, and week after week, she kept me in suspense with promises of definite information. At last I brought her to the point, and she whispered something in my ear which I saw must be confirmed or refuted at once. When I let her know what I was going to do, she seemed frightened for

the first time, wept a little, told me all her fortune depended on the French horse being beaten or disqualified—and begged to be posted, as soon as possible, in all I might ascertain. So, instead of going to the Banditti last night, I went straight to Claridge's, where I heard Sir A—Z—, the confidential racing friend of Lagrange, as he was of poor de Morny, was staying. I know Sir A—a little, having once rendered him a slight service at Chantilly. At first I thought the old gentleman was going to offer me my choice of the door or window, but, when he saw I had been humbugged, he showed me in five minutes what an arrant ass—not to use any stronger term—I'd been to listen for a moment to Madame's rubbish."

Chorus—"That seems all very satisfactory about yourself (*antistrophe*). But you haven't told us about Madame (*antistrophe*)."

"It's nothing very dreadful, so you needn't prick up your ears. It appears that a certain division across the Channel have been laying their shirts—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Melvin—all they possess, or could be trusted for, against this Gladiateur, solely on the supposition that there must be *something* English that could beat *anything* French for a race like the Derby. Besides laying against their own horse, they put a pot of money on some of the English representatives—notably Archimedes and Bredalbane, so that altogether they were standing to win or lose an immense stake. Funny thing their eyes weren't opened by the resolute way in which Lagrange's colt stood all attacks upon him in the market. But they seem to have been perfectly easy till he won the Two Thousand—just beating their pot, Archimedes. Then it was that they conceived the wild idea of declaring the horse—supposing he won—was a four-year-old, and getting an objection lodged from some influential quarter. And here Madame's agency came in useful. They knew that she was in the habit of meeting lots of the best racing men in England at the Castle, many of whom owned horses engaged in the classic races. Heaven knows where she may have sown her poisoned seed, or what pernicious fruit it may bring forth, to the detriment of our national character as sportsmen in the eyes of our neighbours across the streak.* Ye Gods! Fancy a man like Lagrange taking a leaf from the book of Mr. Alexander Goodman Levy. I feel inclined to cut my ears off when I think I could have for a moment believed such a thing."

Chorus—"Then, if this Gladiateur wins, Madame Gérard loses all her money?"

"No; I believe that, through her confederate in London, she had put as much on him this morning as would cover her losses. That, at all events, was the idea last night, and I saw her writing telegrams in the library before breakfast. No doubt she uses a cipher that would effectually baffle the curiosity of our discreet

* As afterwards seen, with reference to the St. Leger of the same year.

servitors. I promised her that I would say nothing of this affair to the Major, and I shall keep my promise. But I shall also give her a quiet hint—one which she will take—that she is to accept no more invitations to Ashton Castle, when her present visit comes to an end."

Mrs. Ashton—"And still, sir, you haven't explained that little change of bouquets that took place in your lordship's buttonhole last night."

"That's very simple. With all the festivity that prevails at the Castle of an evening, it is impossible to know when you may be able to whisper a private word or two in any individual ear. So it was arranged between us that, in the event of my failing to obtain auricular access to Madame, she should know the result of my expedition by the flowers I wore. If the French horse were a sound affair, the lilies she would send to my dressing-room; if otherwise, the roses she knew I always obtained from a very different quarter. But, by Jove, I never thought that, besides the loss of Madame's money, the loss of my own wife was so nearly involved in the question of "Roses or Lilies?"

C. C. R.

SONNET.

HAVE you not marked, upon a sunny day,
 How oft men sigh, and say, "Too bright to last!"
 While little children think all rain is past?
 For as we further step along life's way,
 And reach the land where love and fame have sway,
 We learn to fear when joy comes on too fast,
 And thoughts of what will be a shadow cast;
 Sighing, we wish that what now is might stay—
 The lover trembles during the embrace,
 The conqu'ring soldier owns his conquests vain,
 The one thinks but of parting, and the other's face,
 Scarce flushed with glory, cloudeth o'er again;
 Thoughts have than time an ever-quicker pace,
 So the excess of pleasure is a pain.

LENA MILMAN.

PORTIA;

OR, "BY PASSIONS ROCKED."

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS," "MRS. GEOFFREY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Let the dead past bury its dead."

LONGFELLOW.

JUST at first it is so delightful to Dulce to have Roger making actual love to her, and so delightful to Roger to be able to make it, that they are content with their present, and heedless of their future.

Not that everything goes quite smoothly with them, even now. Little skirmishes, as of old, arise between them, threatening to dim the brightness of their days. It was, indeed, only yesterday that a very serious rupture was near taking place, all occasioned by a difference of opinion about the respective merits of Mr. Morton's and Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell's pickles; Dulce declaring for the former, Roger for the latter.

Fortunately, Mark Gore coming into the room smoothed matters over, and drew conversation into a more congenial channel, or lamentable consequences might have ensued.

They hold to their theory about the certainty of Stephen's relenting in due time, until they grow tired of it; and as the days creep on, and Gower, sitting alone in his own castle in sullen silence, refuses to see, or speak to them, or give any intimation of a desire to soften towards them, they lose heart altogether, and give themselves up a prey to despair.

Roger one morning had plucked up courage, and had gone over to the Fens, and had forced himself into the presence of its master and expostulated with him "mildly but firmly," as he assured Dulce afterwards, when she threw out broad hints to the effect that she believed he had lost his temper on the occasion. Certainly, from all accounts, a good deal of temper *had* been lost, and nothing indeed came of the interview beyond a select amount

of vituperation from both sides, an openly avowed declaration on Mr. Gower's part that as he had not requested the pleasure of his society on this, or any other occasion, he hoped it would be the last time Roger would present himself at the Fens; an equally honest avowal on the part of Mr. Dare to the effect that the discomfort he felt in coming was *almost* (it never could be *quite*) balanced by the joy he experienced at departing, and a few more hot words that very nearly led to bloodshed.

When Roger thought it all over dispassionately next morning, he told himself that now indeed all things were at an end, that no hope lay anywhere; and now February is upon them, and Spring begins to assert itself, and the land has learned to smile again, and all the pretty early buds are swelling in the hedgerows.

I wonder they don't get tired of swelling only to die in the long run. What does their perseverance gain for them? There is a little sunshine, a little warmth, the song of a bird or two chanted across their trailing beauty, and then one heavy shower, and then—death! What a monotonous thing is Nature, when all is told! Each year is but a long day; each life but a long year: at morn we rise, at night we lay our weary heads upon our pillows: at morn we rise again, and so on. As Winter comes our flowers fade and die; Spring brings them back again; again the Winter kills them, and so—for ever!

Now Spring has come once more to the old Court, to commence its triumphant reign, regardless of the fact that no matter how bright its day may be while it lasts, still dissolution stares it in the face. The young grass is thrusting its head above ground, a few brave birds are singing on the barren branches. There is a stir, a strange vague flutter everywhere of freshly opening life.

"We shall have to shake off dull sloth pretty early to-morrow," says Dicky Browne, suddenly, *à propos* of nothing that has gone before, his usual method of introducing a subject.

"Why?" asks Portia, almost startled. It is nearly five o'clock, and Mr. Browne, having sequestered the remainder of the cake, the last piece being the occasion of a most undignified skirmish between him and the Boodie, the Boodie proving victor, is now at liberty to enter into light and cheerful conversation.

"The meet, you know," says Dicky. "Long way off. Hate hunting myself, when I've got to leave my bed for it."

"You needn't go," says Dulce; "nobody is pressing you."

"Oh! I'm not like *you*," says Mr. Browne, contemptuously, "liking a thing to-day, and hating it to-morrow. You used to be a sort of modern—I mean—decent Diana, but lately you have rather shirked the whole thing."

"I had a cold last day, and—and a headache the day before that," stammers Dulce, blushing scarlet.

"Nobody could hunt with a headache," says Roger, at which defence Mr. Browne grins.

"Well, you've got *them* over," he says. "What's going to keep you at home to-morrow?"

"I don't understand you, Dicky," says Miss Blount, with dignity. "I am going hunting to-morrow; there is nothing that I know of likely to keep me at home."

She is true to her word. Next morning they find her ready equipped at a very early hour, "Taut and trim," as Dicky tells her, "from her hat to her boots."

"Do you know," he says, further, as though imparting to her some information hitherto undiscovered, "joking apart, you will understand, you are—*really*—quite a pretty young woman."

"Thank you, Dicky," says she, very meekly, and as a more substantial mark of her gratitude for this gracious speech, she drops a fourth lump of sugar into his coffee.

Shortly after this they start, Dulce still in the very gayest spirits, with Roger on her right hand, and Mark Gore on her left. But as they near the happy hunting grounds, her brightness flags, she grows silent and preoccupied, and each fresh hoof upon the road behind her makes her betray a desire to hide herself behind somebody.

Of late, indeed, hunting has lost its charm for her, and the meets have become a source of confusion and discomfort. Her zest for the chase has sustained a severe check, so great that her favourite hounds have solicited the usual biscuit from her hands in vain.

And all this is because the one thing dear to the soul of the gloomy Stephen is the pursuit of the wily fox, and that therefore on the field of battle it becomes inevitable that she must meet her whilom lover face to face.

Looking round fearfully now, she sees him at a little distance, seated on an irreproachable mount. His brows are knitted moodily, his very attitude is repellent. He responds to the pleasant salutations showered upon him from all quarters by a laconic "How d'ye do," or a still more freezing nod. Even Sir Christopher's hearty "Good morning, lad," has no effect upon him.

"Something rotten in the state of Denmark, *there*," says the Master, Sir Guy Chetwoode, turning to Dorian Branscombe. "Surly, eh? Rather a safe thing for that pretty girl of Blount's to have given him the go-by, eh?"

"Wouldn't have him at any price if *I* were a girl," says Branscombe. "I don't like his eyes. Murderous sort of beggar."

"Faith, I don't know," says Geoffrey Rodney, who is riding by them, and who is popularly supposed always to employ this expetive, because his wife is Irish. "I rather like the fellow myself; so does Mona. It's rough on him, you know, all the world knowing he has been jilted."

"I heard it was *he* gave *her* up," says Teddy Luttrell, who has been fighting so hard with a refractory collar up to this that he has not been able to edge in a word.

"Oh! I daresay!" says Branscombe, so ironically that everyone concludes it will be useless to say anything further.

And now the business of the day is begun. Everyone has settled him or herself into the saddle, and is preparing to make a day of it.

Two hours later many are in a position to acknowledge sadly that the day they have made has not been exactly up to the mark. The various positions of these many are, for the most part, more remarkable than elegant. Some are reclining gracefully in a ditch; some are riding dolefully homewards with much more forehead than they started with in the morning; some, and these are the saddest of all, are standing forlorn in the middle of an empty meadow, gazing helplessly at the flying tail of the animal they bestrode only a short five minutes ago.

The field is growing decidedly thin. Lady Chetwoode, well to the front, is holding her own bravely. Sir Guy is out of sight, having just disappeared over the brow of the small hill opposite. Dicky Browne, who rides like a bird, is going at a rattling pace straight over anything and everything that comes in his way, with the most delightful impartiality, believing, as he has never yet come a very violent cropper, that the gods are on his side.

Roger and Dulce have got a little away from the others, and are now riding side by side across a rather hilly field. Right before them rises a wall, small enough in itself, but in parts dangerous, because of the heavy fall at the other side, hidden from the eye by some brambles growing on the top of the stone-work.

Lower down, this wall proves itself even more treacherous, as there it effectually hides the drop into the adjoining field, which is here too deep for any horse, however good, to take with safety. It is a spot well known by all the sportsmen in the neighbourhood as one to be avoided, ever since Gort, the farmer, some years before, had jumped it for the sake of an idle bet, and had been carried home from it a dead man, leaving his good brown mare with a broken back behind him.

It would seem, however, that either ignorance or recklessness is carrying one of the riders to-day towards this fatal spot. He is now bearing down upon it with the evident intention of clearing the traitorous wall, and so gaining upon the hounds, who are streaming up the hill beyond, unaware that almost certain destruction awaits him at the point towards which he is riding so carelessly.

Dulce, turning her head accidentally in his direction, is the first to see him.

"Oh, see there!" she cries, in a frightened tone, to Roger,

pointing to the lower part of the field. "Who is that going to take Gort's Fall?"

Roger, following her glance, pulls up short, and stares fixedly at the man below, now drawing terribly near to the condemned spot. And, as he looks, his face changes, the blood forsakes it, and a horrified expression creeps into his eyes.

"By Jove! it is Stephen," he says, at last, in an indescribable tone; and then, knowing he cannot reach him in time to prevent the coming catastrophe, he stands up in his stirrups and shouts to the unconscious Stephen with all the strength of his fresh, young lungs, to turn back before it is too late.

But all in vain: Stephen either does not or cannot hear. He has by this time reached the wall, his horse, the gallant animal, responds to his touch. He rises—there is a crash, a dull thud, and then all is still.

Involuntarily Dulce has covered her eyes with her hand, and by a supreme effort has suppressed the cry that has risen from her heart. A sickening sensation of faintness is overpowering her. When at length she gains courage to open her eyes again she finds Roger has forsaken her, and is riding like one possessed across the open field, and—there beyond, where the sun is glinting in small patches upon the dry grass, she sees, too, a motionless mass of scarlet cloth, and a dark head lying—oh! so strangely quiet.

Roger, having safely cleared the unlucky wall higher up, has flung himself from his saddle, and is now on his knees beside Gower, and has lifted his head upon his arm.

"Stephen, Stephen," he cries, brokenly. But Stephen is beyond hearing. He is quite insensible, and deaf to the voice that in the old days used to have a special charm for him. Laying him gently down again, Roger rises to his feet, and looks wildly round. Dulce has arrived by this time, and, having sprung to her feet, has let her horse, too, go to the winds.

"He is not dead?" she asks at first, in a ghastly whisper, with pale and trembling lips.

"I don't know, I'm not sure," says Roger, distractedly. "Oh, if somebody would *only* come!"

Not a soul is in sight. By this time every one has disappeared over the hill, and not a human being is to be seen far or near.

"Have you no brandy?" asks Dulce, who is rubbing the hands of the senseless man, trying to restore animation by this means.

"Yes, yes," I had forgotten," says Roger, and then he kneels down once again, and takes Stephen into his arms, and raising his head on his knee, tries to force a few drops of the brandy between his pallid lips.

At this supreme moment all is forgotten. All the old heartaches, the cruel taunts, the angry words. Once again he is his earliest friend; the boy, the youth, the man, he had loved, until a woman had come between them. Everything rushes back upon him, as

he stoops over Gower, and gazes, with passionate fear and grief, upon his marble face.

After all, there had been more good points than bad about Stephen, more good, indeed, than about most fellows. How fond he had been of him in the old days; how angry he would have been with anyone who had dared then to accuse him of acting shabbily, or ———well, well, no use in raking up old grievances now, and no doubt there was great temptation, and besides, too, uncivil things had been said to him, and he (Roger) had certainly not been up to the mark himself in many ways.

Memories of school and college life crowd upon Roger now, as he gazes with ever increasing fear upon the rigid features below him; little scenes, insignificant in themselves, but enriched by honest sentiment, and tenderly connected with the dawn of manhood, when the fastidious Gower had been attracted and fascinated by the bolder and more reckless qualities of Dare, recur to him now with a clearness that, under the present miserable circumstances, is almost painful.

He tries to shake off these tormenting recollections, to bury his happy college life out of sight, only to find his mind once more busy on a fresh field.

Again he is at school, with Stephen near him, and all the glory of an Eton fight before him. What glorious old days they were, so full of life and vigour, and *now*; it is with exceeding pathos he calls to mind one memorable day on which he had banged Stephen most triumphantly about the head with a Latin grammar—Stephen's grammar, be it understood, which had always seemed to add an additional zest to the affair; and then the free fight afterwards, in which he, Roger, had been again victorious; and Stephen had not taken it badly either: had resented neither the Latin banging, nor the victory later on. No, he was certainly not ill-tempered *then*, dear old chap. Even before the blood had been wiped from their injured noses on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion, Stephen had shaken hands with him, and they had sworn publicly a life-long friendship.

And here is the end of it! His sworn friend is lying stark and motionless in his embrace, with a deathly pallor on his face, that is awfully like death, and with a heart, if it still beats, filled with angry thoughts of him, as he bends, with a face scarcely less bloodless than his, above him.

Will no one *ever* come!

Roger glances despairingly at Dulce, who is still trying to get some brandy down the wounded man's throat, and even as she does so, Stephen's eyes unclosed, and a heavy sobbing sigh escapes him.

Strangely enough, as the two bend over him, and his gaze wanders from one face to the other, it rests finally, with a great sense of content, not on Dulce's face, but on Roger's. Instinctively

he turns in his hour of need, from the woman who had wronged him, to the man whom *he* had wronged in the first instance, and who—though he has suffered many things at his hands of late—brings to him now a breath from that earlier and happier life, where love—who has proved so bitter—was unknown.

"Stephen! Dear old fellow, you are not *much* hurt, are you?" asks Roger, tenderly. "Where is the pain? Where does it hurt you most?"

"Here!" says Stephen, faintly, trying to lift one of his arms to point to his left side, but, with a groan, the arm falls helpless, and then they know, with a sickening feeling of horror, that it is broken. Stephen loses consciousness again for a moment.

"It is broken!" says Roger. "And I am afraid there must be some internal injury besides. What on earth is to be done, Dulce?" in a frantic tone; "we shall have him here all night, unless we do something. Will you stay with him while I run and try to find somebody?"

But Stephen's senses having returned to him by this time, he overhears and understands the last sentence.

"No, don't leave me," he entreats, earnestly, though speaking with great difficulty. "Roger, are you there?—stay with me."

"There is Dulce," falters Roger.

"No, no; don't leave me here alone," says the wounded man, with foolish persistency, and Roger, at his wit's end, hardly knows what to do.

"Are you anything easier now?" he asks, raising Stephen's head ever so gently. Dulce feeling her presence has been thoroughly ignored, and fearing lest the very sight of her may irritate her late lover, draws back a little, and stands where he can no longer see her.

"Try to drink this," says Roger, holding the flask again to Gower's lips, and forcing a few drops between them. They are of some use, as presently a slight, a very slight, tinge of red comes into his cheek, and his eyes show more animation.

"It is very good of you, old man," he whispers, faintly, looking up at Roger. "I believe you are sorry for me, *after all*."

The "after all" is full of meaning.

"Why shouldn't I be sorry for you," says Roger, huskily, his eyes full of tears. "Don't talk like that."

"I know you think I behaved badly to you," goes on Stephen, with painful slowness. "And perhaps I did."

"As to that," interrupted Roger, quickly, "we're quits there, you know, nothing need be said about that. Why can't we forget it all, Stephen, and be friends again?"

"With all my heart," says Gower, and his eyes grow glad, and a faint smile, short but full of real happiness, illumines his features a moment.

"Now, don't talk any more, don't, there's a good fellow," says Roger, with deep entreaty.

"There is—one thing—I must say," whispers Gower, "while I have time. Tell *her*—that I have behaved like a coward to her, and that I give her back her promise. Tell her she may marry whom she pleases." He gasps for breath; and then, pressing Roger's hand with his own uninjured one, says, with a last effort, "And that will be *you*, I hope."

The struggle to say this proves too much for his exhausted strength, his head drops back again upon Roger's arm, and for the third time he falls into a dead faint.

The tears are running down Roger's cheeks by this time, and he is gazing with ever increasing terror at the deathly face below him, when, looking up to address some remark to Dulce, he finds she is nowhere to be seen. Even as he looks round for her in consternation, he sees two or three men hurrying towards him, and two others following more slowly with something that looks like a shutter or a door between them. Dulce, while he was listening to Stephen's last heavily uttered words, had hurried away, and, climbing over all that came in her way, had descended into a little valley not far from the scene of the accident, where at a farm house she had told her tale, and pressed into her service the men now coming quickly towards Roger.

With their help the wounded man (still happily unconscious) is carried to the farm house, where he remains until the carriage from the Court having arrived, they take him home in it as carefully as can be managed.

* * * * *

In a few hours the worst is known; and, after all, the worst is not so very bad. His arm is broken, and two of his ribs, and there is rather a severe contusion on his left shoulder. Little Doctor Bland has pledged them his word in the most solemn manner, however, that there is no internal injury, and that his patient only requires time and care to be quite himself again in *no time*. This peculiar date is a favourite one with the little medico.

The household being reassured by this comfortable news, every one grows more tranquil, and dinner having proved a distinct failure, supper is proposed; Roger having hunted the whole house unsuccessfully for Dulce, to compel her to come in and eat something, unearths her at last in the nursery, where she is sitting all alone, staring at the sleeping children.

"Where's nurse?" asks Roger, gazing round. "Has she been dismissed, and have you applied for the situation?"

"She has gone down for a message. I came here," says Dulce, "because I didn't want to speak to anybody. I feel so strange still, and so frightened."

"Come down and eat something," says Roger. "You *must*. I

shall carry you, if you won't walk, and think how the servants will speak about your light behaviour afterwards! *Do* come, darling; you know you have eaten nothing since breakfast."

"I wonder if he is really in no danger," says Dulce, wistfully.

"He certainly is not. I have it from Bland himself; and Dulce," and here he hesitates, as if uncertain whether he ought to proceed or not, "now it is all right, you know, and—and that; and when we have heard he is on the safe road to recovery, it can't be any harm to say what is on my mind, can it?"

"No; I suppose not," says Dulce, blushing vividly.

"Well then, just say you will marry me the very moment he is on his feet again," says Roger, getting this out with considerable rapidity. "It will seem ungracious of us, I think, not to take advantage of his kindness as soon as possible."

"Supposing he was *to go back of it all* when he got well," says Dulce, timidly.

"Oh! he *can't*; a promise is a promise, you know—as he has made us feel. Poor old Stephen," this last, hastily, lest he shall seem hard on his newly recovered friend.

"If you think that," says Dulce, going close up to him, and looking at him with soft love-lit eyes, "I will marry you, just whenever you like." To make this sweet assurance doubly sweet, she stands on tiptoe, and slipping her arms round her lover's neck, kisses him with all her heart.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"About some act
That has no relish of salvation in't."

HAMLET

"Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge."

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

"BEFORE you begin, Fabian, it is only fair to tell you that I will not listen favourably to one word in his defence. Under the farcical term of secretary, Slyme has been a disgrace and a torment to me for years; and last night has finished everything."

"It was very unfortunate, no doubt," says Fabian, regretfully. "What a curse the love of drink is—a madness, a passion."

"I have told him he must go," says Sir Christopher, who is in a white heat of rage, and is walking up and down the room with an indignant frown upon his face; just now stopping short before Fabian, he drops into a seat, and says, testily. "'*Unfortunate*,' that is no word to use about it. Why, look you how it stands; you invite people to your house to dine, and on your way to your dining-room, with a lady on your arm, you are accosted and insolently addressed by one of your own household—your secretary, forsooth—so drunk that it was shameful! He reeled!—I give

you my word, sir—he *reeled*! I thought Lady Chetwoode would have fainted, she turned as pale as her gown, and but for her innate pluck would have cried aloud. It was insufferable, Fabian, waste no more words over him, for go he shall.”

“After all these years,” says Fabian, thoughtfully, thrumming gently on the table near him with his forefinger.

All night long the storm has raged with unexampled fury, and even yet its anger is fierce and high as when first it hurled itself upon a sleeping world. The raindrops are pattering madly against the window panes; through the barren branches of the elms the wind is shrieking; now rising far above the heads of the tallest trees, now descending to the very bosom of the earth, and flying over it, it drives before its mighty breath all such helpless things as are defenceless and at its mercy.

Perhaps the noise of this tempest outside drowns the keen sense of hearing in those within, because neither Fabian nor Sir Christopher stir, or appear at all conscious of the opening of a door at the upper end of the library, where they are sitting. It is a small door hidden by a portière, leading into another corridor that connects itself with the servants’ part of the house.

As this door is gently pushed open, a head protrudes itself cautiously into the room, though, on account of the hanging curtains, it is quite invisible to the other occupants of the apartment. A figure follows the head, and stands irresolutely on the threshold, concealed from observation, not only by the curtain, but by a Japanese screen, that is placed just behind Sir Christopher’s head.

It is a crouching, forlorn, debased figure, out of which all manliness and fearlessness have gone. A figure crowned by grey hair, yet gaining no reverence thereby, but rather an additional touch of degradation. There is, too, an air of despondency and alarm about this figure to-day, new to it. It looks already an outcast, a miserable waif, turned out to buffet with the angry winds of fortune at the very close of its life’s journey. There is a wildness in his bloodshot eyes, and a nervous tremor in his bony hand as it clutches at the curtain for support, that betrays the haunting terror that is desolating him.

“I don’t care,” says Sir Christopher, obdurately; “I have suffered too much at his hands; I owe him nothing but discomfort. I tell you my mind is made up, Fabian; he leaves me at once, and for ever.”

At this, the crouching figure in the doorway shivers, and shakes his wretched old head, as though all things for him are at an end. The storm seems to burst with redoubled fury, and flings itself against the panes, as though calling upon him to come out and be their pastime and their sport.

“My dear Christopher,” says Fabian, very quietly, yet with an air of decision that can be heard above the fury of the storm,

"it is impossible you can turn the old man out, *now*, at his age, to again solicit Fortune's favour. It would be terrible."

At this calm, but powerful intervention of Fabian's, the old head in the doorway (bowed with fear and anxiety) raises itself abruptly, as though unable to believe the words that have just fallen upon his ears. He has crept here to listen with a morbid longing to contemptuous words uttered of him by the lips that have just spoken; and lo! these very lips have been opened in his behalf, and naught but kindly words have issued from them.

As the truth breaks in upon his dulled brain, that Fabian has actually been defending his—*his* case, a ghastly pallor overspreads his face, and it is with difficulty he suppresses a groan. He controls himself, however, and listens eager for what may follow.

"Do you mean to tell me I am bound to keep a depraved drunkard beneath my roof?" demands Sir Christopher, vehemently. "A fellow who insults my guests, who——"

"The fact that he has contracted this miserable habit of which you speak is only another reason why you should think well before you discard him now, in his old age," says Fabian, with increasing earnestness. "He will starve—die in a garret, or by the wayside, if you fling him off. He is not in a fit state to seek another livelihood. Who would employ him? And you he has served faithfully for years—twenty years, I think; and of all the twenty only three or four have been untrustworthy. You should think of that, Christopher. He was your right hand for a long time, and—and he has done neither you nor yours a real injury."

Here the unhappy figure in the doorway raises his hand and beats his clenched fist in a half-frantic, though silent, manner against his forehead.

"You are bound, I think," says Fabian, in the same calm way, "to look after him, to bear with him a little."

"*You* defend him," exclaims Sir Christopher, irritably, "yet I believe that in his soul he hates you—would do you a harm if he could. It is his treatment of you at times," says Sir Christopher, coming at last to the real germ of the anger he is cherishing against Slyme, "that—that——. Remember what he said only last week about you."

"Tut!" says Fabian, "I remember nothing. He was drunk, no doubt, and said what he did not mean."

"I believe he did mean it. *In vino veritas.*"

"Well, even so; if he does believe in the story that has blasted my life, why"—with a sigh—"so do many others. I don't think the poor old fellow would really work me any mischief, but I doubt I have been harsh to him at times, have accused him somewhat roughly, I daresay, of his unfortunate failing; and for that, it may be, he owes me a grudge. Nothing more. His bark is worse than his bite. It is my opinion, Christopher, that underneath his sullen exterior there lurks a great deal of good."

The trembling figure in the doorway is growing more and more bowed. It seems now as if it would gladly sink into the earth through very shame. His hand has left the curtain and is now clinging to the lintel of the door, as though anxious of more sure support than the soft velvet of the portière could afford.

"Well, as you seem bent on supporting a most unworthy object," says Sir Christopher, "I shall pension Slyme, and send him adrift to drink himself to death as soon as suits him."

"Why do that," says Fabian, as quietly as ever, but with all the determination that characterizes his every word and action; "this house is large, and can hide him somewhere. Besides, he is accustomed to it, and would probably feel lost elsewhere. He has been here for the third of a lifetime, a long, *long* time." He sighs again. Is he bringing to mind the terrible length of the days that have made up the sum of the last five years of his life? "Give him two rooms in the west wing, it is seldom used, and give him to understand he must remain there; but do not cast him out now that he is old and helpless."

At this last gentle mark of thoughtfulness on Fabian's part the figure in the doorway loses all self-control. With a stifled cry he flings his arms above his head and staggers away down the corridor outside to his own den.

"What was that?" asks Sir Christopher, quickly; the smothered cry had reached his ears.

"What? I heard nothing," says Fabian, looking up.

"The storm perhaps," says his uncle, absently. Then after a pause, "Why do you so strongly espouse this man's cause, Fabian?"

"Because, from my soul, I pity him. He has had many things of late to try him. The death of his son, a year ago, upon whom every thought of his heart was centred, was a terrible blow; and then this wretched passion for strong drink, having first degraded, has of course finished by embittering his nature. I do not blame him. He has known much misfortune."

Sir Christopher, going up to him, places his hands upon the young man's shoulders, and gazes earnestly, with love unutterable, into his eyes. His own are full of tears.

"No misfortune, however heavy, can embitter a noble nature," he says, gently. "One knows that, when one knows *you*. For your sake, Fabian—because you ask it—Slyme shall remain."

* * * * *

It grows towards evening, and still the rain descends in torrents. Small rivers are running on the gravel walks outside, the snow-drops and crocuses are all dead or dying, crushed and broken by the cruel wind.

Down below in the bay the sea has risen, and with a roaring sound rushes inland to dash itself against the rocks. Now and then a flash of lightning illumines its turbulent breast and lets

one see how the "ambitious ocean" can "swell, and rage, and foam, to be exalted with the threatening clouds." The sailors and boatmen generally in the small village are going anxiously to and fro, as though fearful of what such a night as this may produce.

Now a loud peal of thunder rattles overhead, rendering insignificant the wild howling of the wind that only a moment since had been almost deafening. And then the thunder dies away for a while, and the storm shrieks again, and the windows rattle, and the gaunt trees groan and sway, and the huge drops upon the window panes, beating incessantly, make once more a "mournful music for the mind."

They are all assembled in Dulce's *boudoir*, being under the impression, perhaps, that while the present incivility of the elements continues it is cosier to be in a small room than a large one. It may be this, or the fact that both Dulce and Portia have declined to come down stairs or enter any other room until dinner shall be announced, under any pretext whatsoever. And so as the mountain won't come to Mahomet, Mahomet has come to the mountain.

Sir Christopher has just gone through an exaggerated *résumé* of old Slyme's disgraceful conduct last night, when the door is opened, and they all become aware that the hero of the story is standing before them.

Yes, there stands Gregory Slyme, pale, breathless, and with one hand already uplifted, as though to deprecate censure, and to stay the order "to begone," that he plainly expects from every lip.

"Why, here he is again," cries Sir Christopher, now incensed beyond measure. "Even my niece's room is not safe from him."

He points angrily to the secretary, who cowers before his angry look, yet shows no intention of retiring. With all his air of hopeless sottishness, that clings to him like a spotted garment, there is still something strange about the man that attracts the attention of Mark Gore. He has been closely watching him ever since his entrance, and he can see that the head usually buried on the chest is now uplifted, that in the sunken eyes there is a new meaning, a fire freshly kindled, born of acute mental disturbance; and indeed in his whole bearing there is a settled *purpose*, very foreign to it.

"Hear me, hear me," he entreats, with quavering accents, but passionate haste. "Do not send me away yet; I must speak now—now, or never!"

The final word sinks almost out of hearing. His hands fall to his sides. Once again his head sinks to its old place upon his breast. Sir Christopher, believing him to be again under the influence of drink, opens his lips with the evident intention of ordering him from his presence, when Sir Mark interposes.

"He has come to say something. Let him say it," he says, tapping Sir Christopher's arm persuasively.

"Ay, let me," says Slyme, in a low tone, yet always with the

remnant of a wasted passion in it. "It has lain heavy on my heart for years. I shall fling it from me now, if the effort to do it kills me."

Turning his bleared eyes right and left, he searches every face slowly until he comes to Fabian. Here his examination comes to an end. Fastening his eyes on Fabian, he lets them rest there, and never again removes them during the entire interview. He almost seems to forget, or to be unaware, that there is any other soul in the room save the man at whom he is gazing so steadfastly. It is to him alone he addresses himself.

"I call you to witness," he says, now striking himself upon his breast, "that whatever I have done has not gone unpunished. If my crime has been vile, my sufferings have been terrible. I have endured torments. I want no sympathy—none. I expect only detestation and revenge, but yet I would have you remember that there was a time when I was a man, not the soddened, brutish, contemptible *thing* I have become. I would ask you to call to mind all you have ever heard about remorse—its stings, its agony, its despair, and I would have you know that I have felt it all; yea, more, a thousand times more!"

All this time he has had his hand pressed against his chest in a rigid fashion. His lips have grown livid, his face pale as any corpse.

"This is mere raving," exclaims Sir Christopher, excitedly; but again Gore restrains him, as he would have gone forward to order Slyme to retire.

"To-day," goes on Slyme, always with his heavy eyes on Fabian, "I heard you speak in my defence—*mine*! Sir, if you could only know how those words of yours burned into my heart, how they have burned since, how they are burning *now*," smiting himself, "you would be half avenged. I listened to you till my brain could bear no more. You spoke kindly of me, you had pity on my old age—upon *mine*, who had no pity on your youth, who ruthlessly ruined your life, who——"

"Man, if you have anything to confess—to explain—*say it*!" breaks in Sir Mark, vehemently, who is half mad with hope and expectancy.

Portia has risen from her low seat, and forgetful, or regardless of comment, is gazing with large, wild eyes at the old man. Sir Christopher has grasped Mark Gore's arm with almost painful force, and is trembling so violently that Gore places his other arm gently round him, and keeps it there as a support. All, more or less, are agitated. Fabian alone makes no movement; with a face white to the very lips, he stands with his back against the mantelpiece, facing Slyme, so motionless that he might be a figure carved in marble.

Really deaf and blind to all except Fabian, the secretary takes no heed of Sir Mark's violent outburst. He has paused, indeed, at the interruption, some vague sense telling him he will not be

heard while it continues, but now it has subsided he goes on again, addressing himself solely to Fabian, as though it had never occurred.

“It was for *him* I did it, for *his* sake,” he says, monotonously. He is losing his head a little now, and his mind is wandering back to earlier days. “For my boy, my son, to save him. It was a sore temptation; and he never knew, he never knew.” A gleam of something like comfort comes into his eyes as he says this.

“What *did* you do?” demands Dicky Browne, in an agony of hope and doubt. “Can’t you say it at once, and be done with it. Speak out, man—*do*.”

“Curse me! *Kill* me, if you will!” cries Slyme, with sudden vehemence, stretching out his hands to Fabian, and still deaf to any voice but his. “You have been deceived, falsely accused, most treacherously dealt with. It was *I* forged that cheque—not you!”

The miserable man, as he makes this confession, falls upon his knees, and covers his face with his hands.

A terrible cry bursts from Dulce; she springs to her feet, and would have rushed to Fabian, but that Roger, catching her in his arms, prevents her. And indeed it is no time to approach Fabian. He has wakened at last into life out of his curious calm, and the transition from his extreme quietude of a moment since to the state of ungovernable passion in which he now finds himself is as swift as it is dangerous.

“*You!*” he says, staring at the abject figure kneeling before him, in a tone so low as to be almost inaudible, yet with such an amount of condensed fury in it as terrifies the listeners. “*You!*” He makes a step forward as though he would verily fall upon his enemy and rend him in pieces, and so annihilate him from the face of the earth; but before he can touch him, a slight body flings itself between him and Slyme, and two small, white hands are laid upon his breast. These little hands, small and powerless as they are, yet have strength to force him backwards.

“Think,” says Portia, in a painful whisper. “Think! Fabian, you would not harm that old man.”

“My dear fellow, don’t touch him,” says Dicky Browne. “Don’t—in your present frame of mind a gentle push of yours would be his death.”

“Death!” says old Slyme, in such a strange voice, that instinctively they all listen to him. “It has no terrors for me.” He has raised his head from his hands, and is now gazing again at Fabian, as though fascinated, making a wretched and, withal, a piteous picture, as his thin white locks stream behind him. “What have I to live for,” he cries, miserably. “The boy I slaved for, sinned for, for whom I ruined you and my own soul, is dead, cold in his grave. Have pity on me, therefore, and send me where I may rejoin him.”

Either the excitement of his confession, or the nervous dread of the result of it, has proved too much for him ; because just as the last word passes his lips, he flings his arms wildly into the air, and with a muffled cry, falls prone, a senseless mass upon the ground.

When they lift him, they find clutched in his hand a written statement of all he has confessed so vaguely. They are very gentle in their treatment of him, but when he has recovered consciousness, and has been carried by the servants to his own room, it must be acknowledged that they all breathe more freely.

Sir Christopher is crying like a child, and so is Dicky Browne. The tears are literally running in little rivulets all down Dicky's plump cheeks, but he is not in the least ashamed of them—as indeed, why should he be ? As, in between his sobs, he insists on telling everybody he is so glad—so awfully glad—his apparent grief, had they been in the mood for it, would have struck them all as being extremely comic.

The effect of their tears upon the women has the most desirable result. It first surprises, and then soothes them inexpressibly. It leaves indeed a new field entirely open to them. Instead of being petted, they can pet.

Julia instantly undertakes Dicky, who doesn't quite like it ; Dulce appropriates Sir Christopher, who likes it very much.

Fabian, now that his one burst of passion is at an end, is again strangely silent. Mark Gore, laying his hand upon his shoulder, says something to him in a low tone, unheard by the rest, who are all talking together, and so making a solitude for these two.

"It is too late," says Fabian, replying to him slowly ; "too late." There is more of settled conviction than of bitterness in his tone, which only renders it the more melancholy. "He was right. He has ruined my life. Were I to live twice the allotted time given to man, I should never forget these last five horrible years. They have killed me ; that is, the *best* of me ! I tell you deliverance has come *too late* !"

Even as his voice dies away another rises.

"Do not say that—anything but that," entreats Portia, in deep agitation. Once more this evening she lays her small, jewelled hand upon his breast, and looks into his eyes : "Fabian, there is renewed hope, a fresh life before you ; take courage. Remember—Oh ! Mark, *speak* to him."

She is trembling violently, and her breath is coming with suspicious difficulty. Her lips are quivering ; and pain, actual physical pain, is dimming the lustre of her violet eyes. The old ache is tugging angrily at her heart-strings now.

Still Fabian does not relent. As yet the very salve that has cured his hurt has only made the hurt more unendurable by dragging it into public notice. Now that he is free, emancipated from the shadow of this crime that has encompassed him as a cloud for so long, its proportions seem to grow and increase until

they reach a monstrous size. To have been wounded in the body, or deprived of all one's earthly goods at a stroke, or bereaved of one's nearest and dearest, would all have been sore trials, no doubt.

"But, alas! to make me a fixed figure for the time of scorn to point his slow, unmoving finger at." What agony, with misfortune, could cope with that?

And she, who had not trusted him when she *might*, will he care that she should trust him now when she *must*?

Slowly he lifts the pale, slender hand, and very gently lets it fall by her side. His meaning is not to be misunderstood: he will none of her. Henceforth their paths shall lie as widely apart as they have lain (of her own choice) for the past few months.

"I repeat it," he says, quietly, letting his eyes rest for a moment upon hers, "it is *too late*!"

And outside the wild winds, flying past with an even fiercer outbreak of wrath, seems to echo those fatal words, "Too late." The very rain, being full of them, seeks to dash them against the window panes. A sudden roar of thunder resounding overhead comes as a fit adjunct to the despair embodied in them. All Nature is awake, and the air seems full of its death-knells.

Portia, sick at heart, moves silently away.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."

JULIUS CESAR.

"Eyes, look your last;
Arms, take your last embrace!"

ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE night closes in, the rain has ceased, or only now and then declares itself in fitful bursts, but still the wind rages and the storm beats upon land and sea, as though half its fury is not yet expended. The clouds are scudding hurriedly towards the west, and now and then, as they separate, one catches a glimpse of a pale, dying moon, trying to shine in the dark vaults above, her sickly gleam only rendering more terrible the aspect of the land below.

Still the lightning comes and goes, and the thunder kills the sacred calm of night; Dulce and Julia, standing in the window, gaze fearfully towards the angry heavens, and speak to each other in whispers. Portia, who is sitting in an armchair, with her colourless face uplifted and her head thrown back, is quite silent, waiting with a kind of morbid longing for each returning flash. The very children are subdued, and, lying in a pretty group upon the hearthrug, forget to laugh or play, or do anything save cry aloud, "Ah! wasn't *that* a big one?" when the lightning comes, or, "That was the loudest one yet," when the deafening thunder rolls.

The men are standing in another window, talking in low tones of Fabian's exculpation, when Fabian himself comes in, eagerly, excitedly, and so unlike the Fabian of old that Portia gazes at him in silent wonder.

"There is a ship in sore trouble down there," he says, pointing as though he can see the sea down below, where now the angry surf is rolling in, mountains high, hoarsely roaring as it comes; "Brown from the coast-guard station has just run up to tell us of it. They are about to man the life-boat; who will come down to the beach with me?"

They have all come forward by this time, and now the men, going eagerly to seize on any coats and hats nearest to them, make themselves ready to go down and render any assistance that may be required of them. The station is but a little one, the coast-guards few, and of late a sort of intermittent fever has laid many of the fishermen low, so that their help may, for all they yet can know, be sorely needed.

Fabian, who has been delayed in many ways, is almost the last to leave the house. Hurrying now to the doorway, he is stopped by a slight figure, that, coming up to him in the gloom of the night that rushes in upon him from the opened hall-door, seems like some spirit of the storm.

It is Portia. Her face is very white, her lips are trembling, but her eyes are full of a strange, feverish fire.

"May I go too? Do not prevent me," she says, in an agitated tone, laying her hand upon his arm. "I *must* go. I cannot stay here, alone; thinking, thinking."

"You!" interrupts he; "and on such a night as this. Certainly not. Go back to the drawing-room, at once." Involuntarily, he puts out his hand across the doorway, as though to bar her egress. Then suddenly recollection forces itself upon him, he drops his extended arm, and coldly averts his eyes from hers.

"I beg your pardon," he says, "why should I dictate to you, you will do as you please, of course; by what right do I advise, or forbid you?"

Oppressed by the harshness of his manner and his determined coldness, that amounts almost to dislike, Portia makes no reply. When first he spoke, his words, though unloving, had still been full of a rough regard for her well-being; but his sudden change to the indifferent tone of an utter stranger has struck cold upon her heart. Cast down and disheartened, she now shrinks a little to one side, and by a faint gesture of the hand motions him to the open door.

As though unconscious, or cruelly careless of the wound he has inflicted, Fabian turns away from her, and goes out into the sullen, stormy night, and, reaching the side path that leads direct through the wood to the shore, is soon lost to sight.

Upon the beach, dark forms are hurrying to and fro. Now and

then can be heard the sound of a distant signal gun, small knots of fishermen are congregated together, and can be seen talking anxiously, when the lurid lightning, flashing overhead, breaks in upon the darkness.

There is terrible confusion everywhere. Hurried exclamations, and shrill cries of fear and pity rise above the angry moaning of the wind, as now and then a faint lull comes in the storm; then, too, can be heard the bitter sobs and lamentations of two women, who are clinging to their men as though by their weak arms they would hold them from battling with the waves to-night.

The sea is dashing itself in wildest fury against rock and boulder, and rushing in headlong from up the sands only to recede again in haste, as though in a hurry to fly back to swell the power of the cruel waves that would willingly deal out death with every stroke.

The clouds, having changed from black to murky yellow, are hanging heavily in mid-air, as though undecided as to whether they will not fall in a body, and so overwhelm the trembling earth. The spray, dashed inland by the terrific force of the wind, lighting on the lips of those who stand with straining eyes looking seaward, fills their mouths with its saltness, and blinds their aching sight.

All the people from the little village are on the shore, and are talking and gesticulating violently. Some of them have fathers, brothers, and, perhaps, “nearer and dearer ones still than all others,” on the point of incurring deathly danger to-night. Some of them are standing, with clenched hands and stony eyes, watching as though fascinated by the cruel crawling sea, as it runs up to their feet, gaily, boisterously, heedless of the unutterable misery in their pallid faces. But for the most part, people are full of energy, and are shouting from one to the other, and examining ropes, or asking eager questions of grizzled old sailors, who with plug in cheek, and stoical features are staring at the sea.

“Where is the ship?” asks Dicky Browne, laying his hand on the arm of one of these ancient mariners to steady himself, whilst the old salt, who is nearly thrice his age, stands steady as a rock.

“Close by—a schooner from some furrin port, with wine, they say.” So shouts the old man back.

“And the life boat?”

“Is manned, an’ away. ’Twill be a tussle to-night, sir, no boat could live in such a sea, I’m thinking. Hark to the roar of it.”

The dull moon, forcing itself through the hanging clouds, casts at this moment a pallid gleam upon the turbid ocean, making the terror of the hour only more terrible. Now at last they can see the doomed vessel; the incessant dashing of the waves is slowly tearing it in pieces; momentarily its side is in danger of being driven in. At this piteous sight men cry aloud, and women fall upon their knees; some figure with flowing hair can be seen near

one of the dismantled masts. Is it a woman ? and what is that she holds aloft ?—a child ! a little child !

The agony increases. Some run along the beach in frantic impotency, calling upon Heaven to show pity now, in tones that even pierce the ghastly howling of the wind. Anon, the quivering lightning comes again, shedding a blue radiance over all.

Twice has the life-boat been repulsed and beaten back, in spite of the strenuous efforts of its gallant crew. The second time a cry goes up that strikes dismay to the hearts of those around, as a man is laid upon the damp beach, who had gone forth full of courage with his fellows, but now lies stiffening into the marble calm of death.

Dulce, who has run down to the strand without a word to anyone, and who is now standing a little apart, with Roger's arm round her, hearing this unearthly cry, covers her face with her hands, and shivers violently in every limb. The darting lightning has shown her the ghastly outline of the poor, brave figure on the sand, now hushed in its last sleep.

At this moment, Portia, creeping up to where they are standing, with hands uplifted to her forehead, tries to pierce the gloom. The spray from a projecting rock being flung back upon them drenches them thoroughly. Roger, putting out his hand hurriedly, draws Dulce out of its reach, and would have persuaded Portia to come to a more sheltered spot, but she resists his entreaty, and, waving him from her impatiently, still continues her eye-search for something that she evidently supposes to be upon the beach. Where she is standing, a shadow from a huge rock so covers her that she is invisible to any comer.

Now someone is advancing towards them through the darkness and clinging mist. Dulce, who is sitting on the ground and weeping bitterly, does not see him, but Roger goes quickly towards him. It is Fabian, pale, but quite composed, and with a certain high resolve in his dark eyes. There is, indeed, in this settled resolve something that might be almost termed gladness.

"Ah ! it is you," he says, hurriedly beckoning to Roger to come farther away from Dulce, which sign Roger obeying brings both him and Fabian a degree nearer to Portia. Yet, standing motionless as she does within the gloom, they neither see her nor feel her presence.

"Here, catch my watch," says Fabian, quickly, in a business-like tone ; "and," with a short laugh, "keep it if I don't get back." He flings him the watch as he speaks.

"Where are you going ?" asks Roger, breathlessly, "where ?"

"With those fellows in the life-boat. They want another hand now poor Jenkins has been bowled over, and I shall go ; they are losing heart, but my going with them will change all that. Tell Dulce——"

"You shall not go," cries Roger, frantically. "It is throwing

away your life. There are those whose lives can be better spared ; let *them* go. Let *me* go. Fabian, think of that old man at home.”

“My dear fellow, don’t bury me in such a hurry,” says Fabian, lightly. “Those poor fellows below have wives and families depending on them, and no one implores them not to go. I will take my chance with them. Now listen——”

“But not alone !” says Roger ; “you shall not go alone. I will go with you. To venture in such a sea—but, of course, that should not be considered. Well, come then, come !” The poor boy, in spite of himself, does consider it, but bravely pushes forward in the vague thought that if he goes he may be of use to his friend, his brother.

“Impossible,” says Fabian. “There is not room for another. If we come back again unsuccessful, I promise you, you shall try your chance then. Here, don’t look so gloomy, but hold my coat, and keep it dry, as I dare say I shall be chilly enough when I get back to you.”

He speaks with the utmost cheerfulness, indeed with the subdued gaiety that might emanate from a quiet man just starting on a pleasurable expedition.

“Do you know the danger ?” says Roger, in a broken voice, clinging to his hand, but feeling that all remonstrance will be in vain.

“Tut ! why should there be more danger for me than for another. Now go back to her—she is there, is she not ? my *dear* little Dulce. Tell her from me——. No !—tell her nothing. Good-bye, old man, wish me a safe return till I come ; and—and—be good to her—always love her——”

He turns abruptly aside, and, springing down from the rock where he has been standing, finds himself again on the beach. He is hurrying once more towards the boat, which, having sustained some slight injuries in its last attempt, is not yet quite seaworthy, but requires some looking after by the men before they can start afresh, when he is stopped by the pressure of two soft hands upon his arm.

Turning, he looks into Portia’s eyes. She is haggard, ghastly in her pallor, but unspeakably beautiful. Her fair hair, having come undone, is waving lightly in the tempestuous wind. Her lips are parted.

“You are not going *out there* ?” she says, pointing with a shudder to the tumultuous waves, and speaking in a tone so full of agony and reckless misery that it chills him. “You *shall* not ! Do you hear ? Fabian ! Fabian ! listen to me.”

It is so dark and wild, that no one can see her ; no ears but his can hear. She flings herself in a passion of despair upon her knees before him, and encircles him with her arms.

“My darling ! My best beloved, stay with me,” she cries, wildly

"Hate me—spurn me—live—*live!* that sea will tear you from me—it will kill—but——"

Stooping over her, with a very gentle movement, but with determination, he unclasps her clinging arms, and raises her to her feet.

"You must not kneel there on the wet sand," he says, quietly; "and forgive me, if I remind you of it, but you will not care to remember all this to-morrow."

"I shall not remember it to-morrow," replies she, in a strange, dreamy tone, her hands falling nerveless at her sides. She does not seek to touch or persuade him again, only gazes earnestly up at him, through the wretched mist that enshrouds them, with a face that is as the faces of the dead.

Upon his arm is a shawl, one of the women below (he is very dearly beloved in the village) had forced upon him an hour ago. He is bringing it back now to return it to her before starting, but, a thought striking him, he unfolds it, and crosses it over Portia's bosom.

"One of the women down there lent it to me," he says, coldly still, but kindly. "Return it to her when you can."

With a little passionate gesture she flings it from her, letting it lie on the ground at her feet.

"It is too late—the coldness of death is upon me," she says, vehemently. Then in an altered tone, calmed by despair, she whispers, slowly, "Fabian, if you *will* die—forgive me first?"

"If there is anything to forgive, I have done so long ago. But there is nothing."

"Is there nothing in the thought that I love you either? Has not this knowledge power to drag you back from the grave?"

"Too late for the balm when the heart is broke," quotes he, sadly.

"And yet you loved me once," she says, quickly.

"I love you now, as I never loved you," returns he, with sudden, eager passion. Her arms are round his neck, her head is thrown back, her lovely eyes, almost terrible now in their intensity, are gazing into his. Instinctively his arms close round her—he bends forward.

A shout from the beach! The boat is launched, and they only await him to go upon their perilous journey. When death is near, small things of earth grow even less.

"They call me! All is over now between us," he murmurs, straining her to his heart. Then he puts her a little away from him—still holding her—and looks once more into her large, tearless eyes. "If life on earth is done," he says, solemnly, "then in Heaven, my soul, we meet again!"

He lays his lips on hers.

"In Heaven, my love, and soon!" returns she, very quietly, and so they part!

* * * * *

It is but a little half hour afterwards when they bring him back

again, and lay him gently and in silence upon the wet sand—cold and dead! Some spar had struck him—they hardly know what—and had left him as they brought him home.

Many voices are uplifted at this sad return, but all grow hushed and quiet, as a girl with bare head presses her way resolutely through the crowd, and, moving aside those who would mercifully have delayed her, having reached her dead, sits down upon the sand beside him, and lifting his head in her arms, dank and dripping with sea foam, lays it tenderly upon her knees. Stooping over it, she presses it lovingly against her breast, and with tender fingers smooths back from the pale forehead the short wet masses of his dark hair. She is quite calm, her fingers do not even tremble, but there is a strange—strange look in her great eyes.

His eyes are closed. No ugly stain of blood mars the beauty of his face. He lies calm and placid in her embrace, as though wrapt in softest slumber—but, oh! how irresponsive to the touch, that once would have thrilled his every sense with rapture.

There is something so awful in the muteness of her despair, that a curious hush falls upon those grouped around her—and him. The whole scene is so fraught with a weird horror, that when one woman in the background bursts into bitter weeping, she is pushed out of sight, as though emotion of a demonstrative nature is out of place here. Noisy grief can have no part in this hopeless sorrow.

Dicky Browne, bending over her (Roger has taken Dulce home), says:

“Oh, Portia! that it should end like this, and just now—*now*, when life had opened out afresh for him!” His voice is choked and almost inaudible. Now that he is gone they all know how dear he has been to them, how interwoven with theirs has been his quiet, melancholy life.

“I knew it,” says Portia, not quickly, but yet with some faint, soft vehemence. “I am not surprised, I am not grieved.” She whispers something else after this repeatedly, and Dicky, bending lower, hears the words, “And soon—and soon.” She repeats them in an ecstatic undertone; there is joy and an odd *certainly* in it. They are the last words she ever spoke to him.

“He is very cold,” she says then, with a little shiver.

Sir Mark, seeing the tears are running down Dicky’s cheeks, and that he is incapable of saying anything further, pushes him gently to one side, and murmurs something in Portia’s ear. She seems quite willing to do anything they may desire.

“Yes, yes. He must come home. It will be better. I will come home with him.” And then with a long-drawn sigh, “poor uncle Christopher.” This is the last time her thoughts ever wander away from her dead love. “It will be well to take him away from the cruel sea,” she says, lifting her eyes to the rough

but kindly faces of the boatmen who surround her. "But," piteously, "oh! do not *hurt* him."

"Never fear, missy," says one old sailor, in a broken voice, and a young fellow, turning aside, whispers to a comrade that he was "her man," in tones of heart-felt pity.

Still keeping his head within her arms, she rises slowly to her knees, and then the men, careful to humour her, so lift the body that she—even when she has gained her feet—has still this dear burden in her keeping. At the very last, when they have laid him upon the rude bier they have constructed for him in a hurry, she still hesitates, and regards with anguish the hard spot where she must lay her burden down.

She gazes distressfully around her, and then plucks, with a little mournful, helpless fashion, at a dainty, fleecy thing that lies close to her throat, and is her only covering from the angry blast. One of the women divining her purpose, presses forward, and in silence folds her own woollen shawl and lays it on the bier, and then unfastening the white Shetland fabric round Portia's neck, lays that upon her own offering, so that the dead man's cheek will rest on it. Her womanly soul has grasped the truth, that the girl wants his resting-place to be made softer by some gift of hers; and when her task is completed, and the men, gathering up their load, silently prepare to move with it towards the old Court, Portia turns upon this woman a smile so sweet, so full of gratitude, that she breaks into bitter weeping, and, flinging her apron over her honest, kindly, sunburnt face, runs hurriedly away.

"She was his lass. Poor soul—poor soul," says another woman, in a hushed tone, and with deep pathos.

Holding his dead hand in hers, Portia, with steady step, walks beside the rough bier, and so the sad procession winds its solemn way up to the old Court, with Sir Mark at its head, and Dicky Browne at his feet, and Portia, with bare uplifted head and wrapt eyes, still clinging fondly to the poor clay, so well beloved by all.

Silently, with breaking hearts, they carry him into the grand old Hall, and lay him reverently upon the marble flooring. Silently, they gaze upon his unmarred beauty. Not a sound—not a sob—disturbs the sacred stillness. Portia, always with his hand in hers, falls upon her knees, and, pressing it against her breast, raises her eyes devoutly Heavenwards. One by one they all withdraw. Sir Mark, to break the terrible news to the old man. She is alone with her dead! With a little sigh, she crouches close to him, and lays her cheek against his. The icy contact conveys no terror to her mind. She does not shrink from him, but softly, tenderly, caresses him from time to time; and yet he moves not, nor wakens into life beneath her gentle touch. Truly,

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore."

DON JUAN.

"Death came with friendly care."

COLERIDGE.

It all happened only yesterday, yet how long ago it seems already; and now the sun is shining again, bravely, cheerily, as though life is all made up of joy and gladness, and as though storms that despoil the earth, and heavier storms that wreck the soul are miseries unknown; and yet he is dead, and she—

In silence they had carried him to his own chamber, and had laid him on his bed, she going with him always with his clay-cold hand in hers, and never a moan from her pale lips.

The storm had gone down by that, and a strange mournful stillness, terrible after the late rioting of the elements, covered all the land. The silence might be felt, and through it they listened eagerly for her sighs, and hoped for the tears that should have come to ease her stricken heart; but all in vain, and watching her, they knew at last that the springs of grief within her were frozen, and that the blessed healing waters that can cool the burning fever of despair were not to flow for her. Only a certain curious calm lay on her, killing all outward demonstrations of grief. She spoke to no one, she was hardly, perhaps, at times, aware of the presence of those around her. Dulce's sobs did not rouse her. She showed no symptom of emotion when Sir Christopher bent his white head in inexplicable woe over the form of the man who had been dear to him as his own soul. As she knelt beside the corpse, she moved now and then, and her breath came and went softly, regularly, but her eyes never departed from the face before her, with its closed eyes and sad, solemn smile. Perhaps, in her strange musings, she was trying to follow him in spirit to where he had

"Gone before,

To that unknown and silent shore."

so dimly dreamt of here, because her eyes were gleaming large and clear, and almost unearthly in their brilliance.

At first, though somewhat in awe of her, they had sought by tenderest means to draw her from the room. But she had resisted, or rather been utterly deaf to all entreaties, and, kneeling by the bed that held all that she had loved or ever could love, still fed her eager gaze with sight of him, and pressed from time to time his ice-cold hand to her cheeks, her lips, her eyes.

Then Sir Mark had admonished them to let her be, and sinking into a chair, with a heavy sigh, had kept her vigil with her. Tall candles gleamed on distant tables. The night wind sighed with-

out ; footsteps came and went, and heart-broken sighs, and ill-suppressed sobs disturbed the air. The little child he had loved—the poor Boodie—would not be forbidden, and, creeping into the sad room, had stolen to the bedside, and had laid upon his breast a little pallid blossom she had secretly and alone braved all the terrors of the dark night to gain, having traversed the quiet garden to pluck it from the tiny plot out there she called her own.

She had not been frightened when she saw him, but had stood gazing in some wonder at the indescribably pathetic smile that glorified his lips, after which she had given her hand obediently to Dicky Browne, and had gone back with him to her nursery content, and far less sad than when she came.

Sometimes they all came and gazed upon him together ; Julia trembling, but subdued ; Dulce with her hand in Roger's ; the old man inconsolable. Now Dicky Browne whispers feeble but well-meant words of comfort to him, now Sir Mark touches his arm in silent sympathy. But they all keep somewhat apart from Portia ; she has grown suddenly sacred in their eyes, as one to whom the beloved dead more especially belongs.

One of them, Sir Mark, I think, seeing a little bit of dark hued ribbon round his neck, bent forward and, loosening it, drew to light a flat gold locket with the initials P. V. sunk deeply in it. His hand shook at this discovery ; he hesitated ; then, some fine instinct revealing to him that it might contain some hidden charm strong enough to rouse her from her unnatural calm, he touched Portia's shoulder and laid the locket in her hand.

Mechanically she opened it, yet testily too, as if unwilling or unable to keep her eyes for even the shortest space of time from the lifeless face so dear to her. But, once opened, her glance riveted itself upon its contents. Her own face looked up at her, her own eyes smiled at her. It was her portrait that she saw, painted by him, no doubt, sadly and in secret, and worn against his heart ever since.

Long she gazed at it. Her whole face changed. The terrible calm was broken up, but no grief came in its place. There was only joy unutterable and a rapture most blessed and divine.

"My love, I knew it without this," she said, softly ; her eyes once more returned to him ; a quick but lengthened sigh escaped her ; her head fell forward on his breast.

They waited. The minutes grew, but still she never stirred. Some one, whispering comfort to her, tried to raise her head, but comfort from Heaven itself had reached her. She was *with him* ! She was quite dead !

They said some tissue in her heart had given way, and perhaps it was so, but surely grief had severed it.

THE END.

DERBY CHINA: OLD AND NEW.

"THE china was beautiful, but Doctor Johnson justly observed that it was too dear; for that he could have vessels of silver, of the same size, as cheap as what were made here of porcelain." So writes James Boswell, Esq., of a visit he and the Fleet Street Philosopher made to Derby to see the China Factory. This was in 1777. The famous Derby works had then been established for more than a quarter of a century. Its exquisite productions had acquired such a national reputation that Doctor Johnson was thus induced to go out of his way, in his sixty-eighth year, to witness the manufacture. The proverbial bull in a china shop is not a more grotesque figure than the Great Bear of Literature pottering about amid the poetry of porcelain "in the brown coat with the metal buttons, and the shirt that ought to be at wash, blinking, puffing, rolling with his head, drumming with his fingers." Could the leviathan lexicographer have prolonged his life to the Victorian Era, he might have witnessed some of the vessels he saw in the process of production sold for far more than their weight in gold; vases disposed of at the hammer of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Co., at the price of a villa; and cracked cups fetching the value of a comfortable cottage. But it is not of much importance what Samuel Johnson, with his distorted vision, thought of Derby china. Perhaps the cups were not large enough for the colossal culinary capacity of one who—according to Lord Macaulay—"tore his meat like a tiger, and swallowed his tea in oceans." James Boswell, Esq. somehow associated the process of porcelain manufacture with that of making poetry, although, strange to relate, he saw no poetry in the porcelain, no art in the flower and fruit painting that to-day, after the lapse of years, takes the artistic eye captive by its reposeful idealisation of Nature. He confesses—"good easy man"—"I admire the ingenuity and delicate art with which a man fashioned clay into a cup, a saucer, or a tea-pot, while a boy turned a wheel to give the mass rotundity. I thought this as excellent in its species of power as making good verses in its species. Yet I had no respect for this potter; neither, indeed, has a man of any extent of thinking for a mere verse-maker, in whose numbers, however perfect, there is no poetry, no mind."

This entry in Boswell's "Life" is, at any rate, sufficient to show that the Ceramic ware of Derby was famous more than a hundred years ago, and that it was as expensive as it was elegant. No

doubt Doctor Johnson took away with him a small tea-service of mazarine blue as a present for Mrs. Thrale; an ancient Greek vase of the "Krater" or "Hydria" shape for Sir Joshua, and a card-dish for Garrick. Derby china was then the fashion. The factory was the "lion" of the town. It was part of one's polite education to inspect the place. Derby china soon became more precious to people than the Empire of China. The equable lady, instanced by Pope, who was,

"Mistress of herself, though china fall,"

would have been more agitated over the chipping of her Derby china than a dissolution of the China across the seas.

"China was the passion of her soul—
A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl,
Could kindle wishes in her breast,
Inflame with joy, or break her rest."

Royalty was the patron of Derby china. The great Commoner, William Pitt, caught the infatuation. Gainsborough's "Beautiful Duchess," made the Ceramic art a study. The pieces produced about this period, and for some years subsequently, are prized by the *connoisseur* above all other productions of the time.

Among the classic pieces produced in Doctor Johnson's days were a dessert service of 120 pieces for the Prince of Wales; a splendid service for the Earl of Shrewsbury, which now enriches the treasure-house of Art at Alton Towers; a rich service for the Duke of Devonshire, with vignette landscapes of Chatsworth House and Hardwick Hall, and other pictures of the Peak; besides pieces with historical designs, for Lord Ongley and Lord Muncaster, which may be numbered among the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the old factory, so pure are they in body and texture, so dainty in modelling, so delicate in drawing, so opulent in colour, so chaste in decoration. The men, such as Billingsley, Bancroft, Bowman, Pegg, Webster, the Hancocks, and others who conceived and executed them, were possessed of the true artistic spirit. Nature gave them their models. All of them were men of talent. Some of them were men of genius. Their colouring was perfection. The flower and fruit painting stands alone in its excellence. The gold and blue were brought to a greater degree of beauty than in any other china. The lives of these cunning craftsmen, old Derby china painters, modellers, and gilders, are quaint and interesting.

Some account of them is given in Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt's excellent work, *The Ceramic Art in Great Britain*, in *The Old Derby China Factory*, by Mr. John Haslem, and in a smaller book, entitled *The Pottery and Porcelain of Derbyshire*, by Mr. William Bemrose and Mr. Alfred Wallis. They were the young bucks of their generation. They rode their horses, and lived life *en prince*. But there is ever a black side to Bohemia, even in its

broadcloth and brocade. We are told of these clever people that, "nomadic in their habits, they seem to have wandered about from factory to factory, earning high salaries, and spending money freely—mostly improvident, and seldom satisfied. Some of the more staid and elderly amongst them settled down in the town, and became reputable men as teachers of their art; but almost all of them shared the usual artist-fate, and died poor." There is a touching story of one of their number, which I have not seen in print. Here it is in outline. A novelist might find material in it for a pathetic incident. The facile fingers of its hero had earned him fame in the fictile art. His pencil was in great request. He had a son who went across the Atlantic to challenge the chances of the New World. A change, in the meanwhile, came over the father's fortunes, his hand lost its cunning; prodigality and drink drifted him into destitution. The son prospered in America; he wrote repeatedly for the old man to share his new home, sending him money by way of travelling facilities; the sire as often promised to come, but the money was otherwise expended. At last, the son decided to come across the Atlantic and escort his father over to the United States; just as the son was leaving New York for Liverpool, the father decided to leave Liverpool for New York; the two passed each other in mid-ocean. The old man wandered about Broadway, grey-haired, destitute, desolate, alone amid a crowd. In a shop-window his eye caught sight of some china painting of flowers and fruit that bore his name, but was not his work. The pieces were labelled at a fancy figure. Frenzied with drink, and a sense of the impudent imposture, he hurled a stone through the barbaric window. The same night he died of neglect in the police-cells. Another deft-handed Derby china painter's story is a different one. William Pegg was one of the best flower painters employed at Derby. Early in 1800 he became a Quaker and morbidly Puritanical. He gave up his art because he considered it sinful in the sight of God. His mind was discomfited by a passage in *Deuteronomy*, which forbids man to make "any graven image, or the similitude of any figure, the likeness of male or female, or the likeness of any beast of the earth, or the likeness of any winged fowl in the air, or the likeness of any creeping thing on the ground, or the likeness of any fish in the waters." In consequence of this surrender of his art to his conscience he suffered much privation and poverty; in his old age he was reduced to selling herrings for a livelihood. But even his religious scruples suffered violence in this direction. In the humble window of his shop was a marvellous performance which was something more than "the likeness of any fish in the waters." It was a marvellous performance in masterly water-colour of a group of red herrings, to seduce the passer-by into purchasing the succulent, if strongly-scented, edible within! Another story of the old craftsmen, one of Corden, the portrait

painter, who received commissions from George IV., Queen Victoria, and Prince Albert—the latter of whom sent Corden to Coburg to copy various family portraits at the Castle of Rosenau. It appears that Corden's habit was to paint his larger portraits at arm's length. After a long sitting from Admiral Nagel, one day, the Admiral said, "Corden, you must have strong arms to hold them out so many hours in the manner you have done, you must be a good boxer." Suiting the action to the word, Nagel sparred at the artist, and took off his coat for a round, but Corden retreated, unable to fence off a blow, he never having sparred in his life!

While the historic Old Silk Mill at Derby—the first ever erected in England, and whose history is one of romance, tainted with tragedy, still stands sturdily on the oaken piles of its island swamp in the Derwent, reflecting its time-tinted walls and its five hundred windows in the voiceful river, the famous Old China Factory has become as "the shadow of the shadow of smoke," and amiable antiquarians grow mildly excited over its supposed site. The Silk Mill was erected in 1718, just after young John Lombe had stolen the secret art of silk-throwing from the Italian monopolist. The Derby China Factory was established by William Duesbury in 1750. The earlier building survives. But while the silk trade is almost a dead industry in Derby, the production of Derby China is equal to the old fame, and has become once again one of the distinctive features of the town. The old trade marks and mottoes are in use; the old technical secrets have been disinterred; the old patterns have been revived; and among the employés of the new China Works is James Rowse—a man of eighty or more—one of the original artist-workmen of the old factory, who is now a living link between the dead past and the busy present.

The clock of Time must be turned back to the middle of the last century, if we would trace the chequered history of Derby Porcelain. The secret of silk-throwing was stolen by intrigue from the jealous Italians and brought to Derby. The recipe for porcelain was stolen by a runaway workman from the prison-laboratory in Saxony, where Böttcher had revealed to him the secret of porcelain so exclusively concealed by the select Celestials. Böttcher made his discovery in the first decade of the eighteenth century. In 1751 the Derby China Factory was established by William Duesbury. Worcester and Berlin were founded in the same year; Sévres six years previously; Dresden in 1709. Derby, after many vicissitudes, survives. But long before 1751 the production of pottery in Derby was a staple industry. Without becoming tediously archæological, or enlarging upon the periods mediæval and renaissance, it may be stated that pottery as a resource of trade may be traced in Derby annals to a time prior to the Norman Conquest. The Derby Pot Works, on the Cock Pit

Hill, where Duesbury was employed, was an extensive establishment. It covered a large area. It gave employment to a considerable number of persons. The firm who owned these works became bankrupt. Duesbury—a toy-figure maker at the works—out of their ruin evolved the famous china works on the Nottingham Road. Trade failures seem to have constituted the fortune of this man, Duesbury. In 1769 the classic China Manufactory, at Chelsea, became insolvent. He purchased the defunct concern. He carried on the two factories at Chelsea and Derby simultaneously with great success until 1784, when the former was broken up. Workmen and plant were transferred from the Thames to the Derwent. The factory at Bow was, in 1775, also amalgamated with the Derby firm, so that Duesbury held at one time the Chelsea, Derby, and Bow ceramic factories, besides one or two small potteries. This Chelsea-Derby period, from 1769 to 1784, was a notable epoch in the history of porcelain. Then followed the "Crown-Derby" period, when the work was done at Derby entirely, and became the most coveted in the world. A show-room and warehouse were opened in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. There was scarcely a noble family in the realm without a service of "Crown-Derby." The Derby premises occupied an area of 6,000 square yards. Employment was found for 400 hands. Duesbury died in 1786. His son succeeded him. He inherited his father's tact, talent and taste. Derby "Crown" under his supervision reached the supreme point of excellence. Too close a concentration to business cares, however, impaired his health, and he took into partnership with him a clever artist and designer, one Michael Kean. He was an Irishman of brilliant talents and remarkable brutality. His arguments were so "striking" that the workmen had to arm themselves against his ungovernable temper. The partnership of Duesbury and Kean was dissolved by the death of the former. The latter entered into another "partnership." Kean married Duesbury's widow. This was in 1798. Family dissensions occurred. Legal difficulties intervened. The days of decadence were nigh. The factory was thrown into Chancery. In 1809 the works were advertised for sale. They were sold to an old employé, one Robert Bloor. He appears to have purchased them by disposing of the large stock of beautiful china. Bloor did not possess the artistic advantages of his predecessors. *Certes*, the services of able men were secured, and good pieces were produced; but the quality of the ware deteriorated, and the works declined. They were closed in 1848. Some of the men, models, moulds and marks found their way into the neighbouring county of Staffordshire, which produces so-called Derby "Crown" china, sacrificing quality for quantity, to this day. The decline and fall of the famous old factory was attributable to various causes.

Foremost among them was the pernicious system of getting

up sales by auction. This led to less fastidious care being exercised in the production of the goods, and "although the figures and vases of the late 'Bloor Period' have all the graceful lines of the best days, there is an undefinable something which is wanting in them when brought to the test of comparison with their predecessors."

Though the Derby Factory was no more, the "sacred lamp" was kept burning, if with a lost and languishing light, at Mr. Sampson Hancock's works, in King Street. Mr. Hancock and his factory still prosper. He is one of the survivors of the Old Factory Staff. He possesses some of the old pattern-books; and his establishment serves as a link connecting the factory of the Duesbury's with the present Derby "Crown" Porcelain Company, which has revived the old trade with such energy and enterprise, with such a combination of artistic culture and practical knowledge, that the new work challenges the old in beauty and purity. Derby China has, therefore, entered upon a fifth period. The first period was from 1751 to 1769; the second period from 1769 to 1784, that of the Chelsea-Derby; the third, that of the "Crown Derby," from 1784 to 1814; and the fourth, that of the Bloor *régimé*, from 1815 to 1849. Hancock's works have filled the interim from 1849 to 1877, when Mr. Edward Phillips, who had been managing director of the Worcester Royal Porcelain Company from its formation, started the present Derby Company, and revived a moribund manufacture. Last year (1881) Mr. Phillips died; but the business flourishes in an astonishing degree under the managing directors, Mr. Henry Litherland and Mr. Edward Mac. Innes. The present works are larger than the past works in their palmiest days, and the orders for home and abroad employ some four hundred people to whom "overtime" is the normal order of working hours.

The process of manufacture at the present Derby "Crown-China" works is almost identical with that witnessed by Doctor Johnson and the attendant Boswell in 1777. Let us visit the works together. If we cannot see anything at once to interest, to instruct, and to entrance, we shall be, indeed, as pitiable as the individual mentioned by Sterne, who travelled from Dan to Beersheba and declared all was barren. On the day of our visit, Mr. Whistler, the artist, had placed his name in the visitors' book, which contains many signatures that the autograph hunter would prize. If Whistler were studying an arrangement in "blue and gold," Derby "Crown" would furnish him with an inspiration. Enough to know that he compared "old Derby" with the new, and the new did not suffer by the contrast.

There is no difficulty in finding the Derby "Crown China" works in Derby. It is one of the institutions of the dear, dull old borough. When the works were projected, there was only one available building in the town; that was a large workhouse,

just vacated for a new Palace of Poverty. This building was, therefore, adapted for the resuscitated industry. It is now a workshop, instead of a workhouse, and produces porcelain in place of paupers. If Charles Dickens could pass through these bright workshops that were once cheerless wards, he would conjure up strange fancies. The bones that are being ground to mix with the porcelain he would associate with the paupers' bones that are rattled over the stones; and the powdered flint would suggest the ingredient Mr. Bumble employed in the mashing of Oliver Twist's "skilly."

The tramcar tinkles cheerily as we run from the Market Square, where Prince Charlie paused in his march to the South, and, hesitating, was lost; past Babington Lane, where lived chivalrous Anthony Babington, who lost his heart and his head over Mary, Queen of Scots; and then a sudden jarring of the brake tells us that we are at our destination. A big, gaunt building, abounding with a congeries of passages, and full of architectural afterthoughts, this Derby "Crown China" manufactory; although its fine *façade*, braided with ivy, and its glimpses of green lawn, point to anything but kilns and cupolas. The Show Room, which the visitor at once enters, disarms criticism by its wealth of artistic wonders. But this treasure-chamber of art should be our returning point. Close your eyes, then, my friend, while we are escorted by our *cicerone*, Ceramicus, along the cloister-like passages, upstairs and downstairs, until we get into the open space at the back of the factory, where the encroaching trees of the Arboretum bring the green shade of woods into the very heart of moil and toil. Look now, and listen. Ear and eye shall receive their reward as we follow at our leisure a lump of lifeless clay from its crude and shapeless form, until it is fashioned into "a thing of beauty, and a joy for ever."

EDWARD BRADBURY.

A RETROSPECT.

A PURE, pale face and raven hair
Blending in eyes of twilight gray;
Lips that might shame the rose, and fair,
Tall form a queen might well display.

Wrapt in a shimmering robe of white,
Beneath an elm she watched the moon,
And with the shadows of the night
Seemed like a spirit to commune.

Or, like Diana, when the chase
Was over, 'ere she fled from earth,
Pausing in haunts of mortal race,
A goddess—not of mortal breath.

I saw her when the rising sun
Shed heavenly radiance round her form :
Earth in its beams had just begun
To glow with life and beauty warm.

A jewel clasped her stately neck,
Glowed in her hair a scarlet flower,
Nor other gem was there to deck
Beauty that mocked adornment's power.

I thought of Juno till she smiled,
But in that smile the goddess fled;
It spoke her still of earth a child,
And changed to love my reverent dread.

I've watched the moon with her since then,
And woven a blossom in her hair,
Nor wished a goddess while 'midst men
My heart had found a queen so fair.

CLARE S. M'KINLEY.

HAUNTED HEARTS.

, BY J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON.

CHAPTER II.

THE bells were ringing merrily in celebration of the great festival of Christianity, the sound of the poor little chime of the village church being almost overpowered by the more distant clatter from the town, as Lady Langbourne stood on the terrace, leading from the southern side of the Manor House, gazing with troubled mien on the plantations below. The proclamation of "Peace and goodwill," typified by those bells, brought no "peace" to her distracted mind; all feeling of "goodwill" was swamped in a conflicting tumult of suspicion and dread. The sound of the bells, instead of soothing, jarred painfully on her nervous system, and caused her almost intolerable irritation. Impatience and doubt added to this state of mind. "Would Wilfred come?" she asked herself, "or, would Harris be too late!" In spite of her desire to hold this painful conference with the man, whom she once had loved and since despised, she almost hoped he would not obey her summons.

A figure appeared on a turn in the winding path of the plantations—a female form. Yes! it was Harris! Was she alone? No! presently another figure emerged from the leafless woods. That tall form and peculiarly manly gait; Lady Langbourne knew it at once, in spite of the man being wrapped in a thick ulster. Had she not recognised that form, the painful beating of her heart and the feeling almost amounting to suffocation, which choked her, would have told her it was Wilfred Poynings. The two spoke together, then advanced towards the spot, immediately beneath the terrace. But what was that other form which appeared for a moment on the path behind them, and then disappeared?—or was it the fancy of a heated brain that imagined the presence of a listening spy? The incident passed out of Lady Langbourne's mind again; and summoning up all the courage and self-possession she could muster, she slowly descended the stone staircase which led below, and found herself once more in the presence of Wilfred Poynings; Harris had disappeared. For a time there was a painful silence; it was broken at last by Wilfred.

"You sent for me, madam," he said formally, almost defiantly.

Lady Langbourne mastered herself sufficiently to resume that cold repulsive air which she had displayed on the previous

evening; and it was with a certain degree of haughtiness that she said at last:

"I have reason, sir, to suspect an intention on your part—an intention which can but bring scandal on this house, and trouble and pain to its inmates. No matter, now, how I have learned your purpose. You would, you would——"

"Give myself up to justice?" interrupted Wilfred, coldly, "yes!"

"You have no right to do that, sir. You have no right to fling aside all consideration for—for my unhappy husband and myself, and plunge all who were once kind to you, and for whom you ought to feel some common gratitude—were it only for the past—into fresh misery by a revival of that hateful scandal. You have no right, sir."

"No right—no right!" was the rejoinder, given in an almost scornful tone; "when I was hounded from the house three years ago, as a miserable thief? This life of concealment and shame I can bear no longer. I must have done with it!"

"No! no!"

"It's your scorn which has driven me to this last step! We must both meet our fate with what courage we may. My resolution is taken. May heaven spare *you*, madam!"

Wilfred turned to go.

"I command you to stay."

"Your commands were once a sacred obligation to me," said Wilfred, with a tone of bitterness, not unmixed with tenderness; "they are so no longer. You yourself have torn asunder the tie of devotion which bound me." Once more he turned to depart.

"No, no!" cried the half-distracted woman, impetuously, her real feeling bursting through her artificial dam of cold reserve, like a torrent; "it must not be! This place must never bring on you again the curse of shame, Wilfred."

"Ah! do you believe me, then?—you are convinced in your heart of my innocence?"

"I believe—I believe—" began Lady Langbourne, warmly; but again she checked herself, and added, with a fresh assumption of coldness, "I believe that you may have repented of a moment of error—madness—call it what you wish."

"And you believe no more?" Wilfred hung his head in despair, with a heavy sigh, and again turned to leave her.

"Stay! stay! How can I believe that an honest man could ever demean himself to a lie, which stamped him as an infamous criminal?"

"Was my gratitude, my devotion to this family—your family, yours as well, madam—so slight a motive for my act of self-denunciation?"

Lady Langbourne muttered to herself, as if she were saying,

"What to believe? what to think?" and she clasped her hands over her face.

There was again a painful pause.

"If you have no more to say, farewell, madam," said Wilfred, once more preparing to go.

"Wilfred!" cried the unhappy woman, removing her hands from her face, down which the tears were streaming now.

"Ah, you do believe me!" exclaimed the young man, turning back, and hurrying to her side.

"Do I know myself?" sobbed Lady Langbourne; "I would believe, yet I would not! I cannot think, if you be true, it is my husband who is false! and what proof can you give me of your truth!"

"What proof indeed!" said Wilfred, dejectedly.

"Is this a proof—this letter in which you again denounce yourself?" Lady Langbourne took from her dress the letter to the superintendent of the rural police, and held it out to him.

"A moral proof, if rightly understood."

The unhappy woman leaned back against the masonry at the bottom of the steps, hanging her head, and then, after a pause, tore the letter into many scraps.

"If you will deign to hear me say a few words more," pursued Wilfred; "if you really desire a proof of my innocence, I believe that one exists."

"How?—where?" and Lady Langbourne shuddered as she spoke.

"You surely have remarked a chain, with a key attached, which Sir Vivian wears around his neck."

"Certainly, a chain which he will allow no one to touch—the mere whim of a poor madman."

"It is more than that; or I am much mistaken—that key opens his desk."

"Yes!"

"The desk in which in former days he kept his most precious papers."

"Yes!"

"Perhaps the proof we seek is there."

"What do you mean?"

"Sir Vivian, on seeing me last night, seemed to recognise me by that strange instinct of a madman which appears sometimes to approach the instinct of the animal. Yes! he did recognise me, I feel convinced; he uttered strange words respecting a secret, which that key could reveal—words of a madman, if you will, but yet the idea haunts me that perhaps—"

"Perhaps?" echoed Lady Langbourne—

"By that key some discovery might be made."

"Perhaps!" sighed the lady, in a choking voice.

She looked bewildered and perplexed; but presently an air of resolution crossed her face, almost fiercely.

"I must have that key," she said, hastily, "these cruel doubts and fears must be resolved! Yes! I *must* have that key—I *will* have it! Sir Vivian is sleeping now. May Heaven pardon me, if I do wrong, but in this whirl of my troubled mind I no longer know what is right and what is evil. Wait for me here, Wilfred, I mean Mr. Poynings; heaven help me, I don't know what I say."

Lady Langbourne hastened up the stone staircase, leading to the hanging terrace, and disappeared into the house.

Wilfred Poynings remained below, a prey to a mass of conflicting feelings. Was there any hope for him!—would his innocence be proved? Could the Alice of his early love entertain any affection for him still?—was it possible in the midst of all her scorn and pride! No! that was all over, and for ever! and yet a spark of hope would linger in his heart.

He was aroused from his reverie by a stealthy step; Mrs. Harris stood before him. Her look was one of affectionate enquiry. But, before she had time to speak, she was startled painfully, and she uttered a faint scream. From the plantation woods close by had emerged another form, in the person of Mr. Donce.

"Mr. Wilfred Poynings," he said, spitefully, "I have the honour of wishing you a good morning!"

"You are a liar!" cried Harris; "this is no Wilfred Poynings."

"Thank you for the lie," sneered the ex-valet. "The police will decide the question between us," and he endeavoured to pass in the direction leading to the town.

"Where are you going?" screamed the maid, throwing herself before him; and seizing him by the arm, as if by her own strength she would impede his progress.

"What's that to you?"

"What does this mean?" interposed Wilfred.

"It means that this sneak is your enemy," cried the girl, still struggling vainly with the man. "He wants to give you up to the police. Stop him! Gag him! Don't let him go!"

"Leave him to his will, my good girl," said the object of her interest, calmly. "Whatever my fate may be, I must meet it now."

"Yes," sneered Donce, "and the fate of thieves is a jail, and the hulks, Mr. Wilfred Poynings!"

With these words, followed by a triumphant laugh, he strode hastily on, in the direction of the town. After the injunction of Wilfred, Mrs. Harris no longer ventured to prevent his purpose. She looked after him, and burst into a fit of hysterical tears.

"All is over now," she sobbed, "he is going to do his wicked will, the brute! He is gone to denounce you to the police. That's certain! Oh dear! oh dear!"

"Don't cry, my child," said Wilfred, soothingly, taking the girl's hand. "I have still hopes that all may yet turn out better than we expect."

Harris lifted her tear-stained face to him enquiringly.

"Yes, and in any case, I must never forget all your zeal in my behalf—all your goodness to me. Come, dry your tears, and leave me now. I am expecting Lady Langbourne's return, and my future depends on what intelligence she brings."

Harris was still sobbing hysterically. Before Wilfred could prevent her, she seized his hand and kissed it. Then, without another look at him, she hurried away.

Wilfred Poynings watched like a sentry at his post; but, however calm his outward air, he was racked by the impatience of doubt, and violently agitated. Every sense was stretched to the utmost; he could hear the fall of a leaf to the ground; but no movement of Lady Langbourne's footfalls from the house greeted his ear. But now surely he heard a strange smothered murmur from within; unable to contain his impatience, he moved slowly up the steps to the hanging terrace, listening.

Presently came loud shrieks—cries for "help," it seemed. It was impossible for him to remain any longer passive. He rushed up to the terrace, and burst into the house. The cries directed him through the ante-chamber towards the room occupied by Sir Vivian. The door opened violently, and Lady Langbourne staggered towards him and nearly fell into his arms.

"Good heavens! what is it?" he stammered low.

"It was awful!" cried Lady Langbourne, panting heavily, and tottering with agitation, "he has nearly killed me!"

"For heaven's sake tell me what has happened."

"It was all in vain," gasped the panting woman, falling back on a settee; Wilfred hastened to support her until she could breathe more freely. After a while she recovered sufficiently to stammer in broken sentences the words, "He was sleeping calmly, as he had lain down without removing his clothes. I attempted to take the chain from his neck—perhaps my hand trembled—he started up suddenly, as if galvanized; he seized my hands with a violent grip, struggled with me, thrust me back from his side, sprang like a wild beast from his bed, screaming that I should not rob him of his treasure. I don't know what I did to exasperate him more, but he seized me by the throat with wild cries; I felt that he was strangling me; and, with the first instinct of alarm, I screamed for help. It was an awful struggle; how I released myself I cannot tell; but his grip on my throat relaxed, and I fled terrified! ah!" she screamed again, as the door of the adjoining room opened, and Sir Vivian burst into the antechamber. His neck was open under the loose morning coat, which covered his attenuated frame, and he clutched with both his hands the chain he habitually wore. His aspect was far wilder than usual; and a fire of mad rage burned in his eyes.

As his gaze fell on his unhappy wife, who sat cowering on a corner of a settee, he strode towards her, fiercely. After a mad

laugh of angry defiance, he howled out, "You shall not tear it from me—you shall not! It is my honour, and you shall not drag me forth to shame! Oh! I know your full purpose, you would kill me!—you would all kill me!—you would kill me! You never loved me, never! You would rejoice to get rid of me; but I defy you—I defy you!"

As the poor madman advanced nearer and nearer to his wife, with these menacing words, Lady Langbourne shrank, appalled, further and further from him, uttering a slight wail of terror. It was time for Wilfred to intervene; he sprang between the two. At the sight of him the whole manner of Sir Vivian changed. He laughed, but with a low, plaintive laugh, utterly different from that with which he had defied his wife. He stepped back softly, and beckoned Wilfred to follow him, whispering, as he approached, the words, "Here! here! It is for you, don't let her see it, don't let her see it! I will confide it to you, my friend! Keep it well! They would rob me of it! Here! here! here!"

Both Wilfred and Lady Langbourne watched Sir Vivian with the greatest agitation, as he proceeded to disengage the chain from his neck. His hands, however, trembled so violently that the task was difficult to him. The eagerness of his wife was such that she was evidently saying to herself, "At last, that key will be in our hands!"

But she was doomed to bitter disappointment. Before Sir Vivian could take off the chain and give it to Wilfred, the door communicating with the interior of the house opened, and Doctor Hodson hurried into the room. He was followed almost immediately by Lady Bellairs.

"What has happened?" exclaimed the doctor, eagerly.

"Oh! those dreadful cries! what does it all mean? It is positively shocking," cried the lady.

A loud ringing of the bell at the hall-door came, at the same time, with a startling and ominous sound.

Sir Vivian concealed his chain hastily; and looked for a moment, with some bewilderment, at the doctor. He seemed to be resolving some problem in his poor mind; but, as the hall-bell rang again with some violence, his manner changed to one of terror. "It is the officers of justice!" he screamed, "they are pursuing me; but they shall never take me!—dishonour shall never rest on my name." And before the doctor could intervene, he rushed through the door leading to the hanging terrace, which Wilfred had left open, and ran for the woods. Consternation fell on all.

"Leave him to me," cried Doctor Hodson, "I best can manage him;" and he hurried across the terrace in pursuit of his flying patient.

"What does all this mean?" cried Lady Bellairs, in an indignant

tone. "What does all this mean? why does not someone speak? I insist on knowing!"

Little heed, however, was paid to the angry expostulations of Lady Bellairs. Both Lady Langbourne and Wilfred could but feel that all was lost for the present; and on that immediate present everything seemed to hang. Their purpose had failed. To the lady there seemed now no hope of making that discovery, by which the mystery which surrounded her could be solved. The dark clouds of an inevitable destiny appeared to overshadow Wilfred, more and more. They looked at each other gloomily in silence—in spite of the reiterated questions of Lady Bellairs. Lady Langbourne sank down once more and hid her face in her hands. Both felt that the inevitable was close at hand; and the inevitable came.

A servant announced, "Mr. Felton, superintendent of the rural police."

Mr. Felton was a tall man of some eight-and-forty years, maybe fifty, whose erect carriage and closely-buttoned coat bestowed on him the appearance of a military man. But, however stiff and formal his bearing might be, his manner was one of bland courtesy; and his voice, although sufficiently decisive, and even authoritative in its articulation, had a singular charm of tone. He was evidently a gentleman. After bowing to Lady Langbourne, on whom the announcement had fallen with overwhelming effect, and who vainly endeavoured to rise from her seat, in order to receive him courteously, he said, quietly, without advancing further into the room, although he seemed to scrutinise with a sharp eye all the doors and windows of the apartment as possible exits.

"I must apologise to you, my dear Lady Langbourne, for my apparent suddenness in thus intruding myself on you. But I am constrained to do so by my duty. Information, on which I can but rely, has been conveyed to me; and it is my duty, on that information, to arrest in your house Mr. Wilfred Poynings on a charge of theft, for which a warrant has long been out against him."

"But there is no Wilfred Poynings here!" screamed Lady Bellairs, indignantly. "That wretch would never dare to——"

Unheeding the angry exclamations of the impetuous lady, Mr. Felton advanced one step towards Wilfred, and said, coolly, "Wilfred Poynings, I arrest you. Resistance would be useless, I have my agents below."

"I have no desire to resist your authority, sir," responded Wilfred, calmly.

"And you have no declaration to make?" pursued the superintendent of police.

"I have nothing now to say. Do your duty, sir—I am ready to follow you as your prisoner."

A chuckle was heard at the open door, the head of Mr. Donce appeared for a moment, and was quickly dragged back by a female

hand, which seemed, by the sound that followed, to have inflicted on him a heavy box on his ear. But this sound, sharp as it was, was inaudible to those present, from the outcry of the horrified Lady Bellairs.

"That man! no, it is impossible! That man, that wretched felon and vagabond! Say it is not true, Mr. Barton! Are you all in league against me? Oh, I shall die of this, I know I shall!" and with the last exclamation thundered into the face of Wilfred Poynings, "Oh! you ugly monster!" the fine lady fell back into an arm-chair, evidently pumping up a violent attack of hysterics.

Wilfred advanced towards the sofa where Lady Langbourne sat crouched together, with her head hidden in her hands. "All is over now," he said, lowly and gently; "farewell. May Heaven alleviate your sorrows!"

"I am ready, sir," he repeated to Mr. Felton, and moved towards the door.

CHAPTER III.

IN the great hall of Langbourne Manor stood the police agents, whom Mr. Felton had brought with him, and at the bottom of the steps was a hired vehicle for the conveyance of the prisoner. Through half-opened doors appeared the heads of some of the servants, anxious, Wilfred Poynings thought, with something of a pang, to witness the humiliation of a man who had formerly been an object of their jealousy. Mrs. Harris was there, too, the tears streaming down her face, and Donce, with a grin of malicious satisfaction on his evil lips.

"There is no thought of any attempt at resistance," said Wilfred to Mr. Felton, with a placid smile, in which might be found a trace of supercilious dignity, "I am your willing prisoner."

Mr. Felton and the young man under his arrest moved towards the great entrance door, through which the winter sun shone cheerily; and the sound of the merry Christmas bells came pleasantly from the distance, as if in mockery of that wretched house. As they reached the top of the large steps they were suddenly arrested by an unexpected sight. Along the walk from the plantation was coming a group of men. The gamekeeper and gardener were supporting, on what appeared to be a hastily-improvised litter, the form of a man apparently senseless, by the side of whom walked Dr. Hodson, supporting the head with one arm, while with the other hand he grasped a wrist.

"What is this?—another crime?" said the superintendent of the rural police, suddenly stopping where he stood.

The group of men approached.

"Stand back, all of you!" cried Dr. Hodson from below, waving

his arm with an air of authority; and the form was borne up the steps towards the hall.

"Great God! it is Sir Vivian!" exclaimed Wilfred, as his eyes fell on that pale face of the senseless man.

"Is he dead?"

"No!" replied the doctor, "he still breathes, his pulse still beats; but his case is one of a most dangerous kind. Let him be taken into the inner hall, and placed on a sofa. Take care! take care! any rough movement may at once be fatal to him. Let Lady Langbourne be told immediately. There! run, girl! he continued to Harris, "tell her Sir Vivian is in a fainting fit." Harris rushed up the main staircase. "And you, sir," he added to Mr. Felton, "may I request you to stay your purpose for a while; your prisoner shall not escape you; indeed, he had better accompany you to Sir Vivian, where he is conveyed. His presence, if I divine right—and I don't often divine wrong—may be needful."

The body of Sir Vivian Langbourne was cautiously laid down in the inner hall. In a few minutes his wife was kneeling by his side.

"What has happened? Good heavens! What has happened?" she cried.

"I was too late! too late," said Doctor Hodson, mournfully; "before I could reach him, Sir Vivian had flung himself from the rocks in the upper wood. He has received some severe internal injury—spinal, I fear—I cannot tell yet."

"Let him be carried to his own room," said Lady Langbourne.

"No! he had better not be moved; quick! brandy, brandy! hush; see, he revives."

Sir Vivian had opened his eyes. He tried to raise himself up, but it was evident that pain and weakness prevented any movement. He uttered a deep sigh, which amounted almost to a groan. Then gently turning his head, with obvious difficulty, he endeavoured to fix his eyes on those around him. Lady Langbourne shrank back with a movement of terror, as her husband's gaze fell on her. But his expression of insane rage at the sight of her had passed away; and a faint smile flickered over his lips. Then his eyes fell on Wilfred Poynings, and the sad smile grew more marked.

"Wilfred!" he murmured, faintly, "is that really you?—I saw you before, but as in a dream; I see you clearly now," and he endeavoured to raise his hand from his side.

Wilfred looked towards Mr. Felton, as if to ask permission to take that poor feeble hand; and the superintendent of police looked, in his turn, towards the doctor, who nodded affirmatively.

Wilfred was immediately by the side of his former friend, and, kneeling down, took the hand of the poor sufferer.

As soon as he felt the grasp, Sir Vivian smiled again, and muttered, "Wilfred! Wilfred! can you forgive me the foul wrong I have done you?"

The answer was a stronger pressure of his hand.

"His reason seems to have returned," whispered Lady Langbourne to the doctor, who had raised her, and was supporting her.

"Yes!" whispered Doctor Hodson, in return, "this fearful convulsion, in shattering his body, has released his brain. His reason is restored for a little while; but, prepare yourself, Lady Langbourne, for the worst—he is dying!"

Wilfred meanwhile had held Sir Vivian's hand in his own, with his head bent over it, wetting it with the tears which coursed down his face. The dying man made several ineffectual efforts to speak, but his respiration was laboured and spasmodic, and it was some time before he could jerk out the words, "I have much to say—but—I cannot—cannot—you know what I would tell—but the words choke me—I—I—" a spasm followed, a burst of blood from his lips, he could say no more, but a piteous imploring look was fixed on his former friend.

"What is it?" sobbed Wilfred; "come, you must tell me what you want." But Sir Vivian was beyond the power of articulating now. "Is it this?" resumed the young man, touching the chain around his neck. A smile of acquiescence from the dying man, and Wilfred, with some difficulty, removed the chain and the key attached to it.

"Do you want your desk?" inquired Lady Langbourne, amidst her sobs.

The expiring man nodded feebly; and taking the chain and key, she hurried from the room, up the inner staircase.

Wilfred's hand clasped that of Sir Vivian, and he sobbed, "My dear old friend, whom I have loved so much—all may yet be well—you must not die."

Sir Vivian's lips moved, and Wilfred bent forward to catch their utterance, and he thought he heard the words, "Better so!—better so!"

Lady Langbourne now ran down the stairs, bearing the desk in her arms. She placed it on a small table beside the couch on which Sir Vivian lay. "It is here," she said; but there was no response from her husband. She placed her hand over his forehead, and bending down over him, said, "Shall it be opened? Do you wish it should be opened?" Still no response. Doctor Hodson placed his arm behind the senseless man's neck, and thus gently raised his head. After placing a little brandy between his lips, he looked at Lady Langbourne as if to beg her to make further trial. "Shall the desk be opened, Vivian?" she repeated. The dying man opened his eyes. He seemed to have heard the question; for he bent his head slowly and fell back.

"It is my duty to *him* that I do," said Lady Langbourne, as she unlocked the desk with that key so jealously guarded by Sir Vivian. It was opened. There were many papers in it; but at the very top lay a packet inscribed, "My confession, to be opened

only after my death." The startled woman uttered a cry; she would have closed the desk; but with a heavy groan and the words "It is my duty," she opened it, and lay bare the packet so that all might read the superscription.

"My confession, to be opened only after my death," read Dr. Hodson, then turned to the prostrate form, and placed his hand on his wrist and on his heart.

"The time has come already," he said, solemnly. "He is dead!"

CONCLUSION.

THE confession was solemnly read in family conclave, and in the presence of Dr. Hodson and Mr. Felton. It contained a minute and succinct account of the abstraction of the diamonds by Vivian Langbourne. One extenuation alone the culprit offered for his conduct on that fatal day. His sudden illness had prevented his making a confession to his father at the last moment; and, when he recovered his senses, Wilfred Poynings was already far away, no one knew where, bearing the stigma of his self-acknowledged guilt. Confession then appeared useless; and for the sake of his poor shattered father he had abstained from speaking. His love for Alice, too, had probably been a strong incentive to his guilty silence.

Poor wretch! His heart had evidently been haunted by the spectres of remorse and shame, until they had driven him mad. The hearts of those who had been the principal victims of his weakness and his guilt had been haunted too, through those sad years, by their own tormenting visions: that of Wilfred by the ghost of his early love, which he deemed dead and gone from him for ever, but which yet impelled him, almost in spite of his own will, to look once more on the scenes of happier days; that of Alice by the incessant reminiscence of that love—a ghost that would not be wholly exorcised, spite of her strong will to "love, cherish and obey" her unhappy husband. Death alone had crushed the spectre of the one, and relieved the misery of the other haunted hearts.

By the death of Sir Vivian Langbourne, any necessity for legal proceedings was done away with; and the "affair" of Langbourne Manor was hushed up as far as possible.

One person alone persisted in disbelief in the confession. Lady Bellairs would never acknowledge its authenticity, and maintained that it had been compiled by her dead son-in-law when in a state of insanity. Still less would she acknowledge the validity of Sir Vivian's will, by which, beyond the settlements made on Lady Langbourne, a great portion of the property was left to Wilfred Poynings, should his whereabouts be discovered, until that time to be held in trust by his wife, and to revert to her in case of Wilfred's death. This, Lady Bellairs contested, was made also

when Sir Vivian was "of unsound mind ;" although it was clearly and legally proved that he was in full possession of his senses at the time when the will was made and duly witnessed. She, moreover, declared, that she would never put her foot within the walls of Langbourne Manor, if "that horrid, ugly fellow" were ever admitted into the house. By this resolution she was able to abide during the first year of her daughter's widowhood there ; for twelve months passed, and Wilfred Poynings never made his appearance in Langley Manor ; although the irate dowager had some strong reasons to suspect that a correspondence was kept up between Lady Langbourne and that "vile man." But the time came when she had to retreat in disgust, and return to a small house in London, where she found, however, that society appreciated her charms no more.

It was again on Christmas Eve, when Lady Langbourne sat in the drawing-room of her renovated house, still in her mourning attire, but with her hand clasped in that of Wilfred Poynings ; and it was confidently whispered in the housekeeper's room that the wedding day of the two lovers of happier days would shortly be fixed.

In the housekeeper's room on the same eve, sat the once disconsolate Mrs. Harris, similarly occupied with a fine young fellow, who had been sergeant in Wilfred's regiment in Mexico, and had escaped with him to France, on the cruel execution of the Emperor Maximilian. I believe they were discussing the probability of their wedding taking place on the same day as that of their master and mistress.

Mr. Donce had long since been pensioned off, and was eating out his heart with spite elsewhere.

THE END.



RIVER DEWENT. — See *Tiamania*, page 317.

SOMETHING ABOUT TASMANIA.

A BRIGHT LITTLE TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.

To Britishers generally, to that large tribe who know nothing of the Colonies, or whose vague notions of southern settlements are associated solely with gold-diggings, convicts, bushrangers, and a rude state of civilisation, the name Tasmania, may ring as strange as that of some undiscovered country. Yet there is clearly outlined on the map of our dependencies in the southern hemisphere, below the continent of Australia, an island of no mean proportions, and one whose fertility and salubrious climate demand that some notice should be accorded it. The vitality and magnitude of our colonial offshoots are not taken into the account of the majority of even educated mankind. A "cultured" humanity can perhaps afford to pass by on the other side from statistics, and leave geography to board schools. To such as these, Australasia comprises only an indefinite number of islands, which supply Europe with wool, tinned and frozen meats, etc., being also favourable accidents in the creation for the happy despatch of disgraced friends or dissolute relations. They do not realise that a lesser America is situated at the Antipodes, and is fast growing out of its swaddling clothes. That a mimic political warfare is carried on in each state, or colony, that speculation is as rife in the money market of each city as in London town; that science, fashion, and æstheticism has each separately a circle of devotees, is beyond their knowledge, or perhaps, credence. For the benefit of the unknowing, let me preface the following pages by saying that Tasmania is the sanatorium of the adjacent continent. For some years this island has become the favourite resort of rich Australians and their families during the summer months, when inland stations or town dwelling places are burnt up by the all-devouring sun, or enveloped in the dust clouds raised by northerly winds.

During December, January, and February, the cool breezes of Hobart are regularly sought by those residents and squatters of Victoria and New South Wales, who have purses equal to the cost of such migrations. A sixteen hours' passage from Melbourne brings travellers across Bass's Straits, landing them at Launceston, the northern town and point of departure for trains. The railway carries them across the island to Hobart in something under six hours.

First impressions of Tasmania are not altogether pleasant. We

look at things with jaundiced eyes, newly risen from our berths. To the honour of colonials, in Australia and New Zealand, it must be confessed that it is rare to meet amongst them, with that craven dread of sea-sickness, so distinctive a feature of European idiosyncracies, and usually these alien cousins face the terrors of the deep with a stoical indifference to the worst that may befall them. It cannot be denied that the voyage across the Straits is extremely unpleasant, and leaves a passenger indisposed to appreciate any picturesque scenery at the entrance to the Tamar. Our-selves, we were not exempt from the traditional prejudices of our nationality, and endured a stormy night with no colonial philosophy. At an early hour we were roused from uneasy slumbers by the sudden sensation of slackness, which followed our entry to the river. The steady motion which appeared to render us stationary was promptly explained to us. We needed no bidding to rise, but carelessly heaping on our clothes, and dispensing with any elaborate hair dressing in the stifling atmosphere of the cabin, we crept in the dim daylight feebly up to the deck. The windings of the Tamar had already hidden the sea from sight, and on either side we were closely hemmed in by wooded hills. For thirty miles north of Launceston the broad channel meanders through a thinly populated district. Occasional clusters of wooden shanties, with here and there a larger one-storied house, with a deep verandah embowered in creepers, and a patch of green cultivation encircling it, lie nearer to the river than the forests of attenuated gum trees which shelve away to a greater density in the distance. Surely of all sylvan scenery this is the weirdest.

The bleached skeletons of dead trees stand out amidst the dull green of the living, with long, scraggy arms extended in twisted forms, as if they had writhed in some horrible death struggle. These gleaming white trunks and fantastic shapes appear to emphasise the utter silence of Tasmanian woods. There is truly a sort of plague-stricken appearance about the still, shadowless aspect of this multitude of gum trees which doom them to extinction. Far in the background, as we steam steadily along, we discern ranges of hills, both dark and rugged; they are lofty enough to lend a certain grandeur to the scene, and we are made aware with corresponding pleasure that we are now in a land where the unending monotony of Australian plains may be forgotten. The Tamar is wide enough to encourage yachting on a small scale, and many white-winged craft, even at this early hour fly under our bows. Little inlets, with rocky steeps rising abruptly from them, with here and there a stream rushing over the boulders, challenge our notice as we proceed. There is no scarcity of water in this island of hills, and as we catch sight of thick bracken clumps and wild briar bushes tossing their arms high in the morning breeze we are reminded of northern climes. As we approach the port of Launceston, the slopes which border the river retire gently till they sink into a wide-spreading

valley, with patches of cultivation and yellow corn fields scattered upon it. We see the town spread out before us, mapped out in rectangular streets. Slopes rise in the rear, and upon their shelves and terraces there are neat, white houses surrounded by well planted gardens. To the right and left, amidst the pasture land, there are small farm houses with fenced and hedged enclosures, where cattle are moving about. The ground appears to be well tilled, giving a prosperous look to the town surroundings. One more bend of the river brings us with a circular lake, and alongside the wharf ahead of us we now see moored some dozen ships of freight. Our noisy little steamer puffs and blows impatiently till it has made its way to a berth. Passengers, equally impatient and equally noisy, wave their greetings to the friends who have come to meet



CORA LYNN.

them, or make frantic appeals to the ships' officials for some missing piece of luggage. Meanwhile we, who are strangers in the land, and phlegmatically indifferent to the fate of portmanteaus, have time to look about us. We are suffered to land here without any of the fuss attending that proceeding at any other places. We are not personally inspected, to make sure we carry no infectious disorder, neither are our unassuming trunks overhauled by any officious Custom House authority. We rejoice loudly over the laxity of the government. Apparently, Tasmania winks at free trading principles. It had been prophetically declared to us that Launceston inns were not a notable feature of the town, and we were counselled to proceed the same day to Hobart. This plan, however, did not suit our views, and we drove off to the Brisbane Hotel to engage rooms for a couple of nights. The landlord of this hostelry

loftily declared his inability to put us up, and we proceeded to the International, a larger, if less aristocratic resort, where we secured bedrooms and a parlour, commodious if not elegant. This sitting-room was supplied with an extensive library of yellow backed novels, some of them of comparatively recent date, and a bouquet of princely dimensions formed a centre-piece on a violently green and orange table cloth. It was "greenery gallery" without doubt, but it was innocent of "Grosvenor Gallery" intentions. No white wiggled coachman on a drawing room day ever displayed a nosegay of such surprising splendour as daily adorned our table. Each morning a fresh Brobdignagian bouquet, a brilliant pyramid of sweetness without any harmony, was jammed tightly into a mighty celery glass and placed before us with sundry explanations from a loquacious waiter. The gracious dew of æstheticism had not yet fallen upon his head, we fear. He could never have survived any efforts to live up to the varied hues of those gaudy gladioli, enormous zinnias, penstemon, veronica, stocks, geraniums and phlox. When we explored the town and its suburbs later on, we noticed that every little plot of ground was gorgeous with summer flowers. Everything appeared to grow without care or trouble in profuse perfection in a prolific soil. The town appeared to us a thriving one, with a fair trade going on. Mineral treasures are being daily opened out in the vicinity, and are likely to draw a continual stream of emigrants and settlers. The shops may be said to be fully equal to those of a third rate country town in England. The population, which we had the opportunity of seeing turn out *en masse* on Saturday evening to patrol the town, was a very respectable one. There was no poverty to be seen, and neither ragged clothes or pinched faces confessed destitution. Neither did we meet with a single case of intoxication. A more orderly, well-to-do looking crowd is rarely met with.

The best private houses are situated on the rising ground to the rear of the town; these command extensive views of the mountains and the Tamar's windings. Good gardens and shady trees surround most of them. Hedges of hawthorn, rows of poplar, and the weeping willow, which thrives to perfection, give a sort of English halo to these dwellings. We had been invited to spend Sunday afternoon at one of these villa residences outside the town. It was with no little difficulty that we discovered the whereabouts of our friend's abode, but we did not regret our toil and trouble. It was a long, low house, covering a considerable piece of ground, but so buried in creepers and shadowed by mulberry trees and poplars that it was scarcely visible from the road. From the shady shelter of the verandah to the rear of the house a grand panorama was to be seen, while the sloping garden below us exhaled every essence of sweetness. Familiar flowers and shrubs flourished in amicable contiguity with semi-tropical growths imprisoned within the limits of beds by clipped hedges of rosemary two feet high.

Almost painful to look at, in its blazing brilliance, was a sidewalk of scarlet geraniums. The plants which formed this avenue grew to the stately height of five and six feet. Honeysuckle and passion flowers, red and white belladonna and fuchsias clambered boldly over the verandah, unrebuked by any pruning knife, while clematis, roses, jasmine, lilies, and forget-me-not struggled for the mastery of plots below. The heat and burden of a sunny afternoon, and the fatigue of search were forgotten, as we reclined in comfortable lounges, and feasted on luscious mulberries with thick cream brought to us, in addition to pineapples and apricots beyond our desire. Later in the day, we strolled leisurely up to the Cataract Bridge, on one side of which a picturesque view of the town is to be seen, and on the other the spectacle of the romantic



CATARACT GORGE.

Gorge, a spot favoured by photographers and artists, and the chief boast of Launceston.

The high ranges of hills which intersect the country promise mineral wealth; the chief resources of Tasmania are probably yet to be opened out. The fertility of the soil is unequally distributed, in some of the valleys there is good pasturage, and here and there on the plains, tracts of land under cultivation, yield abundant harvests. We noticed blackberries and wild briars flourishing by the road side, while on every piece of waste land, wild fennel appropriated a space, growing in clumps to an extraordinary height. The determined thistle, with true native persistence, also established itself wherever it could get a holding. In some districts, the wild briar is a perfect pest, taking a resolute hold of the land with its strong suckers, and spreading so rapidly that extermination has become a difficult, if not a costly matter. Our delicate-flowered wild rose, introduced probably by some home-loving settler, has vindicated

its strength in a strange land—a botanical cuckoo it has ousted the weeds of the soil.

The railway from Launceston to Hobart, a really noteworthy work of engineering skill, runs parallel with the old coach road for the first part of its distance. The gauge is narrow, and the carriages are necessarily built omnibus fashion. The distance of a hundred and twenty miles is accomplished under six hours. Considering lengthy stoppages, and the extraordinary nature of the line, the time is not excessive.

The route curves and zigzags in a wonderful way round the sides of mountains, up hill and down dale at alarming gradients. The perilous nature of some of the passages alarm us when we see the engine constantly, without moving from our seats. Sometimes it seems as though this agent were minded to turn round upon us, in its snake-like evolutions. There is a variety of scene all through the journey, and though we had come provided with novels, no dulness ever induced us to open them.

In the vicinity of Launceston the land is mostly cultivated, or devoted to grazing purposes on higher ground. Towards the middle of the island we come to extensive plains, dotted with clumps of puny gum trees and sparse wattles. At long intervals we see a log hut, or cluster of better built wooden cottages congregating round a store. This is a village or township, over which telegraph wires probably pass, connecting it with the outer world. Finally we wind through a tract of mountainous land, with gloomy ravines and dense forests. In certain localities there are thousands of rabbits whose depredations are very destructive to pasture land. They scuttle about quite unabashed at the approach of a train, while flocks of magpies chatter in their vernacular upon adjacent trees. Otherwise, beyond sheep on the plains, and an occasional opossum in the woods, there is a scarcity of animal life. The sombre tints of the landscape and the dearth of birds are somewhat depressing.

The lake of Tiberias and Jericho are in no way to be associated with eastern scenes of brightness by the most strenuously stretching imagination. The former is a reed-grown marsh, and the latter bears no evidence of any bygone prosperity. Its wooden walls are falling naturally without the aid of any enemy's shoutings and trumpetings. Jerusalem, another station on the route, is likewise a sorry spectacle, and her day of desolation is undoubtedly a present one. Indeed in the island there are only two towns worthy of the name. Hobart does, however, make up for the shortcomings of its predecessors, and the scenery round about it is varied and interesting. This "haven under the hill" is situated at the mouth of the river Derwent, which at its opening into an arm of the sea affords a first-rate deep water harbour with anchorage for a fleet of ships. It is almost land-locked and well sheltered by high hills. At the back of the town Mount Welling-

ton rises grandly. This mountain is from every point of view a bold and imposing feature, rugged and rocky at the summit, and lower down encircled by dusky forests of gum trees. Here and there a greener ravine runs like a vein from the heart of the mountain. This indicates the line of a clear stream, flowing over rocks and shadowed by the lofty fern trees, whose delicate-hued fronds spread out broadly like a natural umbrella. The whole district abounds in these noble ferns, which reach a stately height, with pinnated leaves averaging nine and ten feet in length. The woods on and about Mount Wellington, with the adjacent Huon forest gullies, supply a large amount of plants and ferns to the diligent botanist, and he who seeks cannot fail to find. Tasmania is not yet, like our own island, delved and scratched in every



MOUNT WELLINGTON.

picturesque locality by an ardent excursionist population, which leaves ruin and extinction in the rear of its march. It will be a long day before exploring cheap-trippers carry off its last surviving treasure. In spite of strange-looking trees and countless wooden houses, we are constantly reminded of home scenes. Apple orchards, hop gardens, and a British air of cultivation in neat gardens, carry us a long way towards familiar landscapes. When we get outside the town and stand on one of the many undulations or ridges, we catch glimpses of the river and feel the cool invigorating breeze from the south. Surely that is some northern loch we look down upon, with a background of dull green heather on the hills? Perhaps to impose more fully upon us it is a day of frequent showers, and drifting mists are blown over the hill-tops and roll leisurely down Mount Wellington, while near us a little trickling stream moves the mosses to make its way towards

a long armed blackberry bush. Hark! was not that a thrush? Surely the acclimatization society has accomplished wonders.

Is it surprising that sun-dried, dust-choked Australians fly hither and shake off—temporarily—the cares of business? It is pleasant to notice the healthy, ruddy complexions of the natives. Tasmanian girls have fresh cheeks and animated movements, which contrast healthfully with the pale faces and languid demeanour of Australian visitors. This is a vast Garden of Eden for fruit; throughout the island it is grown for exportation. All English fruits are excellent. Apples, pears, cherries, raspberries, strawberries, plums and apricots flourish. There are manufactories here which supply other colonies with a considerable amount of jam. In passing, one day, we peeped into one of these bee-hives, and saw a multitude of young girls and women plunging bare arms into cases and baskets of fruit just brought in. These people were picking and sorting with skilful rapidity, while far in the background clouds of vapour rose from enormous steaming caldrons, which were being stirred by the leviathan implements of a muscular mankind. Two men were engaged in soldering up tins, while others packed them in cases when ready. We had no warrant for our inspection, and, unaccredited by any passport, did not venture beyond the outer courts.

An amusing feature about the cabs of the island, vehicles of nondescript size and shape, many of which bear relationship to landaus and victorias, is the naming of them all. The practice of christening individual carriages does not lead to much originality. We drove in the "Wanderer" and the "Lady of the Lake," noticing on the ranks "The Marquis of Lorne" in a very seedy condition, and the "Pansey" and "Lily of the Valley" in faded freshness. We had an unwilling spell in the "Leisure Hour" the happy title of an omnibus which conveyed us from the station, and which seemed bent on establishing its title, not to honour! There is no such a thing as a one-horsed vehicle, the hills rendering it imperative that two of the active little horses should be yoked to every carriage. They are capital goers and good mountain climbers, needing no urging up steep inclines and rattling down them with alarming rapidity. During our short stay in Hobart we were invited by some friends to join a pic-nic some eighteen miles out of the town on the Huon road. Being promised some fine scenery, we, after some hesitation, entrusted ourselves to a native Jehu. Our confidence received its well-merited reward. The road we followed ascended gradually for some two or three miles in the rear of the town, affording us a series of changing views of well-known points as we gained a higher eminence. Bird's eye glimpses of bays, inlets and hills, presented them to our admiration in new lights. But at last a bend in the road took us out of sight of human habitations, and the silence of the forest closed round us. For the first time we realised that even

the much abused gum trees have a majestic side. Here they were no deformed and puny trunks, with decrepit branches and tattered foliage. Rather these seemed monarchs amongst trees, perhaps the remnant of a giant race, which survived to show to latter day sceptics what manner of vegetation ruled the primeval forest of southern lands. Straight shafts rising forty and fifty feet without a knot or blemish, and then a few clean limbs outspread with branches of wholesome looking leaves. Their bark is smooth and healthy, not half-peeled off by adverse winds, or excoriated by parasitic disease, and no ringed skeletons rattled their dry bones beside living companions. We skirt hill sides with steep ascents, covered by these lofty trees, rising far above us and smiling on declivities beneath us, till they roll miles away in dark green billows towards the distant arm of the sea. Here and there we get a glimpse of those shining waters as we turn some angle. Everywhere there is laid down a carpet of vivid green and finest tracery made by ferns, and round each corner there is sure to be a splashing waterfall, washing the face of some smooth slab of stone, and scattering dewdrops on to the crowns of tall fern fronds. These huge green parasols shelter the lowlier members of their tribe with patriarchal condescension. Occasionally we pass a wild cherry tree, one of those singularly graceful shrubs which adorn the Australian bush, and form the marvel of children's fancy by a fantastic habit of bearing seed outside the fruit. The musk tree, with a variety of unknown aromatic woods and gums, give the air now and again a resinous perfume; while the rich soil, to which luxurious fern growths are indebted, has its own delicious odour. There are few flowers to be seen in the forest, though by and by we come to an acre or two of clearing, where lovely scarlet and white heaths grow some two feet high, concealing the unsightly stems of ti-tree bushes, which lift up white sheets of spiked blossoms at the back. This plant, so much detested of colonists, is, nevertheless, in flower a very pretty shrub. Our road is a capital one, and dangerous declivities are guarded against by strong posts and rail fences. For the first ten miles our four horses fly up and down hill with undiminished ardour. Then there comes a long, long hill, which sorely tries their patience and vigour. No more straining the traces and tight reins now. We pass little wooden dwelling places, and where a clearing has been well made in some glade of the forest, there is sure to be a garden with English fruit trees, and probably a patch of unfenced oats or potatoes beyond it. In one of these gardens there were three women, working busily at stripping currant trees of their burden. Huge baskets full of shining black currants were lying on the road side, ready to be taken down to town by some carrier, probably to a jam manufactory. It is rare to come across any traces of bush fires. In one place only, a dozen acres of blackened stumps and

charred timber gave evidence of a bygone conflagration. The traces, however, were not recent, for a thick undergrowth had well nigh covered the disaster.

At the summit of each ascent, when we wind round some hill side, we are enchanted by some fresh peep of lakes and islands, shining far below in the summer sun. The great waves of dark green foliage rolling between us, and the light, glancing water enhances its glitter. There is no variation of colour in the woods, hill after hill is covered with the same unchanging mantle. Spring and summer, winter and autumn, can bring no varied mood to forest lands at the Antipodes. The ever-pleasing variety of our own deciduous trees makes itself known now. At last the order is given to halt. We have penetrated into remote depths, and our leader considers it due to nature to expedite luncheon. Our panting animals are not unwillingly drawn up in a grassy ravine, through which, of course, a noisy stream makes its way. The horses are taken out and suffered to graze at their own will, the hampers are unpacked, and the bottles containing various beverages are plunged into the cool shadow of the icy stream beneath the bridge. We ourselves are commanded to take our seats on the waggonette cushions, piled high beneath some tall fern trees. It is intensely hot and intensely still; not even flies venture to worry us. We miss the sound of birds' voices here. Having disposed of all the good things allotted to us, we declare our intention of making exploration, and are met with a chorus of warnings if we turn aside from the well-defined high road. The jungle before us is apparently infested with dangers. We defy them, until a timely hint of snakes happily reaches us. However, not in appearance deterred by such a trifling consideration, we proceed a few yards into the bush.

Here the impenetrable nature of shrubs and ferns debar our advance, and we sit upon the trunk of a fallen tree, overawed by the lofty grace of a group of ferns before us. Something to our left, growing in pale pink clusters, hovers like a rosy cloud above us. It is lovely! We do not know its botanical name, nor do we want to; therefore no closer description shall help any scientific pen to label our tree; sufficient to us is the beauty thereof. A little dark-brown opossum creeps up its branches; he does not look at all alarmed at the vicinity of two white gowns. I nod my fern-crowned hat at him, but he only winks disdain. Long may you escape making part of any lady's carriage robe at the Antipodes. Go home to your family, sir, and teach them to avoid the paths and pitfalls of man. Someone is shouting furiously; evidently we are supposed to have strayed to some remote gully. It is time to go back. We leisurely rise and strip off some of the pink clouds from our tree before retracing our steps. Our Jehu is watering the horses, and the rest of our party are packing up the dishes and plates. We gather wraps and macintoshes to-

gether; for with true British foresight we had come prepared for the usual adverse circumstances attending picnics—yea, though the sun was shining brilliantly and the thermometer registering seventy. While we wait for the horses to be yoked, another picnic party passes along the road, returning from some spot yet more remote. This looks like a triumphal car, embowered in greenery. Huge branches of ti-tree and branches of heath dip their ensigns towards us as the carriage flies past. All the girls have nodding plumes of ferns. The dusk is falling when we approach the town once more. At this hour the streets of Hobart have a deserted look. A spirit of silence broods over our party. The long and happy day is over, and it is not probable that any of us will ever meet again. As our horses, scenting their stable afar off, rattle down the hill side, shadowed by Mount Wellington's evening frown, mutual good wishes are expressed. It is known that in the morning we shall steam away for another land, and that Tasmania will know us no more. One more turn, and we are in the town. Night is falling; but lamplighters are not a very energetic race here. We drop some of our number at different corners, till at last it is our turn to be put down at our hotel. We bid our host a last good-bye, descending from the heights of the waggonette beneath the shadow of our pink branches gathered in the forest. The soft effulgence of those rosy clouds, still in our memory, glorifies that far-away bright little island.

H.K.

“SO PERISH ALL WHO DO THE LIKE AGAIN.”

“So perish all who do the like again.”

Such were the words that haughty Scipio said,
On learning that a hero had been slain—

That Gracchus, most renowned of all, was dead.

That he, the darling and delight of mother Rome,

Had foully murdered been by those to whom

A dwelling had been given and a home

Restored : and its cost, his life—his tomb.

Tiberius, you a noble hero were,

You died for country and your people's sake ;

That brave Plebeians should not calmly bear

The insults they were each compelled to take.

"The wild Italian she-wolf has its lair,
The foxes prowling on the hills their den,
While you, who fight for Italy, have air
And light—and nothing else, poor men.

"Ye are by nations called brave, and styled
The masters of the land and sea, yet none
(Though on your loyal heads are insults piled)
Can call a single clod of earth your own."

"Will you submit thus to the nobles' yoke?
Will you remain but drudges upon earth?
And only fit to deal the 'deadly stroke,'
Just through a simple accident of birth."

Thus spake Tiberius, and by words and deeds
He strove to bring about a change of law,
That poor men might not have so many needs,
And might not be as ill-used as before.

And oft he triumphed, for the people's love
To him, their would-be friend, was truly great,
Till he was nigh all obstacles above
And almost chief man in the Roman State.

But, ere he reached the zenith of his power,
The cry rose up, "He will betray the State!"
And as the storms, which on the mountains lower,
Rush down, and cause dismay ere they abate.

So raged the Roman ire; and though of friends
He many had, and partisans in scores,
He sees that one to take his life intends,
And rushes to the Temple's friendly doors.

Alas! those doors are closed, and while he seeks
Protection on the Temple's sacred shrine,
His murderers rush upon him, and their shrieks
Proclaim the deed is done—the deed malign.

And thus did die the man who bravely gave
His life to the fulfilment of his noble dream;
Who for his services did gain a grave:
That grave within the Tiber's placid stream.

Cornelia, proud one, you esteemed may be,
Who bore a son, whose name will never cease
To sound; who both for men and liberty
Did live and die. . . . "May Gracchus rest in
peace."

W. A. G

GLIMPSES OF MADAGASCAR AND ITS PEOPLE.

By A. H. GRANT.

THE people of Madagascar, whilst exhibiting the peculiarities proper to their several tribes, are generally portly in their persons, and above the average stature of humanity. The prevailing colour of their skin is olive, but it varies, with locality, origin, and accidental circumstances, as deep black, tawny, and copper-coloured; accompanied, in accordance with the understood rule of pre-established harmonies, by corresponding varieties of hair and features.

Captain Owen praises them as "a fine, independent race;" the Abbé Rochon says that they "generally display in their countenance a particular character of frankness and good nature;" and Robert Drury speaks of them as generous, hospitable, free to communicate of their substance and good offices. They visit and relieve each other when sick or afflicted. "Here is no one miserable, if it is in the power of his neighbours to help him; here is love, tenderness, and generosity, which might shame us; and moral honesty too, and this not in one district only, but all over the island."* The Count de Benyowsky depicts them in *caianoscuro* and almost in epigram:—"The character of the natives of Madagascar is the same throughout the island; curious, facile, superficial, superstitious, ambitious, revengeful, voluptuous, hospitable, impassionate, credulous, prodigal; one day sedentary, the next industrious cultivators of the land, and the next warriors."

The people of Madagascar are skilled in many kinds of handicrafts and manufactures; but they have not attained to that steady industry which is so necessary a condition of existence as scarcely to count for a virtue amongst the crowded communities of European civilization. They are, unfortunately, too much fascinated by the exhilaration produced by intoxicating liquors; and the latest testimony about them in this respect, offered as the result of two visits paid to Madagascar at an interval of about ten years, is that drunkenness is portentously on the increase in different parts of the island. This is a circumstance which invests with a deeper and sadder interest the anxious seriousness which with the Malagasy envoys recently received a deputation of gentlemen in London, who wished to set forth the claims of temperance in their social life and legislation.

* *Madagascar: or Robert Drury's Journal.*

Their kindness to their children, and to their relations in age and sickness, is a very commendable trait in the national character. It would even seem to be benevolence rather than cruelty which occasionally dictates the practice of infanticide in the case of children who have been born on unlucky days, such as those corresponding to our Friday and Sunday.* Except as lucky or unlucky, they pay no regard to one day more than another, and in their native customs and traditions there is "no resemblance or notion of a Sabbath." Their filial piety is seen in every action which admits of its illustration, and especially in the veneration they entertain for the memory of their forefathers, with whom, under names conferred after their decease, they attempt to establish communication by means of dreams and invocations, and through the instrumentality of their *odeys*, or *owleys*, charms or talismans, and their inspiring or attendant dreams.

The nearest approach to a recognition of a priesthood takes place when they regard their *Umosses* or *Ombiasses* as the vehicles through whom spirits, good or bad, make known many things to those who go to consult them. But neither personally nor officially are the *Ombiasses* credited with any superior sanctity over an ordinary layman. It is knowledge, perhaps cunning, in which these hierophants excel, rather than holiness. With this reserve, the theory is that every man, whether a lord or a dependant, is a priest for himself and his household; and has an equally valid pretension to expect answers from the demons in his dreams. "If he differs in his ceremonies from his neighbours, as there is no damage given or received, there is no hatred arises. There is no such thing as persecution for religion ever thought of among them. If any man has some ceremonies of his own, which others do not commonly use, no person is offended, nor do they trouble themselves about it."† And the testimony of the Abbé Rochon is in direct corroboration:—"The Malagache, as well as the savage, is absolute master of himself; his person is confined by no check or restraint; he goes wherever he thinks proper, acts as he chooses, and does what he pleases, except what may hurt a fellow-creature. It never entered the mind of the Malagache to attempt to domineer over the thoughts or actions of anyone; each individual has his own peculiar manner of living, and his neighbours never disturb him, nor even think of attempting it. In this respect these islanders are much wiser than the Europeans, who have the cruel madness to wish that all the people of the earth would conform to their customs, opinions, and even prejudices."‡

As a corollary to the quasi-worship of their ancestors, the Malagasy celebrate their funerals with much ceremony and

* It is to be noted that these two unlucky days are the sacred days respectively of the Moslem and the Christian.

† Drury's *Madagascar*.

‡ *Voyage à Madagascar et aux Orientales*.

solemnity. Every family has a burying place peculiar to its members; and no other person than they have the liberty of entrance or appropriation. Only the nearest relatives are permitted to approach a burying-place, which they commonly do once a year to adorn it and to clear it of weeds; on which occasions it is their practice not to enter the enclosure until after a cow or bullock has been sacrificed as a burnt-offering.

After making every allowance for the optimism of Robert Drury and the Abbé Rochon, it would seem that the lot of women in Madagascar is more than enviable as compared with their status and sufferings in other savage or semi-barbarous communities. "The Malagaches," the last-named writer records, "are passionately fond of women, and when in their society never appear sad or dejected. Their principal attention is to please the fair sex, who, in this country more than in any other, meet with that respect and deference which are so necessary to the happiness of society. Man here never commands as a despot; nor does the woman ever obey as a slave. The balance of power inclines even in favour of the woman. Their empire is that of beauty, mildness, and the graces; for, colour excepted, the Malagache women are handsome, their persons are slender and genteel, they have pleasing and delicate features, a soft, smooth skin, teeth remarkably white, and fine blue eyes, the pupils of which are brown and sparkling. A plurality of wives is not uncommon here among the chiefs, and those who are rich; but they never espouse more than one legally; the rest are considered as concubines. This practice is not attended with disagreeable consequences in Madagascar; for all these women live in harmony together. Besides, a divorce may take place as often as the conjugal union displeases either the husband or the wife. When they part, however, by mutual consent, they restore to each other the property they possessed before marriage. Married women may be known by their hair, which is separated into tresses, and bound up in the form of a nosegay on the top of the head. Young women suffer it to fall carelessly over their shoulders."*

The author of the foregoing sentences does not shrink, in the course of his work, from expressing his sympathy with the theories of Rousseau with regard to the relative merits of barbarism and civilisation; and, as a churchman, he is constantly giving form and utterance to that latitudinarianism which may be taken as a clerical response to the doctrines of the Revolution. An Anglican bishop who visited Madagascar some three-quarters of a century after the time of Rochon, does not take the same *couleur de rose* view as the enthusiastic Abbé of the condition of women in that island. "The need of missionary effort," Dr. Ryan writes, "comprehensive, vigorous, and persevering, is most painfully impressed on one,

* *Voyage à Madagascar.* 1791.

chiefly from the sad and degraded condition of the women. It would be difficult to conceive anything more vile and debased than their condition as a rule; and this, of course, re-acts on all the relationships of the whole community. Their only tie seems to be their children, up to nine or ten years of age.”*

The religious system of Madagascar has been variously regarded, as was natural, by different classes of observers. Captain Owen frankly confesses his ignorance of the matter, and forbears even to offer conjecture or speculation. The Abbé Rochon depicts the natives of the island as secularists of the first water. “The Malagache, like the savage,” he says, “is destitute both of virtue and vice. To him the present is everything; he is susceptible of no kind of foresight; and he does not even conceive that there are men on the earth who give themselves uneasiness respecting futurity.” His *insouciance* is that of an unrefined lotus-eater—the human and semi-barbaric presentation of the indifference of the Epicurean divinities. “The Malagaches,” as is elsewhere recorded by the Abbé Rochon, whose *ipsissima verba*, as well as those of other authorities, we quote, in order, amongst other considerations, that the true value may be given to the chronology and sequence of the subject—“The Malagaches never show any desire of learning anything but what relates to the simplest wants of mankind; and this desire is always extremely moderate. They are very indifferent respecting knowledge which cannot be obtained without reflection. A natural want of care and a general apathy renders everything insupportable to them that requires attention. Sober, light, and active, they spend the greater part of their lives in sleeping and amusing themselves.”†

For a moment unmindful, it would seem, of the veneration paid to their departed ancestors as still living, the Abbé asserts that “they do not believe in a future existence;” thus, so far as it is true, resembling so many of the tribes of the Bedouin, whom not even the attractions of an immortal harem have availed to convince of a Paradise or a resurrection. It has, in fact, been a wonder to thoughtful travellers and sojourners in the island that the Arab communications and settlements have done little more in the direction of a Moslem propaganda than to introduce the rite of circumcision into the island, where, after all, it is not certain that it is not of indigenous or independent observance.

The dualism which attaches to any system which does not regard God as the great dynamic force of the universe merely, takes in Madagascar a form which, however interesting, is not without precedent or analogy. “Like the Manichees, they admit of two principles: one supremely good, and the other supremely

* *Mauritius and Madagascar: Journals of an Eight Years' Residence in the Diocese of Mauritius, and of a Visit to Madagascar.* By Vincent W. Ryan, D.D., Bishop of Mauritius. 1864.

† *Voyage à Madagascar et aux Indes Orientales.* 1791.

wicked. They never address their prayers to the former; but they entertain a great dread of the latter. They are continually doing homage and offering up sacrifice to him."

This testimony of the Abbé Rochon is expressly confirmed by M. Carpeau du Saussaye, who says that of the two parts into which the sacrifices of the Malagasy were wont to be divided, the larger part was offered to Diambiliche, which signifies *Monseigneur le Diable*, and not to Sanhar, the insular equivalent for God. From this M. du Saussaye learned that the devil being capable of doing them good or ill, it was to their advantage to conciliate him (*ménager*); but that God was not so difficult to satisfy or propitiate. The homage they thus paid to the devil was, therefore, the expression of terror and compulsion; whilst the worship they rendered to God was a spontaneous function of natural piety.*

It is remarkable, however, that the Count de Benyowsky, who knew the island during the years 1773-76, gives a distinct and direct denial to the assertion of this strange and sinister preference.

The people of Madagascar "make sacrifices by killing oxen and sheep, and they address all their libations to God. It has been asserted that this nation likewise makes offerings to the devil; but in this there is a deception, for the piece of the sacrificed beast, which is generally thrown into the fire, is not intended in honour of the devil, as is usually pretended. This custom is very ancient, and no one can tell the true reason of it. With regard to the immortality of the soul, the Madagascar people are persuaded, that, after their death, their spirit will return again to the region in which Zanhare dwells; but they by no means admit that the spirit of man, after his death, can suffer any evil. As to the distinction of evil or good, they are persuaded that the good and upright man shall be recompensed, in this life, by a good state of health, the constancy of his friends, the increase of his fortunes, the obedience of his children, and the happiness of beholding the prosperity of his family. And they believe that the wicked man's fate shall be the contrary to this."†

The *owleys*—to adopt from Robert Drury an orthography which varies in other authorities—are the material instruments of the manifestation of the will of the deity, his shrines and oracular habitations, and are consulted for the purposes of warning, guidance, protection, and communion. They are "made of wood and alligators' teeth, only dressed up," and other articles so homely and vulgar as to have attracted to their devotees the charge of charm-worship or fetishism—a belief in the virtues of various worthless objects, such as juices of certain trees and plants, stones,

* *Voyage de Madagascar*. Par M. de Dev * * * *, Commissaire Provincial de l'Artillerie de France. 1722.

† *Memoirs and Travels of Mauritius*. Augustus Count de Benyowsky. 1790.

red cloth, gourds, a wild-boar's tusk, the tip of a bullock's horn, and others, to defend against all dangers, injuries, diseases, and misfortunes, and to confer such benefits as are the direct antithesis and exclusion of these. Many of the charms or *owleys* are worn upon the person, fastened to the arms and chest; but others are stones or rocks of considerable size on prominent positions, or on the banks or beds of streams; and others are carved posts placed at the entrance of the villages.

Robert Drury would seem rather to dignify the status of the *owleys* when he states that they appear to occupy in the theological system of Madagascar much the same position as familiar spirits do in that of superstitious people in Europe, or as guardian angels in the Christian economy. And the editor of his *Journal* unhesitatingly identifies them with the teraphim of Laban and with the ephod and teraphim which the Levite used who lived in the house of Micah, of Mount Ephraim (Judges xvii.). "It is worth observing," says the same writer, "that Melchizedek was a King, and called the Priest of the Most High God, a phrase which exactly corresponds to Deaan Unghorray, or the Highest God; as does also this custom of the Madagascar kings, or lords, who perform themselves all the religious offices where the public is concerned. It is with the most solemn delight I consider the devotion of these people who seek God on every occasion for His assistance in necessity, and with piety and gratitude return thanks for benefits; yet have they neither temple, tabernacle, groves, or any other places of worship; neither festivals or any set-day, or times, nor priests to do it for them."*

Within a comparatively modern period, some of the *owleys*, charms, or idols referred to have obtained in certain localities a special reputation for their powers, and have become to a great extent national gods, being looked upon as the tutelaries of the kingdom and the sovereign. Their respective guardians, tribes, or families, who had been for a long time keepers of each idol, had special privileges and honours resembling some of those proper to royal rank.

Underlying, however, the system of charm-worship, and the various superstitious observances which it attracted, there is also a universal belief, as has been indicated, in one God above, the Supreme Lord of all other gods, demons, or spirits whatever. This Supreme Being, the *Sanhar* of M. Carpeau de Saussaye, the *Zanhare* of the Count de Benyowsky, and the *Deaan Unghorray* of Robert Drury, has, according to the *Journal* of the last-named, four subordinate *Deaans*, or Lords, each of whom has jurisdiction over one of the four quarters of the world. They are designated respectively by the Malagasy equivalents for the Northern Lord, the Southern Lord, the Western Lord, and the Eastern

* Preface to Drury's *Madagascar*.

Lord ; the last of which is reputed to be the dispenser of plagues and miseries to mankind, by the permission or command of the Great God. "The others also are executors of His commands ; but chiefly dispensers of benefits. These four the Malagasy look upon as mediators between men and the Great God ; from whence they have a great veneration for them, and recommend themselves to them in their prayers and sacrifices." On the whole, it would appear that the idea of a Supreme and Almighty Being, whether known by such names as Andriamanitra, *Fragrant Prince*, or, *The Fragrant One*, or the more exalted and universal Anahary, or Zanahary,* *The Creating Prince*, or, *The Creator*, has never been lost or unrecognised by the people of Madagascar, however it may have been obscured by the accidents and assertions of a vulgar superstition. The knowledge of the character and attributes of the Divinity has been retained and formulated in the speech of the people by means of a number of proverbs and aphorisms, handed down by tradition, probably from a very remote period. These proverbial sayings involve the ideas of God as being the Protector of the helpless, the Avenger of evil, the Rewarder of the good, the long-suffering One who must be waited for in faith, the Omniscient God, the Answerer of prayer, and the Judge of mankind. The friends of the Malagasy, however, deplore that the purity of their pristine faith has had little effect upon their lives and character. The multiform immorality, the absence of which cannot be authenticated at any period of their history, even the most remote, seems to have become aggravated as time went on ; and the purer creed and practice of earlier ages, to which their proverbs bear witness, would appear to have been gradually overlaid by charm-worship, and darkened by other degrading observances of a more recent period.

It would be superfluous in this place to dwell upon the physical aspects and phenomena of the splendid island of Madagascar, with its attractive flora, its peculiar and unique fauna, and the mountain ranges, which secrete its vast fossil and mineral wealth whilst they serve to distribute its rivers, streams and water-systems. All these are depicted in plenty in text-books, which are daily becoming more and more readily accessible, in narratives of adventure, and in scientific treatises ; not to mention the more fugitive productions of the month, the week, or the day. One peculiarity remains in the case of the natural history of the country, which it may be of interest to state even to those who are familiar, with the Malagasy aye-aye and Lemuridæ of the British Museum. The Abbé Rochon testifies to the immense variety of its birds, which are caught with great dexterity by the natives, and are much in request by the naturalist for their brilliant and beautiful

* The latest form under which occurs the varying names of Sanhar, Zanhare, and others, of the preceding pages, in the yet unsettled Malagasy orthography.

plumage, and for their delicate flavour by the epicure. It was not, the Abbé tells us amusingly, without a considerable degree of reluctance that he first ate the bats of Madagascar, dressed after the manner of a fricasseed chicken. "These animals are so hideous that the very sight of them was a terror to European sailors; yet, when one can overcome the disgust which is inspired only by the idea of their figures, their flesh is found to be much more palatable than that of our best fowls."

The interest and attractiveness of the island of Madagascar to the European world has been for ages the subject of remark; but from a Briton, as Captain Owen pointed out even in his time, it demands more than ordinary attention. "For—independently of the pleasing novelty of a nation overcoming the deeply-rooted prejudices and customs of ignorance and superstition, and suddenly grasping at the highest pitch of civilisation and improvement—he finds himself surrounded by a people emulous to imitate his habits, solicitous of his acquaintance, and gratefully attached to his country. The more he communicates with them, the more he must admire their character; courageous yet docile, with a thirst for glory and information that leads them to stray from their homes, although their hearts still fondly linger there; and in possession of talents and perseverance that enable them to overcome every obstacle likely either to distrust or retard their progress in knowledge."

The introduction of Christianity in force into Madagascar, just beginning to be felt in Captain Owen's time, has imported into his sentences a newer life and a vaster significance. Its success as a religion on its certain, if chequered, way to predominance, is picturesquely described in the pages of the *Foreign Missionary*, by Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, who states that the number of Christian converts during a period of thirty-five years of missionary labour, in the island of Madagascar alone, is computed to exceed the number of converts in the Roman Empire during the first three centuries of the Christian era. Indeed, it may be said that the recent history of Madagascar is the great modern romance of Christianity. At the name of this island the Christian world has bled whilst it exulted. The barbaric cruelties of a female despot called forth from her suffering and persecuted subjects the most heroic graces and the most simple and sublime devotion. The blood of the martyrs, in Madagascar as elsewhere, has been the seed of the Church; and Christian life has spread and strengthened with the deaths of individual Christians. It is scarcely sixty-five years since the London Missionary Society had the honour of introducing the Gospel into Madagascar, and already, whether in spite or in consequence of its difficulties, it promises to make the island to take rank amongst the very foremost of those spheres of labour which answer by generous returns to the tilling of the soil and the sowing of the precious seed. Already the reapers are

securing with joy the crops that were fostered and nurtured with bitter tears.

It was in the year 1818 that a mission was commenced, under the auspices of King Radama the First; with whom, in 1820, the British Government concluded a treaty for the suppression of the slave trade.

Among the early cares of the missionaries, after they had become familiar with the language of the country, were those of reducing the same to writing, of arranging a grammar, of preparing books of elementary instruction, and of translating the Scriptures into the native tongue. In the space of ten years after the settlement of the missionaries in the capital, nearly fifteen thousand of the natives had learned to read; a large number, in addition to this, had acquired the act of writing; and a few had made some progress in the English language. Many made an open profession of Christianity. Large congregations were formed; two printing presses were kept fully at work; and nearly fifteen hundred youths had been taught some useful trade.

The death of Radama, in 1828, brought a premature night upon the dawn of Christian progress. Prince Rakatobe, the nephew of Radama, who had been nominated by that sovereign as his successor, was assassinated, and the sceptre fell to the hands of Queen Ranavalona, who gradually developed into a monster of persecution. At the commencement of her reign, indeed, the queen allowed the missionaries to carry on their work without molestation, although without the royal sympathy. But the influence of the idol-keepers waxed stronger and stronger in her councils, until in 1835, the profession of the Christian religion by any of her subjects was prohibited, and a command was issued that all Christian books should be given up to the government. For a time the missionaries remained in the capital; but as the printing-presses were stopped and the work of preaching prohibited, they ultimately left the island, and retreated to the Mauritius.

The policy of the queen was to root out the Gospel by the destruction or the forced recantation of its professors, who were subjected to imprisonment and punishment in various cruel and capital forms. Many were compelled to submit to the *Tangena*, or ordeal by poison; and considering that the draught was prepared for them by their foes and accusers, it is not wonderful that few passed through the trial with life. The results, however, were somewhat different to those which the queen had hoped and intended. When an interdict was laid upon the open profession and the public worship, its chief effect was to drive the Christians from the city and the street, only that they might enjoy the blessings of fellowship by stealth in the midst of the wild, or in the covert of the mountain. If any were arrested and accused of forsaking the superstitions of their fathers, it was only that they might have the opportunity of protesting to the death

in favour of the new religion around which all their dearest hopes centred. Punishment challenged attention; fortitude provoked investigation; so that it happened that not only was the faith of the persecuted believer himself strengthened and intensified, but that the spectators of his patience became largely imbued with his principles.

About the year 1849, the anti-Christian prejudices of the queen having been inflamed and embittered by political jealousies, the persecution was at its fiercest. In the course of the persecution then initiated, it is ascertained that more than two thousand persons suffered capitally; whose constancy in the midst of pain and torture had the usual and natural effect of spreading the faith that gave them victory in death.

It was in consequence of the laws which, still unrepealed, threatened the native Christians, that Mr. Ellis, when, in 1853, he visited Madagascar, had to confer with them by stealth, lest a more open communion should imperil their safety and his own liberty. The stories of a few of the more celebrated of the Malagasy converts and martyrs have long and variously been incorporated as amongst the most sorrowful and most splendid of the pages which combine to form the missionary archives of this country;* and in one of his most interesting works,† Mr. Ellis has left a vivid picture of the period of suffering in the shape of an autobiography of Rainitsontsoraka, a clever and intelligent native who was, in 1856, a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Ellis for purposes of Christian intercourse and scientific information.

In July, 1861, by the death of the queen, the succession devolved upon the Prince Royal, who ascended the throne under the title of Radama the Second. It was one of the first acts of this amiable prince to set free the captives who were yet undergoing imprisonment for the faith. He communicated the fact of his accession to the Governor of Mauritius, and announced his intention of allowing all goods to be imported and exported free of duty. "Simultaneously," says Mr. Ellis, "with the arrival of this intelligence, communications from the Christians of the capital announced the cessation of persecution, and the perfect freedom of religious worship, with a request from the young king that I would proceed to Madagascar, and their own earnest desire for the return of the missionaries." Such an appeal was not likely to be refused by Mr. Ellis, or by the Society in whose name he had twice been

* *A Narrative of the Persecutions of the Christians in Madagascar.* By J. J. Freeman and D. Johns, formerly Missionaries in the Island. 1840.—*Madagascar and its Martyrs.* 1842.—*Madagascar: Its Mission and its Martyrs.* 1863.—*The Gospel in Madagascar.* 1863.—*The Martyr Church of Madagascar.* By Rev. William Ellis. 1870.

† *Madagascar Revisited: Describing the Events of a new Reign and the Revolution which followed: Setting forth also the Persecution endured by the Christians, and their Heroic Sufferings, with Notices of the present State and Prospects of the People.* By Rev. William Ellis. 1867.

commissioned to "express sympathy, and to convey encouragement to the suffering Christians in Madagascar." The indefatigable missionary embarked at Southampton, on the 20th of November, 1861; and, arriving in Madagascar in the spring of 1862, left Tamatave, on the 31st of May, for the capital, Antananarivo, the "city of a thousand towns." A deputation of Christians had been sent to meet him, and his reception and entertainment were grateful and affectionate. Arrived at the capital, his reception by the king and nobles was of the most gratifying character, and his house was thronged for more than a week with Christian friends from different parts of the country.

Madagascar, re-opened, was not long to remain the monopoly of a single Christian society. Not to mention that Romish priests, destined for missionary work in the island, had been fellow-passengers of Mr. Ellis on his voyage thither, there were very soon other and more friendly rivals in the field. One of the great advantages of Christian aggression against heathenism is that it tones down the flaunting banners of minor differences amongst those who are engaged in the nobler and more important conflict. It is a pretty page amongst five hundred minutely interesting pages of Mr. Ellis's *Madagascar Revisited*, in which he describes the fraternal conduct and feeling of Dr. Vincent Ryan, then Bishop of Mauritius, who, in 1862, was appointed to visit Madagascar, that he might "prospect" for new fields of labour for the societies which he represented. The Bishop's visit was accordingly devoted to the making of harmonious arrangements for the economical working of the island, so that no spot might be neglected, whilst no labour was thrown away. On the whole, Bishop Ryan was of opinion that, "for the present," the best plan was not to institute an independent see in Madagascar, but to commence Church of England missions in that island under episcopal supervision from Mauritius, which is separated by only a three days' passage from various practicable points on the coast of the larger island, whereas these same points, otherwise marking themselves out as desirable sites of missions, would be separated by a long journey of fifteen days from any bishop whose head-quarters should be fixed at Antananarivo. The project of a missionary episcopate for Madagascar was therefore kept in abeyance—the nomination of the Rev. R. H. Baynes in 1870 being followed by his resignation, before consecration, in 1871—until the year 1874, when Dr. R. Kestell-Cornish was appointed first Anglican Bishop of Madagascar. At the present moment, Dr. Cornish is at the head of a clerical staff of some ten or twelve missionaries who minister to about five-and-twenty churches, and superintend the teaching of thirty schools.

With all the activities, however, of other Christian communities, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, it remains that the prestige of first occupation still attaches to the ecclesiastical order of the

representatives of the London Missionary Society. Independency may be regarded as the religion of the court and the official classes generally; and in the case of our guests, the Malagasy envoys, it will have been observed that their communions and other acts of faith and devotion were performed almost exclusively in the temples of Congregationalism.

SONG.

WINDS, sink to rest ! the golden day is paling,
 Calm on the waters lies his parting kiss ;
 Earth, fall asleep ! with softened wailing,
 The voice of evening bids the light dismiss.

Gleam of the starlight bear my message to her ;
 Watch o'er the slumbers of earth's fairest flower ;
 Angels be near, with peace and joy endue her,
 Shield her from danger and the tempter's power.

Breezes of night, fly swiftly o'er the ocean ;
 Waft me a vision of a far-off scene :
 Ye can bring comfort to a heart's devotion,
 Say, is she well, my beautiful, my queen.

H. O. OGILVIE-GRANT.

SHADOWS FROM AN OLD SUN-DIAL.

By FREDERICK GALE.

SHADOW THE THIRD.

As far as I can judge from statistics, I am now one of a small party of nearer four than three millions of people who are making the journey of life in what is called London. My journey in London has exceeded by one year the length of time occupied by the Israelites in the Wilderness ; and during my sojourn the place of my pilgrimage has more than doubled its size and its population, and in which, instead of our slow post carried by coach or ship, the mercantile world are now talking by wire to the inhabitants of the uttermost parts of the earth about money, gold, silver, indigo, jute, grey shirtings, tallows, tea and coffee, and the numberless other subjects of commerce ; sporting men are talking cricket, racing, boating to brother sportsmen at the Antipodes ; and after a Derby, boat race, or any great event, Anglo-Saxons are waiting at all eccentric hours of the night corresponding with our broad daylight, in tropical heat or arctic snow, for the name of the winner of the Derby or University boat race. Engineers and contractors "just run over" to India, South America, China, Mexico, Japan, and our Australian colonies to inspect a site for a dock, reservoir, or new line of railway, and think less of it than people forty years ago would of going to the Highlands of Scotland in the winter in the pre-railway days. We have taken our changes very quietly and philosophically, as the cabman did on hearing that the first message by wire had been received from America. I was his informant ; having myself just sent off a message to Corfu. I said, in joke, to the official, "I suppose, in a week or so, I can send a message to America for about twenty pounds ?" His answer was, "You can send three words for five pounds this evening, sir ; we passed the President's first message on to the Queen three hours ago, and the cable will be open for messages this evening." Bursting with excitement, I shouted to the cabman, who was waiting for me, "Cabby, by blank they've got a message from America !" "Have they, *indeed*, sir ? then let us go and *wet that news* !" This fact I have from a very well known American engineer in London, whose word I can thoroughly trust : he tells me that many of his swell friends, in America, send their

measure by wire to one of the most fashionable London tailors, "and the 'dry goods,' sir, are on their backs in New York within fourteen days of the message being sent, and I 'put up' the money, and the tailor gives me ten per cent. commission." Our prairie fowl, quite equal to grouse, come from the prairies of Canada, from places three thousand miles inland; our early vegetables, peas, carrots, young potatoes, etc., are delivered daily at Covent Garden, from Algeria; fresh orange flowers come by post from Nice, for the bridal wreath—for I opened a parcel myself at the beginning of January, and the scent was so overpowering that one could hardly bear the room; sailors have an unlimited market for the pinion bones of the albatross with the tobacconists for pipe stems, and for the web-feet for tobacco pouches: and so we may go on *ad infinitum*, counting up the produce of the civilized and uncivilized world which is consumed by this many-mouthed city.

Let me go back and look for my old footprints in this mighty wilderness. I see myself as a little boy of about six years old, standing on a balcony over a chemist's shop in Regent-street, in the year 1829, where we had lodgings for a fortnight, in passing through London, on our way into Kent; and the thing which made a lasting impression on my mind was the early parade of the Life Guards, who rode by every morning. Their helmets were shaped like those which you see on the Life Guardsman's helmet in Haydon's picture of "Punch and Judy" at the National Gallery, or in the picture of Tattersalls' in "Tom and Jerry"—an invaluable work now, as a record of dress sixty years ago.

I had never seen but one soldier in my life before, a stranger who passed through my out-of-the-way home in the Wiltshire Downs, but I had been told the story of the Battle of Waterloo over and over again, and it was a juvenile infatuation with me. As I stood on that balcony, I felt and knew that I was looking at men, many of whom had been in that battle, for it had happened only fourteen years before, and I felt as if I could have worshipped them. And I never shall forget my misery when a very prim relation, who made my life a burthen, pulled down the blinds when they passed on Sunday morning, and told me that it was very wicked in the soldiers to ride out on Sunday, and they ought to have put off the Battle of Waterloo till the Monday. And I had the same reverence for the Foot Guards when they marched on to the parade, preceded by their band, amongst whom was a black drummer with a white turban on his head, and one or more black men in turbans, with the cymbals and some other instrument.

The time of this first visit was in August, and I remember the brown water which made me sick, the wretched baker's bread, which was half alum—though I look back to the hot rolls with much satisfaction—the sky-blue milk, nasty butter, and the heat and the smell of the drains, and the noise—to say nothing of the animalculæ skipping and crawling, which made my nights a misery.

My recollections of London for six years preceding 1842 (in which I became an unit of the population), are all pleasurable, as my visits were on the occasion of going to or returning from school, and I generally had one or two nights, and the old governor "made the visits pleasant," as old Vincent Dowling was so fond of saying in his records of fights gone by. I call to mind my wonder and delight at seeing the Greenwich Railway running in 1836—the first railway working; the glories of Astley's in the days of Ducrow, who used to appear riding nine horses as the Courier of St. Petersburg, and the elegance of the immortal Widdicombe in the ring, who had not painted for himself a Bardolphian nose in those days; my first pantomime at Covent Garden, "Peeping Tom of Coventry," when the pantomime actors had enormous masks and most of the bye-play was dumb show; gigantic, *enormous* babies being fed with colossal pap-spoons out of a seething cauldron, and the whole affair being an absurd scene which boys could understand the fun of, without following any story in particular. The harlequinade was almost all red-hot poker business, and Clown and Pantaloon taking lodgings, and so on; and there was little, if any, dancing, except Columbine's. I also have the most pleasurable reminiscences of Madame Vestris's charming little theatre at the Olympic, and seeing "The Ringdoves," "Shocking Events," "Patter *versus* Clatter," and "Puss in Boots," Charles Matthews playing *Puss*. This was about 1840. Then I witnessed two innovations which astonished the country folk: the introduction of one-horse cabs in 1837-8, and fourpenny steamers between bridges in 1838. The only means of locomotion hitherto had been omnibuses, which always were supposed, according to the conductor's word of honour, to run close to the place named, but set one down a long distance off—the fares being sixpence for any ride, and sixpence extra "off the stones;" hackney coaches, miserable crawling vehicles with two horses and often drunken drivers, who charged what they pleased to timid people; the "break-neck cab" described in *Pickwick*, and more especially in *Sketches by Boz*, in which the *status* of the last cabman, and the first omnibus cad, "Mr. Barker," is by no means exaggerated; and Thames wherries, at the different stairs, the owners whereof generally had a dispute with their fare. In fact, London was a kind of rat-trap for country people, who were as much bewildered as the old country gentleman coming to London in 1685, whose misfortunes are so admirably depicted in the celebrated chapter of Lord Macaulay's history, "The state of England in 1685."

In all Cruikshank's caricatures of the period at which I write, in *Pickwick*, the first number of which came out in 1837, for I took it in, and in contemporaneous books and pictures of street life, there are frequent references to fights, as settlements of quarrels, and so it used to be when I was a boy, passing through

London. *Pickwick* opens with a pugnacious cabman, and it was quite true to the life, as if a ticket porter, and an ostler, or cabman, and men of that stamp quarrelled, in the coaching days, they stepped up a yard somewhere and had it out, and there was an end of it.

I shall have something more to say about theatricals presently, but there was one stage effect which I should like to see reproduced again. It was at the Adelphi about 1841, and the piece was a dramatic reproduction of "Ten Thousand a-Year," Wright, by-the-bye, playing *Tittleback Titmouse*, and there was in the play one of the prettiest tableaux I ever saw at any theatre. The scene was *Aubrey's* drawing-room in a country mansion, with a large party assembled at Christmas.

It was set in the usual way, with groups of visitors about the room, a blazing stage fire, and lamps and candles; and voices are heard outside, and the curtains are drawn back, showing a snow scene, lit up by a bright moon, and a group of children visible through the windows in the old-fashioned red cloaks and straw bonnets, singing a Christmas carol. It was one of those things which fairly took the audience by storm, for it was real, and a facsimile of what many had just seen in their country homes, and the audience were madly delighted.

Now, if you please, behold me pitched into the "little village," as it is popularly called, fresh from a large public school, with cricket and football on the brain, some facility for making Latin or Greek verse, but without a single idea of any marketable value; age between eighteen and nineteen, and, in every sense, an utter greenhorn—not knowing a soul in London, except two families, very old friends, who had often stayed in my country home; and but for them I think I should have taken the Queen's shilling and have been off, as my not being a soldier was a broken promise; or rather I was persuaded out of it against my will.

London was a curious place to live in forty years ago. As far as I could see, I was in the same position as numberless others, placed in a very first-rate firm of lawyers, whose clients were mostly people of rank and position; and buying and selling estates, marriage settlements and mortgages, appeared to be the backbone of a very lucrative profession. We had also a world-known Assurance office as clients, but as all contentious business was put out to an agent, we saw nothing and learnt nothing of it. I had five very agreeable companions as pupils—one was a Cambridge man, who was the best boxer of his day; another an Oxford man, who had been good on the river; the others were all gentlemen, with one exception, in the shape of a hard working pupil. Chambers seemed pretty much to be a place for meeting of a morning, reading the paper, and having luncheon, occasional boxing in the pupil room, and an early adjournment in the afternoon; and we went and came pretty

much as we pleased. We must have learnt something, but I don't think it was much, as if any common law or bankruptcy papers came into the pupil room they were handed out again with the tongs. I am not going to describe daily life in a pupil room, but I must record the celebrated scheduling of some boxes of old deeds. They were sent down to us to make a schedule of as "good practice for pupils."

I expect they had been done a dozen times before, just a show of teaching something, and we had a court-martial on them. Some were in Norman French, some of the time of the Crusades, with two knights on one horse embossed on large wax seals in tin cases. The president of the court martial explained that according to the then present law destroying valuable deeds, by men situated as we were, was transportation for life, but we concluded, as the Yankees say, to risk it, and, having a good fire made up, we burnt all we could not read, and the brave old wax of the past had sufficient spirit in it to set the soot on fire, which occasioned the calling in of a sweep. I told this story twenty years afterwards, at the table of one of the partners, who was convulsed with laughter. He admitted that the scheduling of those deeds was a stock job for pupils.

Being very fond of character and there being a large staff of clerks, I amused myself by drawing them out on the quiet. There were some curious fellows amongst them. The cashier, who hadn't an H to his tongue, told me in confidence, "I like to talk to a gentleman like you sir, I am one myself—my father was a purser's clerk and my hunkle kep' the 'White Lion,' in the Old Kent Road. My name is 'Oratio, my father being nautical, and the Hadmiral (meaning Nelson) was very fond of my father—Yes I was a gentleman and my father would never let me go out to post a letter without a couple of sovereigns in my pocket." Another was "stage struck," and I used to get him in on the quiet to give me Othello's Address to the Senate, which was admirably ludicrous, though I made a good listener. A third was an excellent boxer, and assisted as an amateur at benefits, and many a lesson he gave me with the gloves; and a poor fellow, who lost a favourite daughter, took my advice as a clergyman's son. He had "done his best, for," said he, interrupted by his sobs, "when I knew the game was up, I called in a Roman Catholic gent, and a Church of England gent, and a Dissenting gent, and they all said a deal as was pleasant, and wished her luck!" I advised him that the shriving must have been perfect. "There! misfortunes never come single, they say, sir, and while we were away at the funeral my singing lark, which a gent offered me thirty bob for, 'cocked his toe,' and was as dead as a nail when I come home." And there was yet another curious character, a hard-working industrious man, who spent all his leisure in reading Penny Horrors, and believed them all, and was a constant attendant at executions—in fact as a child

he saw the Thistlewood gang hung—and who informed me, with great glee, that he once had the Honour of a 'and at all-fours with Jack Ketch a fortnight after he hung Courvoisier. And yet this was a simple honest fellow, a good husband and father, with a kink in his mind; but he used to lament that he was not born a 'undred years ago, and been a 'ighwayman.

And now for London itself, in my early days. Standing on Primrose Hill, looking northwards, nothing but open field intervened between it and Hampstead and Highgate—from Barnsbury Park, Islington, to Highgate, with the exception of houses along the Holloway road it was mostly open country. Dalston and Hackney were about the limit of bricks and mortar. Where Finsbury Park now is, stood "Hornsey Wood House," with a large wood famous for picnics, and where—as announced in gold letters over the bar of the tavern, any gentleman might shoot on September 1st, on payment of ten shillings! Copenhagen House, celebrated for cricket (the Islington Albion met there), pigeon shooting and wrestling, stood in the fields, on the site of the present cattle market Clock-tower. The Greenwich Road from Camberwell Green was semi-rural. "The Swan" at Stockwell was about the last house of London proper on the south, it was then an old-fashioned inn with bowling green. Brixton, Balham, and Tooting were a real *rus in urbe*. From Battersea Bridge you could walk to Wimbledon, through fields, only touching a little bit of street at Wandsworth, and what is now Battersea Park was a tract of swamp, with open ditches where snipe and ducks could be shot in hard weather. Chelsea and Pimlico were like country towns, with old-fashioned taverns and small shops. There was a large tea-garden within a quarter-of-a-mile of Kensington gardens, and most of the ground now occupied by South Kensington was a monster market garden.

But for the steamers and the river I don't know how we could have existed. There was no other way of getting out except by two-horse coaches and omnibuses, which took three hours in the journey, out and home, as there were no cheap fares in the few railways. In the summer I pined for fresh air, and was driven frantic with jealousy at seeing friends from the country with tanned faces and sun-burnt hands, for I lived in the woods and by the rivers almost as a boy, and could not get used to streets and pavements. The river was a great relief. My favourite excursion, if I got away for a day, was to Greenwich by steamer, through the park, along Blackheath, over Shooter's Hill, for I knew of green spots and woods in the neighbourhood, where I could lie down on the grass alone and unseen, and watch real wild birds, jays and magpies and wood pigeons, and find a possible snake and hedgehogs, and see countless moths and butterflies, and feel *really* in the country. Sometimes I found I was trespassing, and keepers would come upon me, but we

generally made friends, when I explained the object of my visit was simply rural scenery and fresh air, and we "fell on talk," as Mr. Pepys would have said, on natural history. Things were better in the winter. As far as my means would go, I was a staunch "pittite" at the theatres, going early to the pit to enjoy a play with some sympathising companion, and having a quiet supper afterwards at Evans' ("The Haunt," or the "Back Kitchen," in Thackeray's works), or the "Cyder Cellar," at both of which there was excellent singing, though at the latter not so refined in the small hours. But if some of it was a little coarse, there was a deal of attic salt in it.

Quite agreeing with Charles Mathews' theory that, as regards acting of the past being extremely good and "thorough," I believe him when he said that, good as it was, there are always as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and his creed was that in every age there is exceptional talent different from what has passed away, but equally good—Ellen Terry, and Mrs. Bancroft, and Mrs. Kendal, and Hare, and Cecil, and Bancroft, *cum nullis aliis*—all stand out as stars just as those of the past did. It is impossible to enumerate half the brilliant acting of the past, or to say which gave most pleasure.

Lady Theodore Martin, *née* Helen Faucitt, was the acknowledged successor to Miss O'Neil, who succeeded Mrs. Siddons, and her *Lady Constance* to Macready's *King John* and Anderson's *Falconbridge* was, to my mind, a very grand performance. Of course, there were traditions which the pit believed, which had to be respected; but in the "*Lady of Lyons*," as *Pauline* some years afterwards, the character was her own creation, and very charming she was in it, and showed wonderful dramatic power. Did she rant? My answer is, What *is* ranting? I never saw a *Claude Melnotte*: Macready, who was a scholar and a gentleman and most thorough master of the stage, could not look the character, and his guttural pronunciation was not like that of a love-sick swain: Brook, too, did not convey the idea of *Claude Melnotte*, nor did Anderson. Macready, as the melancholy *Jacques*, was very grand, for you could see that he felt the part. "As You Like It," at Drury Lane, in 1843, when the Queen went in State (out of compliment to Macready, for abolishing the "saloon" at the theatre, which practically made the dramas, as regards a "going concern," as people say, subservient to a vitiated taste for an ill-regulated refreshment room), was beautifully put on the stage, and Allen's singing of "Under the Greenwood Tree," and "Blow, blow, thou wintry wind," was perfect. There was a brilliant caste when Madame Vestris and Mrs. Nisbett played "The Merry Wives of Windsor," about 1845, Miss Rainforth, *Anne Page*; Charles Mathews, *Master Slender*; and Barlly, *Falstaffe*.

It must be remembered that, in the earlier days of which I treat, there were no stalls at the theatres, and the pit was the

pit, and the players played to the pit, and the pit, which consisted of the old hands who knew what was what, "rose" to the players, as Edmund Kean remarked. Only a short time since I was talking to a well-known actor who played with Phelps in the Sadler's Wells days and afterwards, and who was encouraged by, and much associated with, that great and good man—for Phelps was both—said to me, "I will never rest until I get a theatre with a real pit again, and trust to its filling to make my way. I cannot bear the stalls with lazy loungers, and the people who come to kill time fiddling with their fans." He added, "I like a row of faces just under me, whose expression shows that they are heart and soul with the actor, as their sympathy helps one on and draws out all that is in a man."

Of all the melodramas I ever saw at the Adelphi I think "The Green Bushes" was the most "fetching." I saw it when it first came out in 1845, with Paul Bedford, Wright and O. Smith, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Fitzwilliam and Madame Cœleste, and afterwards when Miss Woolgar, the pet of the Adelphi audience, succeeded Mrs. Fitzwilliam in *Nelly O'Neil*. It was a wonderful caste, and Wright's *Grinidge* and Paul Bedford's *Jack Gong* kept the house in convulsions. More than thirty years after her appearance, on the first production of the "Green Bushes," as *Miami*, Madame Cœleste appeared once more in that character, before settling in America.

A friend of mine in the theatrical world was at Paul Bedford's funeral, and told me that the most touching thing he ever saw was, when the coffin was being lowered, Miss Woolgar could not restrain herself, and stepped forward to the edge of the grave, and, forgetting that the crowd was around, wrung her hands in real grief with an involuntary outburst, "poor old Paul, dear old Paul." Another Adelphi hit was "Norma Travestie," with Paul Bedford as *Norma*, and Wright as *Adelgisa*, and even more ludicrous still was the *pas de trois* danced by Paul Bedford, Wright and Osberry in ballet costume, as a skit on the celebrated *pas* at Her Majesty's, I think in 1845.

"Tippy Cooke," as Mr. T. P. Cooke was called, as *William* in "Black Eyed Susan," was another grand performance. Having been in the navy—always wearing his Copenhagen medal at the Theatrical Fund Dinner, and returning thanks for the service—his was not acting at all: it was the real exposition of his natural character, and the court martial scene was so real that it was almost painful.

I for one delighted in a good "wicked baron" piece at the "Vic," à la Vincent Crummies, with sawdusted stage for combatants, cut-and-thrust combats, injured innocence, blue fire and ghosts, and a ship in full sail as a finale, with the crew singing "Rule Britannia" with an impossible plot *ad rem* to nothing.

English opera made a fresh mark at Covent Garden with

Adelaide Kemble and Miss Rainforth in the opera of "Norma," in 1842, and at Drury Lane afterwards, with Miss Rainforth in the "Bohemian Girl," which made Balfe's name as a composer. Bunn wrote the libretto, and everything which ill nature could do was attempted to damn the opera by ridiculing it, but it was just the piece which took the public, and, curiously enough, people said at the time, "If this had been an Italian opera it would have taken all the world," and, strange to say, it *was* made an Italian opera, "*La Zingara*:" Harrison did much for it at Old Drury, for no one could sing a ballad more touchingly; but, unfortunately, he was no actor, and very stiff on the boards, and when he finished the beautiful ballad, "When other lips, etc." he held out his hands to *Arline*, his lover, as if he was handing her two pounds of grocery. And, later on, the Princess's Theatre made a great hit with Anna Tillon and Paul Bedford in "*L'Elisir d'Amore*," "*Don Pasquale*," and "*The Crown Diamonds*," and the papers of the day spoke rapturously of Old Paul. Paul was a good singer, and sang with Catalani all through England, Scotland, and Ireland long before he became a low comedian. But I must stop or I shall become a bore, but ghosts are fitting past me in troops: Old Farren, Webster, and O. Smith (prince of stage villains and great antiquarian), Frank Matthews, Crompton, Harley, Wigan, Alfred Keeley, Buckstone, Mrs. Kelley (now alive and well), and Mrs. Glover, whose later characters Mrs. Stirling is now so charmingly delineating. There is, however, one vision never to be forgotten—"Richard the Second" at the Princess's, under Charles Kean, during his final management. The mounting of the scene of the streets of London on *Bolingbroke's* entry, with the windows and house-tops crowded, and the people cheering, and the bells ringing, was so real that I believe almost in the transmigration of souls, and that I am a living case for the soul of some old buffer who was alive and saw it; and the scene of *Richard's* parting with the *Queen* (Mrs. Charles Kean) was truly grand—but I could not stand Kean in "*The Gamester*" or "*The Stranger*," any more than Mr. Foker could stand Bingley in hessians and tights, as described by Thackeray, in *Pendenoris*.

The days of the old opera, when there was only one, and all the talent of Europe was concentrated there, seem like a dream. I saw Grisi in the fulness of her beauty, certainly one of the grandest tragic actresses as she was one of the greatest singers ever known; old Lablache and Mario and Fornasari and Persiani, and later on Jenny Lind and Gardoni; and on Jenny Lind's retirement, Sontag, who came back again; and amongst the dancers, Taglioni, Carlotta Grisi, Cerito, and Luccille Grahm in the *pas de quatre*, and Elsler in the *Cachuca*. A relative of mine, who was doctor to the opera, told me that Grisi felt the part in "*Lucretia Borgia*" so thoroughly, that frequently she

came off in violent hysterics, and had to be looked to. Possibly the opera was more fascinating when it was seldomer resorted to, as it cost a lot of money, and no one could enter the pit even except in full evening dress. It was a great crush, and if you got a seat you had to give it up to some lady who looked imploringly—I succumbed to the anxious look of a very handsome woman who was standing up, for whom I felt bound to give up my seat. After occupying the seat for an hour and a half, she tapped her husband with her fan and said, “Charley, dear, you sit down.” But this arose the demon self in my bosom, and I interposed, “Oh! no, it is my turn now; Charley must come presently.” It was the “cheek” of a youngster; but I added, “on second thoughts, Charley shall have the seat.” I have often wondered how many times the lady, who was from the country by her colour, told the incident. It was a pity the one opera was ever broken up, except in so far as two operas brought good music within the reach of smaller people. Besides the operas and the theatres, other places of evening entertainment come before my mind. There was Old Vauxhall in the summer, with the usual ten thousand extra lamps, for an account of which *vide* Thackeray his “Pendennis”—an admirable sketch; the mock trials at the “Judge and Jury,” with the Chief Baron Nicholson as judge, and very clever counsel. They drew all London, especially the Bar and the Press—on the sly; and, though broad occasionally, were the wittiest performances in London. But they got to a lower pitch and died out. There was some vitality left in the suburban fairs, but as London grew they got mobbed out, and were swamped by the rough element. It has always been the curse of London that nothing like a little fun and humour can be inaugurated publicly without being stamped out by vulgarity. The foreigners are far a-head of us in these matters.

We often read in the papers now, “Brutal prize fight” near some town or another, or “Glove fight in a chapel.” It is all nonsense: there is no real prize-fighting now; it is some wretched public-house affair. If any one wants to know the *status* of the old prize-fighters, he will find it very accurately described by White Melville in “Digby Grand,” in the scene at Jem Burn’s parlour. The ex-champions forty years ago held much the same position as retired cricketers do now. Their hostleries were places of *rendezvous* for noblemen and gentlemen and officers in the Household Brigade, for the purposes of witnessing good boxing, and making matches. The ruffianly language and manners which are so conspicuous on Derby days on the road would not have been tolerated by the Ring-side or in places where boxing was patronized. I had the *entrée* to Tom Spring’s sanctum, which was as quiet and respectable a place as any in London, and I knew all the ex-champions, from Tom Crib downwards, and went to all the great benefits. The South

Western railway being open to Southampton, the Woking district was the great rendezvous for prize-fights, and special trains at a high tariff, just as to the races, were dispatched openly from Waterloo. When the combatants were backed, as they often were, by men of position, who could afford to lose their money, it was a boxing match, pure and simple, without the gloves, and if a man had no chance, they took him away. The men, of course, were thoroughly trained, and perhaps not a dozen heavy blows were struck in a battle, as it was mostly guarding, and stopping, and getting away. Like many other things, it got into the hands of low publicans, the men got into bad ways, and it fell to pieces. The last sparks were kindled at the celebrated Sayers and Heenan contest, when, as the *Times* observed, all England were determined to break the peace. Every man's, woman's, and child's heart was in the Englishman, and the papers took up the quarrel about fair and unfair play, and the *Times* sent a special correspondent to the fight, the first time, as they remarked, for six-and-thirty years. I was very fond of the sparring exhibitions, with or without the gloves, which were manly and scientific; now it is all ruffianing each other, except as regards the amateurs, many of whom, at the present day, are very good and clever.

The Marylebone was the only metropolitan cricket club. There were a few grand matches in the year, Kent and England, and Gentlemen and Players, being the chief, which drew an enormous ring. As a rule, there were excellent matches on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays, between the M.C.C. and counties. The M.C.C. were celebrated for their amateur bowlers, as gentlemen who played cricket then did not want so much done by deputy as now is the case; and, moreover, men bowled fair and did not throw. Lord's was always a charming place of resort, where you were sure to meet men who understood all points of the game, and were not boring you to death about A.'s form and B.'s form, and talking about Tom, and Bill, and 'Arry, as they call it—in fact, dragging slang into everything. I want to record shortly, one of the greatest cricket matches ever played, forty years ago. It was between Kent and England, at Canterbury. Remember that cricket grounds were not made all over like a lawn as now, and would not stand the wear and tear of wickets as at the present day; otherwise the scores recorded would have been, at least, a third more. Kent, first innings, 278; 762 balls were bowled by eight bowlers, in that innings: by Lillywhite, Dean, Barker, Fenner, Hawkins, Good, Butler, and Sewell (4 balls only). The double figures were Adams, 12; W. Mynn, 21; Pilch, 98; Felix, 74; A. Mynn, 27; Dorrington, 15. Tom Adams is the only one of those now living.—England, 266 first innings; 730 balls were bowled by A. Mynn, Hillyer, Adams, Felix (20 balls only, "lobs"), and Whittaker (4 balls only). The double figures were gained by Barker, 58; Box, 22; Guy, 80; Good, 17; Hawkins, 15; Sewell,

19; Hon. F. Ponsonby (now Lord Besborough), 26. Sewell, Fenner, and Lord Besborough are still alive. In the second innings of Kent, Lillywhite clean bowled six wickets for 82 balls; and Dean clean bowled the other four for 84 balls; the total runs, 44—the present Rev. Sir Emilius Bayley, scoring the only double figures, 17. England, going in with 58 to win, obtained them for the loss of one wicket; Barker scoring 29 and Fenner 19, both not out. The ground on the last day was very rough and worn out, hence the sudden downfall of Kent. Oh, young England! young England! if you think you could teach those men, had they been alive, anything about cricket, you are *indeed* conceited: they forgot more than most of you ever knew. They could have taught some of you something, which is to play fair, and not to throw and shout at umpires, and not to growl when you are given out l.b.w., and to think less of yourselves. Dr. Gilbert Grace is the only man who was, and is, superior to any of the best of those two elevens of 1842. The suburban clubs—the Montpelier, Blackheath, Clapton, Islington, Albion, and others, were all good, consisting of real cricketers, who practised regularly on summer evenings, and bowled and fielded for themselves, and were often associated with the best players, and were good men, with big hearts, and did not depend on lawn-like grounds and immense pads, and never dreamt of their average, but of the match, and each man doing his best.

And now turn we to fashionable London, the Park to wit.

The Park, before the days of the *Nouveaux riches*, was the place for all the beauty and fashion of London to display themselves. In the season the Queen would be there before dinner very frequently, sometimes on drawing-room days, notwithstanding her fatigue, after the drawing-room was over, in semi-state, with four horses and two out-riders, sometimes in a pony phaeton, driven by Prince Albert, with a single groom ahead. How hard she worked. Imagine the fatigue of dressing for a drawing-room, standing for three hours, going back and dressing for the park, receiving her guests at dinner, and going to the opera afterwards. She knew the world liked to see her, and she never spared herself. There was a wonderful show of fair women and brave men. Amongst the prominent figures of old soldiers were the Duke, and the Marquis of Angelsea, on a young horse always; Lord Combermere, the Duke of Beaufort, very frequently in a phaeton drawn by a well-bred skewball horse; Lord Cardigan, Col. Anson, old Admiral Green on a cob, wearing a very broad brimmed hat, and Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence represented the navy; Lord Chesterfield and Count D'Orsay, generally together in a cab; Prince Louis Napoléon on horseback, Lord Cantalupe, Sir George Wombell, the Marquis of Worcester, Lord Glamis (afterwards Lord Strathmore), Prince George (now Duke of Cambridge), and Major Macdonald, "handsome Jamie" (after-

wards General Macdonald, now recently dead), Lord Castlereagh (afterwards Marquis of Londonderry), Horace Pitt (afterwards Lord Rivers, lately dead), Lord Maidstone (now Earl of Winchelsea), and numberless other well-dressed, handsome men—aye, men every inch of them—who represented the dandy schools. It was the frock coat and white waistcoat era, and men of fashion all drove private cabs, with a miniature tiger behind. Lord Palmerston and Sir Robert Peel, a very bad rider, and Mr. Shaw Lefevre, the Speaker (now Lord Eversleigh), most conspicuous amongst the politicians; a Bishop or two, in shovel hats and long black boots, representing the Church. Amongst the female celebrities were the Marchioness of Londonderry, whose *vis-à-vis*, splendidly apparelled, was probably the last seen in London; Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, driving a beautiful pair of ponies, with a parasol whip; the Duchess of Sutherland and her daughters; Lady Dover, who also drove her own ponies; the Countess of Blessington and her beautiful nieces, the Misses Power; the Countess of Harrington (formerly Miss Foote) in her extraordinary dark brown panelled carriage, and drawn by black horses, covered with heavily ornamented harness, driven by a coachman in a quaint chocolate coloured coat down to his heels, with two footmen, clad in equally eccentric liveries, standing behind; Mrs. Dodd, the reigning beauty of London—the Mrs. Langtry of that day. Added to these were troupes of equestrians, ladies and gentlemen; and the whole show was as fine a display of well-dressed men and women as the eye could rest on. *Lais* and *Phryne* were not conspicuous in their broughams as now, and *Vanity Fair* was a select assembly, where people did not resort in this drive who knew no one to bow to. Occasionally rich money-lenders or quack doctors' wives might be seen with splendid horses and carriages, and the women folk dressed in good taste; but they were alone in the crowd.

And now I will look back on the Sun-Dial for the shadows of the greatest public events, which it has been my good fortune to witness.

First comes the opening of the Royal Exchange in 1844, which was a repetition of the pageants of the days of Queen Elizabeth, who opened the old Exchange 272 years previously. I was fortunate enough to have a ticket for the banquet in the Exchange. Everyone had to go in evening dress and to be in his or her place before twelve o'clock, and to remain there; and for the first time I found myself in a hansom cab, attired in a blue coat, gilt buttons, white waistcoat, white tie, lace frilled shirt with conspicuous studs, which was full dress in those days, black trousers and patent leather boots, at eleven o'clock in the morning, after which hour all traffic was stopped, except for those who had cards. It was in October, and of course it was a perfect day—Queen's weather; and the windows and housetops were packed with people, before the

traffic was stopped ; and for the first and probably the last time of my life, I drove from Charing Cross to the Exchange through a wax-work city. All military and naval men were in full uniform, and no black coats appeared except those of the clergy. The scene in the banquet room was the most brilliant I ever saw, the gorgeous colours and the blaze of diamonds, flashing like fire-flies as the light fell on them on the ladies' heads and dresses, and plumes (for they were in court dress), was a sight to see. The Queen was then only five and twenty, and she came in all her glory to do honour to the occasion, accompanied by a retinue worthy of the ceremony. The trophy of gold and silver plate reached to the ceiling behind her chair of state, as all the City Companies lent their plate. It was a glorious pageant, and the banquet, which was all cold, except the turtle soup, was divested of the terrible fumes of hot dinner.

Then came the opening of the Crystal Palace in 1851, when I was lucky enough to get a place on a counter at one of the corner transepts, looking right down on the centre, where the Queen's throne was. No doubt the Sydenham Palace in structure is as beautiful, but ours of 1851 was the first, and boasted the novelty. Then the interior display was all real from all parts of the world, and not a monster bazaar and eating-house as the Crystal Palace at Sydenham is. Thackeray's ode, republished in his miscellanies, tells this story most exquisitely. To see the Queen in the midst of a brilliant circle of ambassadors, soldiers, and representatives of all the nations of the civilised world, and to hear the National Anthem sung as it was, and afterwards the Hallelujah Chorus, and to see her head the procession and march all around the building with her two children (as they then were), the Prince of Wales and the Crown Princess, now a Grandmother, who has just completed her silver wedding, was a sight worth living for.

The next national event was the Duke's lying in state and funeral. The lying-in-state was a wonderful piece of still life. At the entrance of Chelsea Hospital, which was all draped in black, was a trophy of captured flags, high up, with a blaze of light on them, and below a semi-circle of Life Guardsmen dismounted, leaning on reversed carbines. Within, on either side on a raised narrow platform, there stood, at intervals of a few feet, soldiers in the footguards, like so many lay figures leaning on reversed muskets all round the room, and at the end was a raised dais, on which stood the coffin covered with crimson velvet, with numberless massive wax candles round it, with the coronet on it ; and at the foot a kind of couch, with all the dead hero's medals, orders, and bâtons. At the head of the coffin, and on either side, sat an officer of the Guards as mourners. People passed through, and not a whisper was heard. It was a very solemn sight, and, by-the-bye, a very solemn *night* too, as, living not far from Chelsea Hospital, I heard the muffled drums going at intervals of about

half-an-hour all through the night preceding the removal of the body.

The funeral was utterly spoilt by the cataphalque, which was a clumsy, tasteless, lumbering affair, and the one opinion was that the coffin ought to have been carried on a gun-carriage. I remember paying five-and-thirty shillings for a cab to take six people, at six in the morning, to the Strand from Pimlico. The most picturesque part of the show was the troops assembling by torchlight early in the morning, and the saddest part was the face of the groom—whose features were known to all London, and are immortalized by Landseer in "The Duke at Waterloo," in the National Gallery—leading the Duke's horse after the coffin, with the boots reversed. The man was really grief-struck. And as generally there is a contrast to sorrow, the most humorous thing to see was Ben Caunt, ex-Champion of England, and Chief Baron Nicholson, the witty Judge of the Mock Trials, driving through the Strand early in the morning with hatbands down their backs, as an advertisement.

The entry of the Guards into London—after the Russian war, preceded by their dog, who had been wounded, with some medals round his neck—and marching to the music of "Home, sweet Home," and the illuminations and fireworks were all memorable things: but as solemn a sight as anything was the Guards going to Westminster Abbey to return thanks, when they were received with "See the Conquering Hero comes," on the organ, and the present Bishop of Lincoln preached to them for a long hour in soldiers' language; and I believe they would have remained till midnight if he had gone on, for it was almost painful to see the men listen, for he had got them so thoroughly in hand; and one fine fellow, a sergeant, who had been wounded, fell down as if he had been shot and was carried out by his comrades, and, to our great relief, we heard it was only a fainting fit. The "Hallelujah Chorus" was the anthem, and they were played out with "God Save the Queen."

It is no good getting prosy about things which happened within the last twenty years, but I beg to leave it on record that I shall die happy, as I have touched the summit of felicity by having seen the Lord Mayor and Corporation on horseback when Her Majesty went to St. Paul's, and what can man wish for more? Whether the report was true that they had a flight of steps to mount their horses, I know not, but it was the current rumour.

Now for a warlike reminiscence!

Before me lies my special constable's staff of 1848, when I was one of a quarter of a million of citizens who were sworn in to protect the peace, Sir Robert Peel and Prince Louis Napoléon, afterwards Emperor of the French, being two of my brother Bobbies! It was a ticklish time, and mischief was imminent, but for the wisdom of the Iron Duke, who advised

that ten thousand troops, besides artillery, should be brought into London. The Chartist meeting was allowed to take place on Kennington Common (and I went to it when I "finished my beat"), but no procession across the bridges was permitted. Fergus O'Connor, the leader, interviewed the magistrate, who was at the Horns, at Kennington, prepared to read the Riot Act, if required, also the officers in command of the troops quartered, but not visible, in the immediate vicinity; and his courage oozed out at his fingers' ends, when, on asking if the Government would use physical power, he found that if there was a riot and the troops had to act, the orders were to pick him off, and the affair turned out a complete *fiasco*; and beyond the presentation of the monster petition, a large proportion of the signatures to which were proved to be forgeries and rubbish, nothing was done. It was the only time, probably, within the memory of living man, that the Bank of England was fortified and the sentries were to be seen mounting guard on the roof. The parks were locked and the sentries doubled at every post, and there was not a part of London where police and soldiers were not posted out of sight, for the old Duke had the whole of the soldiers moved at three o'clock in the morning, and the same thing was done with the police, and at eight o'clock, when people were about, not a soldier or a policeman was to be seen, except the sentries at the park gates. The organization was perfect. The Duke issued the memorable order to the artillery that if it became necessary to sweep the bridges, the officer in command of each gun was to fire every shot himself, and record the number of shots. There were many alarms throughout the summer at intervals, and the specials were called out a dozen times, probably, from 6 o'clock till midnight, and so admirably was the scheme managed, that the whole body could be summoned in an hour or two. Whether the specials would have been of much use, practically no one can tell, but the fact of their numbers frightened the mob, who did not know them from anyone else, and might have been caught red-handed at any mischief; and the police were left free to concentrate themselves in any disturbed district. Once only the Life Guards were sent for, to Clerkenwell Green, and directly they appeared the mob dispersed. The Government trials were admirably conducted, and in all cases of prosecution for treason-felony a conviction was obtained, and gradually it all died out. Ernest Jones, one of the Chartist leaders, a clever man and a barrister, served his two years' imprisonment, and followed his profession quietly, and was welcomed and congratulated for so doing by one of the judges before whom he first appeared. What was Chartism in 1848 seems to be ultra-Radicalism of the present, and what was punishable with fine and imprisonment is now praiseworthy and grand, according to some people's creed.

AN OLD LETTER.

YELLOW with age, the writing dim and blurred,
Changed like the hand that penned these tender lines.
Ah, why did writing ever change its form,
Or the fair hand that traced it be in dust ?

Keep back, my tears, and thou, my heart, be still !
What names are these that fill the close-writ page ?
Constance ! Ah, yes ; she was my darling's friend,
And Mary, wife and widow in a year !

Poor Jack, the playmate of my youthful days,
And Francis, too, may Heaven protect them both !
And Agnes, loved of all, so meek, so pure,
Great God, how rough and thorny was her path !

Methinks I see their faces once again
In terror's anguish and in deep despair.
Once more I hear the joyous peal of mirth
That rang full oft in wildly happy strain.

And 'mid the thronging crowd of long ago
One face above the rest beams on me still,
Half sad, half playful, ever passing fair,
My dear, dead love ; my joy, my hope, my all !

And is this all, a paper old and torn—
All that is left to save the smould'ring flame
Of love that long ago burnt bright for her—
Yea, *blazed* upon the altar of my heart ?

Return, sweet relic, to thy resting place !
These failing eyes will ne'er behold thee more
In dark despair my only hope is this :
I, too, am old ; for me, too, there is rest.

RIC.

A BROKEN NECK.

JUDGING by the frequency with which we hear of people tumbling down and breaking their necks, of the fear expressed with special mention of the possibility of such a disaster under circumstances of no great or extraordinary peril, of break-neck gallops, break-neck stairs, break-neck haste, and even break-neck pillows and bolsters, one might imagine that such an accident was of very common occurrence indeed. In point of fact, however, broken necks may be classed, with broken hearts, among the rarest of anatomical fatalities. Furthermore, although actual fracture of the upper spinal bones is not unknown, the injury which is usually understood to be indicated by the title of this paper is improperly so-called, taking the word "broken" in its ordinary acceptation as applied in the case of a broken leg or arm. The continuity of the back-bone, as a whole, is undoubtedly ruptured; but, in the majority of cases, it is by the *dislocation* of its two uppermost segments, one from the other, not by their fracture; so that a true broken neck is rarer still.

The top joint of the thirty-three which make up the spine, and of which seven are allotted to the neck, is little more than a simple ring of bone, on which, of course, the head rests. On its upper surface are two little oval cups, into which two smooth, convex and correspondingly oval prominences on the under part of the hinder bone of the head—or *occiput*—fit accurately, in such a way as to allow of what are called the nodding movements; by which is meant, not merely the slight bob we bestow on a passing acquaintance or in lazy token of acquiescence, but all that which is comprised in the motions of the head when we gaze at a star in the zenith of the heavens, or contemplate the topmost button of our waistcoat—what a sailor would call the "fore-and-aft" movement, but which anatomists designate the "anterio-posterior." In the course of this flexion, as we can easily satisfy ourselves by experiment is the case, any given spot on the face or scalp describes a considerable portion of a semi-circle, proving how perfectly the convex and concave surfaces are adapted together. But for all that, this first vertebra (the *atlas*) is so joined to the occiput, that its membranes and bony projections permit of no lateral movement whatever. Attempt any rotation or twisting, and it becomes a fixture at once. It admits of the nod, which signifies "yes;" how, then, are we to shake the head in

mute purport of "no?" Vertebra number two—known as the *axis*, there being obvious reason in both names, which is more than can be said for all we meet with in the nomenclature of the human frame—has a protuberance sticking up from it, which is called the odontoid process, from its vague resemblance to a tooth, and which rests against the inner side of the ring of the atlas at its front part, while the spinal cord passes down behind it. On this the head works as on a pivot, the process or projection being retained in its position during the nodding action by a strong fibrous band, which passes across the atlas—the transverse ligament.

The relation of these two vertebræ to one another, and the subject which arises out of their displacement, may be illustrated in the following manner:—Join the thumb and forefinger of the right hand together, so that they form a ring. This we will take to represent the atlas, and a piece of thread tied across it, around the knuckle nearest the nail of each, will do for the transverse ligament. Now, elevating the thumb of the left hand, and applying the left forefinger to its base, join the two hands in such a way that the first ring lies on the second, and the back of the left thumb rests against the junction of the right forefinger and thumb on their inner surface, restrained in that attitude by the thread. If the thread be now broken, the left thumb—our counterfeit presentment of the odontoid process—will fall back across the circle, and manifestly compress whatever might be within it. And this is exactly what occurs in the mechanism of a broken neck. Whether the head falls forward or (as we have roughly exemplified it) the lower bones go back, the result is the same; the upper part of the spinal cord, any injury to which is instantaneously fatal, is pressed upon by this odontoid protuberance. On the integrity of this transverse filament depends our life.

Fortunately, it is pretty strong; and, like all ligaments, is remarkably free from disease, compared to other tissues. The purpose which it serves is doubly strengthened by bands passing to the bone above and below, from which it derives an appearance which has earned for it the title of "cruciform ligament." Its strength, and the enormous and peculiarly-directed force necessary to break it, would be indicated by the very infrequency of the accident, if by nothing else. Curiously enough, it rarely occurs to people falling from a great height. Von Groof, the "Flying Man," whose apparatus of gigantic wings failed him when he was severed from the balloon, to which he was attached, over Chelsea some ten years ago, certainly had his neck broken, though he received other injuries sufficient to cause death ten times told; but, as a rule, this is not the case, nor is the popular notion that an excessive backward movement is necessary to effect it correct. When we remember the structure and relation of the two bones, that the projection which does the mischief when released from the fibre which con-

finer it, lies at the fore-part of the ring, in front of the vital cord, we shall readily perceive that the ligament is far more strained by extreme depression of the chin. Consequently we find its rupture happen oftener in that class of misadventures which cause the head to be doubled forward upon the chest than in any other. A horse stumbling, or putting its fore-leg in a hole and pitching its rider off over its ears, is perhaps the most common cause; it was in this way that the late lamented Bishop of Oxford met with his death. Diving head-foremost into unexpectedly shallow water, again, or miscalculating the impetus in plunging from the bank into a narrow stream or bath, and coming into violent contact with the opposite side, is another recognised cause, though one would imagine that the water must be very shallow indeed, and the descent very great, to produce such a result, when one reflects how quickly and forcibly the resistance of fluid retards the speed of a diver. This form of the accident is said to have been known most frequently at sea, where the crews of vessels becalmed in the tropics are accustomed to lower a sail a few feet below the surface, so that those who cannot swim may refresh themselves by bathing without danger of being drowned, and those who can may have a safe and ready refuge in case of the advent of a shark. Some bold mariner, forgetting the obstacle below, throws himself from the bulwarks or yard-arm, and thus breaks his neck. Acrobats rarely meet with this disaster, though the reverse might have been expected, and although other spinal injuries—many of them fatal—are often received in the exercise of their profession; but those who practise “lofty tumbling,” such as the trapeze or high rope-walking, have an idea that it is very dangerous to fall into the cushioned net, usually spread beneath them, in such a position as to strike the side of the head. The special peril of this mischance is not quite evident to the surgeon, but it is a singular fact, nevertheless, that nearly all the broken necks which have been recorded as the result of gymnastics have been caused by awkward dropping into the net which is supposed to prevent anything of the sort. Almost the first part of an acrobat’s education is to learn how to fall properly when he “misses his tip”—a principle which might be introduced with advantage into the course of training for some other professions.

The transverse ligament has been ruptured, though rarely, in railway collisions, where the sufferer’s head has been dashed violently backwards and forwards beyond control by the sudden arrest of onward motion. I believe, however, that this has been known only in the old third-class carriages, seldom seen now, where the division into compartments was only partial instead of extending to the roof, so that the back of any of the centre seats reached only to the passengers’ shoulder-blades. It is easy to conceive the possibility of such a jerk in the case of anyone seated with his back to the engine, where the body would be re-

strained but the head free; in wholly boarded up compartments head and body would be dashed equally against the partition, while in both instances those facing the engine would be pitched forward *en masse*. Far more commonly, however, some other part of the back is wrenched by a railway collision. Falling in an erect posture from a height, feet foremost, and alighting on the heels with the legs and spine straight, usually dislocates the hips or fractures the skull, but that, too, has snapped the little cruciform thread of life. On the other hand, Sir Astley Cooper relates a case of a boy who died from a twist of the lower part of the vertebral column, owing to a rope catching him round the neck while he was swinging. In the old coaching days a certain danger of incurring a broken neck often menaced heedless "outside" travellers which scarcely exists now—that was of having the head forcibly bent down while passing under a low arch or gateway, old surgical histories proving this to be no mere fanciful peril. Roger quotes several instances.

But we may break our necks without severing our transverse ligaments. We may split off the odontoid process itself, through its base, or even stretch the connection between the bones to such an extent as to allow it to slip from under the band, either being, of course, immediately fatal. The latter catastrophe is said to have been produced by lifting a child in play off the ground by its head, a very foolish and reprehensible practice to which some people are greatly addicted. And it is generally supposed to occur in execution by hanging—I say, *supposed*, for in actual fact, it scarcely ever happens, as the extreme penalty of the law is carried out with us. It has been demonstrated by *post mortem* experiment in the dissecting-room and by mathematical calculation, that, with an adult of average weight, a drop of from fourteen to twenty feet would be necessary to effect such a dislocation; and, as was proved by a ghastly misadventure at an execution in Dublin, where the length of drop had been humanely extended to extraordinary proportions, every other tissue of the neck would be likely to give way first. Death occurs by apoplexy in the majority of cases now, from pressure on the vessels, a process scarcely less speedy, and certainly entailing no more suffering; in the vile olden time of the ladder and cart it was simple strangulation, five times out of six. Hence the tales we read of doomed ones evading punishment by means of a silver tube inserted in the windpipe, and subsequent resuscitation by the endeavours of their friends, to whom their supposed corpses were handed over.

The possibility of repairing such an injury as a broken neck does not undoubtedly enter into the philosophy of most people; still, it has been done. Not, indeed, at that part of the neck which we have been talking about, nor with the bone next below; any interference with the spinal cord opposite those three first segments is of necessity mortal, since the nerves which control

respiration and other vital functions owe their origin to that part, and do not admit of temporary paralysis consistently with preservation of life. But below that we may have the spine either fractured or dislocated without instant death, and even with the chance of ultimate recovery, serious as the prognosis of such a misfortune must always be. It rarely happens that a medical man could do anything for a patient of this class, beyond keeping him absolutely at rest and attending to the wants that his utter helplessness begets; but it has occurred to people who have witnessed an accident, or found a person lying insensible with the neck distorted by a prominence, to feel a sudden click when they raised the head, coincident with disappearance of the deformity! The bones may be chipped, splintered or broken like those of any part of the body by violence, or by gunshot or other wounds, without causing death, so long as the fragments are not displaced; such injuries, however, are usually followed by inflammation and paralysis—often gradual in its approach and difficult to trace to any definite cause. Other disastrous consequences may ensue. A woman was taken into University College Hospital some years ago with a mysterious affection of the neck, which puzzled all the doctors. She had received a blow some time previously, and kept her head immovably fixed in one position; but she was in no way afflicted with loss of power or motion, and it was thought to be rheumatism or some kindred disease which affected her. Shortly afterwards, a sudden noise caused her to turn her face incautiously, and she dropped down dead. Then it was found that a little projection of one of the upper bones had been snapped off and got jammed between that and the next; a marvellous instinct had prompted the patient to resist all movement of the neck, until, thrown off her guard, she had, by turning, allowed the fragment to slip in and compress the spinal cord. Heister suggested the elevation and removal of such pieces of bone by operation, which has been performed by Louis, Cline and several American surgeons, with but little success, as might be expected from its gravity. It is, however, held to be justifiable since, without it, a fatal issue is almost inevitable; moreover, in one case, conducted at Whitworth Hospital, Dublin, by Dr. Gordon, there was permanent recovery.

A poor man, an artist of very humble pretensions, broke his neck (that is to say, the lower part of it) several years ago, with this result—life was preserved, and such health as is possible under the circumstance restored to him, but all the body below the level of the fracture, arms, trunk and legs, were completely paralysed. So he lies—for he is still alive—an active and intelligent head tied to an inanimate log. Yet that man earns his bread and supports a large family (possibly better than he could when he enjoyed the use of his hands), *by his original vocation*, drawing and painting! One of his children holds the paper before his face while, with the pencil or brush in his teeth, he traces the figures

by movements imparted by the lips and tongue ; and he can write in the same way. His drawings would probably not rank high from a purely artistic point of view, but they command a ready sale and fetch good prices, nevertheless. The painter, destitute of arms, who is the object of whispering wonder to tourists in Antwerp, as he reclines in his chair and labours away with his feet day after day in the Museum there, sinks into insignificance beside the artist with the broken neck.

ARTHUR STRADLING, M.R.C.S., ETC.

A FANCY.

JUNE it should be in its early splendour,
June ere the cuckoo has changed his song,
When clouds of blossom and leafage tender,
Are sweet and fair as the days are long.

June when the summer's troth is given,
When earth looks up like a laughing face
Into the loving eye of heaven,
That fills to fulness her cup of grace.

Over the drifts of the daisied meadow,
Over the edge of the woodland deep,
Where dusky sunlight and shining shadow
Waver and flicker as soft winds creep.

Where the great tree superbly launches
Its tremulous crest in the giddy air,
Spreading aloft a maze of branches,
Black as the threads of the Maiden hair.

Where, in the silent forest-reaches,
A song unutter'd for ever broods,
Under the aisles of the pillar'd beeches
In green and luminous solitudes.

Then with a step as light as laughter,
Scarcely bending the bluebells down,
With rifts that waver the light winds after,
Scattering light on hair and gown.

All in white, with a rose for favour,
Hands outspread in a triumph quaint,
The grace that bountiful Heaven gave her
Bright as the halo of pictur'd saint.

She should stand, where the sunlight glances,
Her head aside like a peeping bird,
While all around her the leafage dances
In tremulous flakes of glory stirr'd !

So should it be ; but the wind is sighing,
The leaves lie sodden in pools of rain,
And hopes that were strong will be dead or dying,
When nightingales sing in the dusk again.

W. ST. L.

❖ TIME. ❖

—❖*❖—
APRIL, 1883.
—❖*❖—

A REAL QUEEN.

CHAPTER IX.

Even thus he fares who, on the hill
Where toward the sunset wandered she,
Feels, at one stroke, his heart turn chill—
By paths her feet have blest, what ill
Should make him start to see?

Only a glove, or ring, you'll say,
That she had lost the while she stood
To watch the war of gold and grey—
His ear hath caught from love's estray
A whisper—as of Blood.

“WELL, Moldwarp,” asked uncle Æneas next morning before breakfast, “what have you found? You took the boat out yesterday—eh?”

“I did that, sir—aye, and this morning again too. I’m on my way up from the boat-house now.”

“Well?”

“I can’t say I’ve found much to speak of—not as yet. But——”

“Then it seems,” said Oswald, who had ridden over on chance of hearing news, “that your instinct hasn’t turned out so much better than mine?”

“I beg your pardon, Mr. Hargrave. I didn’t say I’d found nothing. Not much to speak of—don’t mean nothing at all. Only so surely as you begin to ask questions of instinct, off she goes.”

“Oswald,” said uncle Æneas, a little sharp, “don’t bother the man. He has ways of his own. You can’t expect even Silver Moldwarp to find everything in a day.”

“All right,” said Oswald. “Of course genius has nothing to do with reason, as all the world knows. My belief is that the man has got out of this country altogether, in spite of everyone. Still, every notion’s good for something, and I won’t own myself beat

till I've tried everything. My horse wants a rest, and I want to change my limbs. I'll take a pull along shore myself, and see what instinct will do for me."

"Well, what do you say to that, Moldwarp?" asked uncle Æneas.

"Well, sir, nothing but what, if Mr. Hargrave likes the job, it's all one to me."

"All right," said Oswald. "Then, Mr. Fane, if you'll let me, I'll breakfast here."

"And you'd better get some breakfast yourself, Moldwarp," said uncle Æneas, thus taking occasion to save his prime minister from the cross-examination that he seemed to see gathering in Oswald's eyes. "You don't understand Moldwarp," he said, as the latter, no less ready to take advantage of the occasion for escape, left the library. "If that man, Derwent, is to be found, Moldwarp will find him—only he must do it his own way. You may wager what you like he wouldn't have given up the boat to you if he hadn't put himself on a track that he's going to follow up ashore. That's Moldwarp all over; he never understands anything, and he never can explain anything, but he'll go for whatever's wanted as straight as a hound."

Oswald did not affect Silver Moldwarp, but he had no call to interfere with any man's hobby, so he said nothing, but went for a stroll in the garden till breakfast time. Of Rosamond's illness he had heard nothing, for he had spoken to nobody about the place but Mr. Fane, who had slept off all anxiety on that score, and scarcely cared to enter upon the topic of his niece with her unreasonable lover without real occasion.

Meanwhile Moldwarp carried his own reflections with him. "Confound that Oswald Hargrave!" thought he. "If they find that murdering thief they'll find my jacket pocket, and if they find my jacket pocket, I may live to Methuselah before I get hold of such another green-handed pump as Squire Fane. I know what Master Oswald thinks—he don't believe I ever went out in that boat at all, and he wants to spy. Ah, my lad, you may be one too many for Silver Moldwarp, but Silver Moldwarp's a baker's dozen too many for you! You expect to find a dry old tub fit for firewood, so you may say, 'Holloa, this hasn't felt the touch of salt water since 'twas last painted, whenever that may be!'"

Moldwarp was, as has been said, exceedingly prone to talk half, or even quite, aloud to himself, for he was his own only companion during the day time, and his own only friend and confidant always. Thus soliloquy, which in most cases is but a convenient makeshift, was in his case a reality. Only it was one of his many instincts that he never thus suffered his tongue to take its needful exercise at times or in places where it could be overheard.

Of these places the boat-house was not one. Indeed, it was

the least frequented spot in all the ground belonging to the cottage, for it was difficult to get at, and the boat itself was never used—it fulfilled the purpose of its existence by being there to be used some time next summer that never came, and meanwhile by being one of the orthodox properties of a house by the sea. Still, like a grand piano, there was a household tradition that it was not an idler, and that Moldwarp should have had it out was assumed to be quite in the natural course of things. He was therefore no little taken back when he found that, despite the confident assertions he had made not a minute ago of his having not only used the boat but of having left the boat in safety, that no boat was there.

"If I haven't let my confounded instinc' run me into a fix now!" exclaimed he, in his half-thought, half-speech. "It looks uncommon like as if some of the fishers had been making free with what nobody was likely to miss from year's end to year's end—and I can't go back from it now, that I had her out all yesterday, and all this morning up to breakfast time. Things aren't looking quite so pleasant all round that I can afford to be bothered with lies. I've had that confounded boat, that I must stick to—my truth's my character; and as I said 'twas here ten minutes ago, why, here it must have been. But then, what must have become of the brute within ten minutes ago? Devil take the tub, if this isn't a tougher job than chipping out that Fenian Dyle! And if there isn't that Paul Pry of a Hargrave coming down!"

But there again Silver Moldwarp's celebrated instinct had contrived to lead its owner wrong. It may be that the fear was father to the thought, for it would certainly have been an awkward business for Silver Moldwarp, while unprepared with a story that would hold together, to have the boat-house found empty by Oswald Hargrave. The right conclusion would be the only one open—that the boat had been absent, nobody could guess how long, at the time when Silver Moldwarp had professed to be using her, and that, for a man who made simplicity and straightforwardness his principal stock in trade, would never do. Moreover, perhaps, because Oswald Hargrave somewhat mistrusted Silver Moldwarp—Silver Moldwarp had an especial objection to being caught in a common-place, bungling, utterly inartistic lie by Oswald Hargrave. For the man was a real artist in his way, and was really ashamed of a lie that lacked even a respectable amount of ingenuity. The merest tyro, he felt, would, before saying he had been using the boat, have made sure that the boat was there to be used. However, there was not the immediate call upon his readiness of wit that he feared.

Oswald, on reaching the steep cliff-path that led to the cove, turned aside, and lounged along the edge of the cliff itself, just outside the low wall of the kitchen garden. This particular part of

the path, originally made for the coast-guard, was not without a certain promise of possible danger for weak heads, and was therefore the fuller of pleasure for strong ones. The young man, to Silver Moldwarp's infinite relief, seated himself upon the wall, and enjoyed the sheer down-look into the ebbing tide, and its angry battle as it retreated from the steep shelves of the shingle. The tide there rose high and fell low; when high it covered the narrow beach and met the cliffs, and was never, at its lowest, other than deep water, leaving nothing in the way of flotsam and jetsam behind. It need not be said that Rosamond, as always, was deep down in the mind of the man whose fixed purpose was to become her husband in due time and her lover for all time; but her mental presence was so constant and so deep that he had plenty of mind to spare for daily things, and the seizure of the escaped convict, if only for the reason that he had undertaken it, was fixed in his mind also. "Moldwarp is a conceited ass," thought he. "He's bound to do something, but doesn't know what—and pottering about with a boat is the best way of wasting time till everything's forgotten, and till uncle Æneas gets into a hurry for him to be at the flints again. However, if I take a boat too, and prove there's nothing to be found that way, I shall stop a false scent—and that helps to find the true one. And it may bring the fox out of his hole, wherever it is, if he's let think that the hunt's called off. If he isn't starved out or tempted out by this time to-morrow, I shall begin to think he's walked over this precipice in the dark, and been washed out into the deep sea. By Jove, if he's done that, he wouldn't have left even his body behind him. It wouldn't be a bad place even to dive over, for a man who knew how to swim, at high tide. It isn't like Furnace Point, where the rocks wouldn't give him even so much chance as that of being drowned. What in the name of——"

His eye had been suddenly caught by something which, though it had nothing to do with Laurence Derwent, seemed to require looking into. It was not the way of straw hats at Crossmarsh, any more than in more civilised quarters of the globe, to grow on gorse-bushes ready made. But that was what Oswald Hargrave, craning the edge of the precipice, and speculating on the fate of one who should slip or spring over, very distinctly saw. The bush was not on the narrow path itself, but hung out a few inches below the edge, an advanced guard, or sentinel of vegetation: and, held tightly among the thorns, was a brown straw hat, with a narrow brim and blue ribbon—a small hat, such as a girl might wear for playing at sailors, and, though like thousands of others, perfectly familiar to Oswald's eyes. It did not require a second glance to recognise the hat which Rosamond had worn the day before yesterday in the garden, and a hundred times before.

There was no reason for suspecting mystery or evil in a very natural trick of the wind. Rosamond had, no doubt, being walk-

ing on the safe side of the wall, when some playfully-minded breeze had teased her by blowing her hat out of the reach of her hands. It was a fine opportunity for a lover with the least touch of the knight about him. Oswald laid himself flat on the path, and pushed himself forward, holding the stem of the bush with his left hand, till, with almost half his body extended beyond the brink of the precipice, his right fingers reached the straw brim. It was less easy to draw himself back again, but he succeeded at last in standing with the recovered hat in his smarting and bleeding fingers. But it was Rosamond's very own hat, and well worth a good many scratches.

"I must get Sophy to help me play her a trick about this," thought he. "The witch mustn't think there's no magic in the world but her own."

Clearly Oswald Hargrave was no despairing lover, who took his repulse of yesterday for the loss of a pitched battle. And, for that matter, it would be difficult for any man to feel very hopeless on so bright and fair a morning. Pleased at having begun the day by doing something for Rosamond, and something which was ennobled by the element of just possible peril, he touched with his lips what had touched her hair, vaulted over the wall, and went towards the house in search of Sophy. Before reaching the front door, he heard himself accosted from behind with a hearty

"Holloa, Hargrave—you here? You've come to ask after Miss Rosamond, I suppose? How is she to-day?"

"Rosamond? Miss Fane? Why what is the matter with her?"

"What—haven't you heard she isn't well? But you've just arrived, I suppose. This is my day out your way, so I've come over early, before starting on my regular round."

"Miss Fane—ill?" asked Oswald, in surprise and dismay.

"Yes," said the doctor, who knew nothing of the nature of Oswald's interest in Rosamond, and therefore thought himself free to talk openly; "I didn't like to frighten old Fane and Miss Sophy when I called in yesterday, but it's lucky if she's been able to sleep off a threat of brain fever. The heat, I suppose, and an intensely excited condition of nerves. She was asleep when I saw her, but she had been delirious—and one knows what that means."

"Good God!" exclaimed Oswald, "and I have heard nothing—not a word! What——"

"Yes. She fancied, and told her uncle and her sister, that she had been helping to hide that man from Lowmoor—that he had come out of a heap of straw in some room where she was at night, and that she had been obliged to give him food and shelter, and—but here's Mr. Fane. Well, Mr. Fane, has she slept out yet? She hasn't been disturbed."

But Oswald broke in before uncle Aeneas, who, grown hungry, had come out to gather his breakfast flock, could answer. "And

what makes you think that fever, Doctor?" asked he, a little roughly. "Why should it not be *true*?"

"Because, my dear Hargrave," said the Doctor, "Fane here will tell you that certain portions of her story could not possibly be true. The end of the man was that he disappeared—no, vanished—into air. It could not be true, because it was a hallucination, a strange one, but nothing more. Perhaps Miss Sophy will see if her sister is awake, Mr. Fane?"

But before uncle Æneas could find room for a word, and before Oswald could realise that Rosamond either had lost her senses or had gone through some terrible adventure incredible to archæologists and physicians, Sophy herself darted out of the house all scared and breathless, as if the man from Lowmoor himself was at her heels. She did not pause to notice Oswald or the Doctor, but seized uncle Æneas by the hand, and cried out,

"She—is—Gone!"

There was no need to ask whom Sophy meant by She. But "gone" could have only one meaning; nor was there one there, save Dr. Hawker, who dared to give that meaning its name.

"Dead!" he exclaimed, most unprofessionally aghast, "I will go at once to her room."

"She is not in her room," cried poor Sophy; "she is not anywhere. I've hunted everywhere, high and low. She is gone, and, oh! her hat's gone too."

"Was this her—the hat, Sophy?" asked Oswald, in a strange, hollow voice, and deadly pale.

"Yes, yes," said Sophy, with hope springing up in her eyes, "where did you find her? Where is she, after all?"

It was no time to spare the hearts or respect the hopes of others when it was he that had to deal the blow who himself felt the stroke the most keenly. "Where I found this?—on a furze-bush, over the cliff," Oswald groaned, "and——"

Dr. Hawker looked at uncle Æneas, who had collapsed, all bewildered. "If *that* has happened—if she woke too soon—if the worst has happened to her brain——"

"Speak out, man!" uncle Æneas cried out, suddenly starting from his stupor. "You believe that—she—has gone out in a fit of fever-madness, and thrown herself from the cliff into the sea—is *that* what you believe?"

"Pray, Mr. Fane, calm yourself—be a man! Perhaps——"

"Moldwarp ahoy!" sung out uncle Æneas. "Get out the boat—and, Oswald——"

But Oswald was already at the boat-house, and Sophy half way after him. So long as something, anything, could be done, though only to prove the worst to be the very worst, he would not realise the terrible fate that the Doctor's words implied—a young girl sent mad by a summer sun, and self-slain in a fit of delirious

frenzy. But even while he hurried to the boat there came before his mind the only too clear picture of the pitch-dark midnight, the narrow path, the sheer cliff, the hungry tide, and the frenzied girl. He burst open the boat-house door. "The boat—at once!" he cried to Moldwarp, who stood within, staring out to sea.

"And that's the very thing I'm looking round the offing for," said Moldwarp. "Only half an hour ago I made her fast by the painter to that post—and I suppose it broke with rottedness, for anyhow 'tis broke, and off that blessed tub has gone off all alone with the ebb—you may see her pitching out there this minute, if you've got your eyes. 'Twas no fault of mine, sir—maybe she'll be picked up yet: but anyhow we must stay ashore for to-day."

Silver Moldwarp spoke so straightly, and with such abstinence from all superfluous details and flourishes, that Oswald, much less uncle Æneas, who had now overtaken the others, would not, even under less all-absorbing conditions, have dreamed of doubting him. To connect the absence of the boat with the absence of Rosamond, or either with the convict, was a process which could not possibly occur to any man's mind. Oswald could only feel faint with despair—uncle Æneas was already grown older by ten years. Dr. Pritchard must be right. And then there was Sophy—

"I have killed her!" the poor child cried. "I fell asleep. I did not hear her go——"

"No, Sophy!" said Oswald, coming to his senses. "For God's sake don't get that into your mind—it was *not* you——"

Moldwarp, knowing nothing of what had happened, looked from one to the other. So he did not perceive that Sophy, her ruling passion intensified, or at least turned into instinct, by despair, or perhaps in the forlorn hope that any trifle might give light, had picked up from a dark corner a tattered old jacket from some hole in which fell a chisel and a cheap note-book, bound in frayed leather. With miserably passive face she placed the book and chisel in Oswald's unnerved and passive fingers. But Moldwarp, his attention called by the movement, caught sight of the garment, though not of the note-book, made a pounce at the former as it lay on Sophy's arm, and recovered it somewhat rudely.

"Begging your pardon, miss—but that's my old coat," said he.

Oswald, catching one last ray of Sophy's struggling hope, glanced at the book, at the tool, first slightly, but then more sharply. And then he looked straight at Moldwarp, and openly held out chisel and book towards uncle Æneas.

"I believe," said he, firmly enough out of his heavy and desperate heart, "that she was not mad—that her story was true. I believe it, because I believe that the man who stands there, being a liar by trade, has lied about the boat: that it was there

yesterday, and not there this morning. I believe Her story, because it is hers, and because it contradicts his lie. For his lie and her truth mean that the man out of Lowmoor is even now at sea. If this means Murder—I will *not* give way, nor sit down and mourn—no, not for a single hour. If I never find Her, I will never rest till I find—*Him*.”

None longer noticed Sophy, who had broken down into passionate and remorseful tears. To the Doctor his words were those of one whom desperate grief and horror had turned into a madman. But little did Oswald, to whom flints were but flints, reckon on the effect of the chisel and note-book upon a collector's soul. Uncle Æneas loved his niece dearly: I have said that the shock of her horrible fate had aged him by ten years. But his nieces had never, like the flints of Pix Knoll, grasped the foundations of his nature. He, also, saw in the note-book, among a score of like things, the working notes of the Phœnician Dial, precisely as it existed in his own mind; he also took note of the chisel—then, seeing the guilt-brazened face of the detected impostor who had been trading on his heart's desire, he turned away, aged ten, nay twenty years more. What, after all, was the death of a girl? She had been spared this—she was better off than he.

But Oswald, misreading him, placed his hand on the old man's shoulder. “Love is over,” said he, sternly. “But, since hell has proved stronger than heaven—therefore vengeance remains.”

CHAPTER X.

Use Fortune for a slave, she'll baulk your will;
Dare her as foe dares foe, she'll conquer still;
Deny her force, and swift her force shall fall—
But he who trusteth blindly, gaineth all.

“MISS FANE,” said Lawrence Derwent, the convict, “I must most humbly apologise. But necessity knows no law.”

So, in the gentlest of voices, he addressed the girl who was alone with him, far out at sea. He had rowed hard, the night had been dark, and the morning grey; and even now, though the hour of sunrise was long past, the nearer of the two steep shores of the sea looked but a bank of clouds—the farther was unseen. Rosamond—for it was she—could only imagine that she was herself one of those lost souls, whose doom, ever since she could remember, had hung over her like an awe. Or rather, she could only feel this—imagination could not grasp the truth of a situation that defied the reach of dreams. Had she been but a year older in heart, she must have been prostrate with physical fear. But a soul suddenly whirled away out of life, as she seemed to herself to be, and into the region of doom, has nothing left to fear—the worst has come.

Only a few days ago alive, and happy, and at unbroken peace, and never dreaming of change, but as of something too infinitely dreadful to concern her and hers—now, alone with this man, who seemed something far else than man, and on the sea, which stood to her for the border-land of all outer mystery; it was enough to make her despair. It might have been natural to cast about for the chances of human help from human peril. But she had been driven to believe, in spite of herself, that he who had borne her off belonged to a world whose creatures are gifted, or cursed, with super-human powers—that he could read her thoughts, and command nature herself to obey his will. Moreover, it might surely have been natural to be overwhelmed with desperate wonder, if wonder, however desperate, were not all too weak a word. But Rosamond had long learned to regard the whole outer world, with Lowmoor in it, from a point of belief that would not have regarded the adventures of Sindbad himself as wonderful, had she been told that they were true. For Rosamond's fancy, at any rate, was as bold and uncompromising at fifteen years old as it had been at five. She had not yet learned to look upon the sunrise as not surpassing all imaginable wonders, or upon the flights of the wildest dreams as approaching the wonder of the rising of the sun.

She had given one startled scream, when her companion had lifted her into the boat before pushing off from the shore, but she had no hope that it could have been heard in the sleeping cottage, through the roar of the sea: or that, had it been heard through sleep, it would have suggested anything but a sea-bird out fishing at an untimely hour. Since then, she had only remained passive—and, indeed, the bravest could have done no more. It was not that she felt herself at a desperate man's mercy. Derwent was no mere man to her.

"I must apologise most humbly," said he, again, resting on his by no means energetic oars, and wiping his brow. "I assure you I had to conquer myself, and, after a hard battle, to put you to all this—well, say trouble. And it pains me all the more—for you are a brave girl. Come, have you nothing to ask? Nothing to say?"

"What is to happen to me?"

"On my life, I could not have believed in a girl who would not have torn out at least one of my eyes. I assure you that I was prepared to pay one, as the lowest price I could expect to pay for liberty. You have been my guardian angel—all through. If I knew how to find speech for such dumb things as thanks—but I can't do that. Nobody ever can. Only for this night work's sake I am your slave, for ever and a day."

It was not the first time that something in his voice, though certainly not in his words, had made the girl almost hate herself for feeling herself so much a slave, or rather, for not being able to comprehend the confusion of fancy and faith, error and honour,

that had brought her here. If she could only be sure that, in helping this creature, she had been following the clear light of plain duty, and of her own free will, she might have dared the unknown worst of her doom. It was too late for this assurance now, for all freedom of will had passed out of her hands. But her very helplessness inspired her to rebel.

"Then," said she, as if taking him at his word, "put me ashore again, anywhere; I will find my own way home, even from Furnace Point."

"You ask me the one impossible thing. No, Miss Fane; that I cannot do. If I could have done that, I would not have carried you off; I did not bring you out to sea to put you on shore. Pray don't look at me like that. On my honour, Miss Fane, I mean you no harm, no possibly avoidable harm. There, we can let the tide take care of us now. Ah, it's a comfort to be able to drift again. Whether I'm to be henceforth gaol-bird or free-bird, luck must decide it now. I've done my all; the rest is a matter of heads and tails. Just think of it, Miss Fane, at this moment all the thousand chances that go to make an hour of the world's life are being shaken over me, and will soon be thrown. I can't even cog the dice, and yet something tells me that I shall win the game. Since I won eight thousand in one night, without a break in the luck, I never felt like this before. It's true that I never before felt half so hungry, and, maybe, hunger helps a man to feel hopeful."

Rosamond's had been but the poorest pretence of rebellion, after all. His apparently meaningless words, spoken like the common-places of a morning call, ceased to touch her ears. She could only crouch in the stern, dead to the fresh breeze that followed them, and blind to the sunlight that was now beginning to make a golden path for the boat upon the waves. The glory of yesterday was returning to the sky and the sea. But that same glory of light revealed something more. At first she sat, with her elbows on her knees, and her chin upon her hands, in a state of absolute blindness, only wondering if God knew what He was doing with her, and with Sophy, and with all at home. But, as the breeze blew fresher, and as the waves began to dance to its more lively tune, she saw the cliffs receding on either side, and, in front, a line of white that she knew, by instinct, to be the edge of the open sea. She felt herself turn pale and her heart sink. She was drifting out of the last sight of the world to the threshold of loom; nay, being danced thither, to the music of sunlight and wind.

"How soon will it be," she asked the wind, "before I die?" Despair was deeping into awe.

"No man on earth knows that," said Derwent, less lightly. "What makes you think death an inch nearer here than in the safest place on earth, which is a gaol? Listen to me, Miss Fane, and when you have listened, think of me as you please, but not

till then. Whatever has happened, we are in the same boat now—truly enough; and, till we are out of it, for both our sakes we must be comrades and friends; are you listening?"

"I hear," said Rosamond, answering him with her lips, but not with her eyes, which were alive only to the vanishing shores and the nearing line of foam. For she was as one who, in the midst of life and strength, is called upon to watch the parting of the shores of life and the nearing of the ocean of death, and yet is not allowed to leave behind a word of comfort or of farewell. She thought of Sophy, and of the uncle who had hitherto seemed of such small account in her life, and of Oswald, her old playfellow, from whom she had scarcely parted friends. How had she treasured so little the mere daisies that grew on Pix Knoll? She would never see them again—and in their place only the terrible smile of the sea.

"Think," said Derwent, torturing with his voice the last hours in which she might make at least her thoughts her own; "think of what is ten thousand times more horrible than the most hideous of deaths—the life of a man, young, strong, able, who knows how to think, and how to live, condemned to a prison cell until he is old! No, *you* can't think of it; only such a man himself can conceive what it means, nor then truly until he has tried. I have tried it: and, if I could, I would not dare tell you all it means. You needn't know half to answer this—is there any imaginable thing a human being would not do to escape from hell? Having escaped, is there anything he would not do to remain free? Have I escaped—as some would say by miracle—to throw my last chance away for the sake of a child of whom I know nothing, scarcely so much as her name? When I said there is nothing I would not do for you if I could, I was not thinking of impossible things. I would cut off my right hand, Miss Fane, because I am 'grateful, but I could not go back to Lowmoor, because, though I am grateful, I am a man."

"Yes," said Rosamond, compelled to answer, "I *can* understand how a man would do anything to be free. But"—she dared to look round once more, and, in the matter of daring all things for freedom, she was very far indeed from being gifted with a man's soul; he saw her shudder, as she added, bitterly—"what need had you of me?"

"My dear young lady," said Derwent, "you are rashly inquiring into the great mystery of creation. Why must the weak always suffer for the strong? Why, that some may live, must others die? I presume you would welcome my return to Lowmoor, in order that you might be at home again. If you wish to know what need I had of you—simply, I dared not leave you behind. I have learned not to trust you, Miss Fane. Your heart is as true as steel, and you have the honour of a man; but you have a woman's tongue—you would betray me against your will: you

have done so already, ten to one. I tell you that I would have killed you, without scruple, if that had been the only way of silencing the only tongue that could tell the story of how I left the land, and what there was between your boat and me. The boat will be missed—perhaps it has been missed now: and your conscious silence would have put them on the track more surely than your open speech would have done. Leaving you on shore would have been the same as sending the bellman round. There is an Oswald, I remember—and, as I said before, what one woman knows in the morning, at least one man knows in the afternoon. No—if I had strangled you I should have been less a fool than if I had left you on shore alive. That was one reason why; another was that your loss would throw people off my trail: they won't connect you with me, and your vanishing will put out of people's minds the unprofitable search for one for whom nobody cares but the law—that's reason number two. Another was that, if we fall in with the help I'm looking for, your presence will account for a good many things—that's reason number three. Reason number four is—well, because carrying you off is cogging the dice, and getting the whip-hand of fortune, after all."

He paused, as if waiting for her to question him. But he had to take her silence for questioning.

"Yes," he went on, "it's all matter of chance with me. But it's different with you. I take you with me in the capacity of guardian angel, Miss Fane. With you on board, this boat, cockle shell as it is, will come to no harm; and, though we may reach starvation point, we shall not starve. I mean what I say—though it may sound as superstitious as faith always sounds to fools. Till he or she has lived his—or her—life out, nobody dies: else the universe would be a sheer bungle from beginning to end. I may have lived my own life out, for aught I know. But yours has not begun. You have the health of a mountain nymph; you are brave: you are wise, in your own way: you are of the stuff of which nature makes heroes—your time is not come. As to myself, it may be that your life's work is to save mine; for it may be my life that has got to be lived out, after all. But, if not, so long as you are in this boat, the boat dares not sink, and therefore I cannot drown; you will not starve, which means that help will come to me in coming to you. If Heaven lets you suffer for my deeds, then Heaven is ruled by fiends. And, as Heaven can't protect you without protecting me, or drown me without drowning you—you have reason number four: maybe the best and wisest of them all. Have you heard of the sword, the edge of which is the bridge to Mahomet's Paradise? The saints pass it—the sinners fall into the flames. This is the bridge to life and freedom. You *must* pass it—I cling to your skirts so tightly that you also must perish if I fall. Since you cannot be lost for my sake, I must be saved for yours."

The picture called up by his words was certainly not likely to lessen any of the fear that awe had left her. Nor was his catalogue of reasons, for all its frankness, of a nature to reassure any creature that found itself to be helplessly in this man's hands, and held to be of use in them. A very real earnestness had been increasingly revealing itself through his habitual, perhaps partly affected, lightness and indifference of tone; whether his professed belief in her protection, as if innocence were magic, was honest or no, his other reasons for complicating his escape with the apparent encumbrance of a girl were sound enough, and argued deliberately an unscrupulous heart no less than a singularly ready brain. No doubt he had found plenty of time to lay out his plans in detail while imprisoned in what had once been Rosamond's castle; but actual details seldom shape themselves so exactly in accordance with the best laid plans. Rosamond felt herself falling more and more helplessly into his grasp at every word. After all, the serpent, despite his fame, is a frank and honest creature, and the bird who comes to him has not, like the antelope of the lion, to complain of ambush and treachery.

"Oh," cried Rosamond's heart to her, "if Oswald could see me now!" The cry found no voice, but her companion's next words came as if in answer—

"And if you want a last reason, it is," said he, "that I, knowing what you are now, and what you will be, need you as no other man needs you, or will ever know how. I am staking more on this than liberty. Well: we shall know the end soon, now."

Truly it seems to Rosamond that they would indeed very soon know the end. What was his plan of saving himself in mid sea, and how far at her cost, were matters far too practical for her to gather. He was apparently drifting, and leaving everything to the caprice of the waves, which still, whether by the effect of a constant current, or of a still ebbing tide, carried the boat, though very slowly, still perceptibly farther from the lands. Small crafts were occasionally in sight, but Derwent appeared neither to seek nor to avoid them. For themselves, they were as unnoticeable as if they had been Moldwarp and Oswald—the hunters instead of the hunted. And with the passing of each sail, another hold upon life appeared to pass away; in truth, Rosamond hardly knew whether she was dead or alive.

Want of sleep and food were also telling, not the less because it was not thought of—at least by her, any more than was the passage of time, during which, since her companion's last words, silence remained unbroken.

"You had better pull your skirt over your head," said he at last, "the sun is getting strong; though I can't be sorry you lost your hat—that was a lucky chance on the whole, and promises well for the end. But it won't be lucky if you get a sun-stroke——"

"What does that matter?" asked she, faintly.

"Everything—to me; so do as you are told. And I think we may eat a mouthful, now, without being wasteful. Here is the loaf that we—stole. After all, you have a right to your own bread, any way: and I will take my share as a gift, as I did before. Help may be long in coming, and we must eke out our supplies—but all the same, it's time to break into them now. I wish there had been more time to lay in supplies. Break the loaf yourself, if you please—you have the cleaner hands."

Rosamond ate, forced by the now conscious hunger that proclaimed her spirit to be not even as yet wholly subdued. Then, to escape from further speech, she turned away her face, affecting to sleep, and indeed hoping that she might sleep, so that, if the approaching ocean was to devour her, she might perish before waking. She prayed silently as she best could, but scarcely with full faith—for she had to pray for miracles. Derwent's faith, in whatever it lay, must have been ten thousand times stronger than hers. He ate his bread slowly, as if to get all possible good out of its last crumb, and then giving himself up to complete inaction, sat stolidly with folded arms, as if he were a good Mussulman with the most supreme trust in destiny. Whatever he might be, even Rosamond could not but feel that there was something in his power of patience that, in a good sense, was more than human. She had found him capable of calculating and combining every chance, and at the same time of daring all things when there was anything to dare—and now she found him no less capable of the hardest thing of all: of doing nothing when there was nothing to be done. If she could only read one fragment of his mind as she believed him able to read, through and through, the whole of hers! Meanwhile, she could only credit him with some plan of action of which this absolute inaction was but a part, instead of its being the whole of his plan, and in truth the blind waiting upon fortune which it appeared to be. He had calculated the least impossible out of a thousand chances without one that was not desperate among them—and that was all. It must have been true that he had faith—and he had said that it was in Her.

She no longer watched the vanishing of the shore, or the nearing of the sea. Her heart had grown too faint and two dull for that, as well as her eyes. But at last the darkening of that long afternoon warned her that the night was at hand—the terror of darkness: the only new terror that remained. Death, if it were coming, had not even the mercy to come quickly. For the first time she buried her face in her hands, and moaned.

"Sit still and steady, Miss Fane, for life's sake!" cried Derwent. "I knew it—there was the one chance, *your* chance, and it has come. Only don't speak—and for heaven's sake, don't stir!"

Had Rosamond forthwith beheld an open miracle, she would

have thought it nothing strange. Indeed, the more it was of a miracle, the less strange it would have been. However, there was nothing strange to see—only her companion in peril hastily stripping from his body Silver Moldwarp's ragged shirt and tying it flagwise to the end of an oar. It was a signal that there was still light enough to be seen over a good breadth of water: but to what, and to whom? Were they the hunters, with Oswald at their head, and had the hunted man given in? Alas! his voice was far too full of hope, or rather of hope changed into joy. She dared not look round, to see what he had seen. Her heart beat violently with the dread that her flash of hope would die out all too soon.

Nothing happened. Was nothing ever to happen—was it her doom to drift in this wise through an eternity of nights and days? It was not as if she could call to mind a single sin that deserved the name. She tried to lift her eyes now, but failed—she was too weak even to see, and even the extemporised signal of distress, though but just over her head, was only visible through the mist that makes eyes blind. Even her perfect strength, worn out as she was both in body and mind, could no longer bear the strain, and the merest flash of hope was only enough, not to renew it, but to make it give way. She felt, rather than saw, that Derwent's eyes were upon her, as if bidding her to become deaf and blind. Presently she saw nothing, not even the flag, and the last thing she heard was a dull rhythm as of phantom oars; then followed a rush of waters, as she threw up her arms, and felt herself sinking into the depth of the sea. Yet even to the utmost depth the overmastering gaze of the demon who had usurped the rule of her life followed her. "Sophy!" she cried, faintly: "Oswald!" she tried to cry out, more faintly still. It was her last thought, that Oswald could not hear.

Faint, however, as the cry was, it had been heard. And he who heard it smiled with a sort of triumph—for he knew that they were no phantoms who pulled the approaching oars.

"Anyhow—exit Oswald!" said he. "I have seen a new thing under the sun: a girl who faints—at the right time."

CHAPTER XI.

And if the Queen herself would give
Her crown to buy from me
My homely weeds, and bid me live
As royally as she—

Yet if she won, full well I ween,
The things I lost thereby,
She still would be the crowned Queen,
The beggar still were I.

It will have been gathered that the escape from Lowmoor of the man called Lawrence Derwent had not been wholly due to any extraordinary amount of what is commonly considered skill. He had been

marvellously favoured by fortune; but then on the other hand he had earned her favours by trusting her boldly. Every chance had been against him from first to last, and yet he had won every throw. No doubt he had shown wisdom in his first choice of a hiding place—that is to say, the very house where he was the least likely to be looked for: but then the houses are few which contain a room where a man may lie hid for whole days together, and a daughter of the house upon whom he might rely as upon Rosamond. And even with her he would not have been safe had it not been for a combination of chances that the best skilled of players could not have prepared. Uncle Æneas, Sophy, Oswald Hargrave, Silver Moldwarp, nay, even such indirect agents of fortune as Mr. Pitcairn and the Doctor, had joined together to aid him, and, as if all this had not been enough, his reliance upon the guardianship of Rosamond's presence had been justified.

Even, as he had said. Rosamond's fit of weakness had been marvellously well timed. When she came to herself, with what seemed to her an agonising death-struggle out of death, she for an instant had lost memory, and believed herself to be on land. But she soon realised that her terrible adventure had only entered upon a new and even more inexplicable phase. She was no longer in the boat indeed; but its light dance had been exchanged for a steady swiftness, soon to be accounted for by the swelling of canvas and the lapping of divided waves. She lay upon the deck of a schooner, near the wheel, and, while she opened her eyes, she heard a sharp order roughly shouted in a shrill foreign tongue. What had happened now? Only yesterday she had been at home, and more safely and surely there, anyone would think, than a prisoner in Lowmoor. This evening she was out at sea, among dark-skinned and bearded sailors, dressed in outlandish colours, and, to her eyes, like a crew of savages. She could never have dreamed it possible that she would live to look round for Derwent for some assurance of safety. Yet the face of one's worst enemy may be the most welcome sight—and so it was then to her. At any rate, it was known.

At that moment he, bare-headed, was talking fluently in that same foreign tongue with one who was presumably in authority. The latter was a heavily-built man, with a sallow skin, a bristling black beard over half his face, quick black eyes, and bushy hair, dressed in a blue cloth shirt open at the throat, and with a large knife hanging from his leather belt by a cord. Of their talk she could not of course comprehend a single word: she only noticed that while the sailor frequently shrugged his shoulders and scowled, Derwent maintained his fluent ease, and was as elaborately courteous as when he had first entered her castle from the heap of straw. Unscrupulous scoundrel Derwent might be; but, even in his beggar's rags, with his cropped hair, and with the rough stubble with which three days had covered lip, cheeks, and

chin, he could not lose the air of a gentleman—or at least of having been so, once upon a time.

He was beside her so soon as her eyes opened, and in a moment she became the centre of a group whose curiosity appeared but little restrained by discipline. She tried to rise, but fell back feebly. Derwent spoke a few words to the skipper, if such he were, and then—and though not without more confusion than would have sufficed to clear a frigate's deck for action—the space round her was left free, and a half negro, more than half naked, and grinning like an ape, lurched up with a tin pan of something steaming in his hand.

"I told you," said Derwent, more solemnly than she had thought him able to speak, "I told you that I was safe with you, and that you were safe everywhere. The last chance—the chance I played for but hardly dared hoped for—has come. I am a free man, thanks to you—free as air. You must take a little of this; whatever it's made of it's food, and you are half starved."

"Where am I, now?" She could hardly hear her own whisper; but he heard.

"Don't talk—eat. You see where you are. Don't fear these fellows: I daresay they look rough enough to you, but you won't be with them long. I've settled everything."

"I only want to know one thing," said Rosamond, her eyes searching in vain for the land. "I only want to know if I am ever to see Sophy, ever to be home again."

"Hark!" said Derwent, as if he had not heard her question, "if I haven't forgotten all my sea-craft, we're in for a breeze, and as good a one as I could choose with the whole compass before me. You must learn to wait, Miss Fane. Judge what the need of freedom means to me, when, for its sake, I must make you second to it, with all my gratitude, and though knowing all you feel. You must submit to be lost for a little while. Hearts of sisters and uncles don't break, and they'll hear you're safe quite soon enough; you shall write at once from wherever we land."

She could not help starting to her feet, her faintness had gone. "From wherever we land? From where?"

"Have patience! By such luck as I never dared dream, we are on a foreign schooner, outward bound. Who we are, except that we are sea-waifs, worn out and starving, they neither know nor care. I shall work our passage, and they won't find they've made a bad bargain. We are on board the *Mercedes*, of Sebastian, from Blaiseborough to——"

"Where?"

"Well, Miss Fane—with some sort of cargo—to the South seas. Spain has possessions, you know, in that part of the world: perhaps the Philippines, but I don't exactly know yet, nor why she should have taken Blaiseborough in her course. However, so far as I can

judge she's a sound craft, not overloaded, and the Basques are good sailors, and not a bad lot take them all round."

"To the South Seas!"

"So I hear. I'm afraid you'll have to rough it a little, perhaps a good deal; and for some reasons of course it's unlucky that you're the only woman on board. But I've read you very wrongly if you're not born to be a sailor, Miss Fane. It will be something to have made a voyage to the Philippines in a Spanish trader."

"As if I cared for that!" she cried, clasping her hands. "Sophy, they will all think me dead, and I shall be at the other side of the world; God knows where. . . . God forgive you, whatever you are. I shall not die, I suppose, and some day I shall be at home again; though Heaven knows when. No; I am not afraid of the sea, nor of these men, among whom you have brought me. What could happen to me more than this? I am not afraid, not even of *you*!"

"Nor need you," said he, humbly. "And nothing else, so long as I am here."

In one important respect, at any rate, the man whose name Rosamond knew not even yet proved to be right; indescribably rough as were the quarters into which a delicately reared English girl had fallen, she was made to feel herself treated with kindness, at any rate with goodwill. Nor was this entirely a matter of course, as some who have been thrown by the sea upon the charity of such crews as that of the *Mercedes* can tell. It need not be said that nothing short of the profound sleep of exhaustion into which she fell before midnight could abate Rosamond's terrible distress of mind; indeed, to attempt to picture it, save by unwritten thought, must be in vain. It was too great to miss any comfort, and yet not too great to notice that what could be done for her comfort, where her mere presence was an encumbrance, had been done. The *Mercedes* had certainly not been built to carry passengers; she was by no means over clean, and the sailors themselves were sacrificed so far as possible to the merchandise, so that they had but scant opportunity of making further sacrifice for others. Yet, in some manner, room was found or made. Too ignorant to fear what other women would have feared, too familiar with phantoms and wonders to fear them longer, too helpless and hopeless for the active thoughts that banish sleep, she did sleep in some corner that had been cleared for her below deck, and did not even dream.

Only a few days ago, she had been as safe as any English girl may feel herself to be in the heart of home. There was no girl in England so little likely to find herself plunged into the midst of such an adventure as this was like to prove; but yesterday left safe on her own bed, now sailing before the wind for the South Seas; believed dead, and vanished alive. And all this,

because a convict had broken gaol; as though Lowmoor and the cottage at Crossmarsh were, in anything but distance, nearer to one another than the poles; or, absolutely nearer than wealth and the poverty that starves next door. Accident had, indeed, made her utterly dependent upon Derwent, even in the matter of language; she had no way of knowing so much as the story he had manufactured to account for the presence of a young man and young woman in an open boat out at sea. In the concoction of such a story, he was the last man in the world who was likely to be found at a loss; and, indeed, for that matter, there were a hundred equally plausible and open to him. It will happen, now and then, that those who have set out for pleasure have lost their oars, or otherwise broken down, and found themselves unable to make for home again. Or, again, the story of a love-flight, well told, commends itself at once to Southern ears, especially if the heroine be sufficiently young and fair. Or, even the bold confession of a desperate crime, and a flight for life, may, to such a crew as that of the *Mercedes* seemed, enlist the deepest sympathies of all. How things might have gone, with the pilot from Blaiseborough still on board, is not so easy to say; but even in this matter, the chance of which had, happily for his complete confidence in Rosamond's star, failed to occur to him, Derwent had been befriended by fortune. A man so amazingly befriended had the right to trust his own star for evermore; and, if he had failed to find a fitting story, must have proved himself no better than a fool. But, beyond this, he could prove his ability to be that prize of prizes, a man who will do two men's work for the pay of none. Nor was Rosamond herself one of those waifs who are supposed to bring a ship the ill luck of the prophet Jonah, unless, indeed, the fine weather should chance to fall foul.

But all these things were beyond her knowing or guessing. She could only return upon deck when she awoke, at last, to fold her hands, and look blankly round the unbroken horizon of the open sea. One of the crew, passing her about his work, said something to her in his unknown tongue, and, with a friendly smile, that might pass for a good morning, in place of the general scowl that seemed to be part and parcel of the cargo of the *Mercedes*; but the smile was as useless as the words. Every sailor on board might be her zealous friend, if he could know her story; but her story was not one that could be told by signs. She did not see Derwent. It was a relief; and yet the absence of her enemy made her feel yet more without a friend.

That day, and for the next, and for the next, until the days grew past counting, the fine weather and the favouring breeze held on. It was a golden year; and the year's monotony of colour was reflected by the life of Rosamond on board her prison. The most passionate lover of the sea would have found the voyage dull, and Rosamond was assuredly in no mood to give her interest

in the thousand daily things that should have fed her fancy with fresh interest all day long. Yet it was impossible that any human mind could pass through such a period of suspense and solitude without either losing its balance, and going mad, once for all, or else adapting itself, in some measure to the most maddening condition; so it was well for Rosamond that she was young. After all, every day, though it carried her farther away from Crossmarsh, in point of distance, carried her nearer in point of time. At any rate, in a strange country, she would be able to throw off the tyranny from which she could not escape, while at sea, without wings; and, meanwhile, until the need for action came, she was safe from having to put herself face to face with the question of how she should return.

Were it seen through the eyes of the Spanish skipper, or, perhaps, through those of Lawrence Derwent, the voyage of the *Mercedes* would, no doubt, be a history itself, and not a page well-nigh as blank as was the sea itself, for the greater part of the time. But few, or rather none, would care to read the journal of a voyage in a slaver kept by a slave, at least, beyond the first page. By the time that custom had dulled her first despair, it had also dulled her senses to the mere discomforts of such a voyage; and, it was surely something, even though it seemed shameful to regard such lesser evils, that she had been carried off without a change of clothes, that all the conditions of her life were not only hard and rough but repulsive, and that even such kindness as she received was rough and outlandish to the last extreme. She had to accustom herself to strange food strangely prepared and uncleanly served, and to strange sounds that she could not understand. Her whole communication with some fragment of the outer world as the *Mercedes* contained was only obtained through the man who had brought her here, and who might tell her just as much or as little as he pleased. Seen through Rosamond's eyes, a sailing voyage half round the world was a blank, or rather, such a voyage as some of us have made in a dream between two dreams. Climate followed climate; sail after sail came into sight and disappeared, latitude after latitude was passed, but the days remained the same, as undistinguishable as shroud from shroud by a landswoman's eyes. And yet there were times when the uncertainty of strange shores made her almost dread to think of the day when the *Mercedes* would at last cast anchor, and when, without even an enemy's aid, she would have to find her way back home alone; and how that was to be done was a prospect as blank as the sea.

One day—in what month or even in what season of the year she knew not, for she had lost count of time at the outset, and left it to Derwent to guess at the questions that she never put to him—Derwent being idle for the moment, or in a mood for talk,

came to where she was standing, and leant beside her over the low stern. Though, during so dull a fair-weather voyage, his idle hours must have been many, he had not often made use of them in this way, but on the whole, except when there was occasion, had shown his gratitude by avoiding her; sometimes two days would pass together without his making an opportunity for speaking to her.

"We ought to be near an end of our voyage by now," said he, "if this wonderful wind but half holds. Do you know why it is that they have treated you as nearly like a princess as this vile old hulk will allow? It's because you've brought them a passage the like of which the best and fastest craft doesn't make once in a lifetime. That's their notion—that you're a sort of sea-angel that the *Mercedes* had the luck to find; and upon my soul I believe it's true. You are a mystery to them, but the wind vouches for you. If you had picked up any of their language, you would have heard the wildest things said of you—and yet none so very wild. There's a Basque fellow here who's going to give a silver heart to Saint Rosamunda. I tell him there's none in the calendar, but he says he knows better; and, after all, what should a heretic like me know of such things?"

This was speaking in yet a new vein. With nothing to answer, she turned her face to a distant cloud, the only dark spot visible on earth or in heaven, as being the thing that was farthest away from him, and perhaps the thing that was nearest to home of all that she could see.

"Miss Fane," said he, more gravely, "there is at least one thing I must talk to you about before this voyage ends. You do not know all you have done in saving me from that English gaol. If you did know, you would think all that you have gone through a cheap price to have paid—or at any rate well worth the paying. I have been obliged to make you pay it against your will—to rob you of it, as it were; but you would be glad, if I know you, and if you knew all. The work is done. We shall soon be at anchor now, and I shall be beyond the reach of friend or foe. The man that I have been will have died—so utterly that I will not even tell you his name. I shall be a new man with a new name. Miss Fane, hate the dead man as much as you will, since you cannot know all; but, for God's sake, don't hate the new."

There was such real earnestness in his speech that, for the first time she could not help feeling that what the man was now saying was simple and true.

"I have not blamed you for doing the best you could for yourself," said she. "As you said to me, long ago, what were I or mine to you? And what should they be?"

"They should be everything—and they are. But I am not free till we are ashore. It will be my duty to guard you then; not against my will, as you have saved me, but with all my heart and soul."

"You will send me—home?"

"I am coming to that matter, Miss Fane. What are they thinking at Crossmarsh? That you are dead, drowned, or lost over the cliffs. They will have given up the search by now, and time has turned you into a memory. I tell you there is no power on earth that can henceforth, by searching, find me or you. You are dead and so am I. You have a sister, I believe?—"

"And you have broken her heart."

"Indeed, I have done nothing of the kind. Why, she can't have grown a heart at her age; and if she has, it will mend. Miss Fane, it is your duty not to throw away on a country parish a life such as yours was made to be. Recognise the road that has opened for you through me—the road that will lead you to those high places for which you are made. I have watched you from hour to hour every day, and have learned to know you through and through. You believe yourself to be in the apathy of despair. You are nothing of the kind. You will find yourself a woman by the time you land; you have not once lost courage, nor broken down under what would have killed nine girls out of ten—but what am I saying? It all comes to this—I have escaped from gaol, and you from a home that was worse than a gaol for such as you. You no more dare go back again than I. You are free. You dare not throw your freedom away."

"I do not understand—not one word!" said Rosamond, startled at last, by his growing earnestness, into listening as she had never listened before. "As if I am not breaking my own heart over Sophy—as if it were not like dying every minute till I see them all again!"

"So you think—now. But how will you think when you have grown old in some Crossmarsh or other, and think how you once had the chance given you of living your life, with which Heaven trusted you, and how you let it go. Chances like this are inspirations; they are commands, and they never come again. Every creature has its one grand chance, and this is yours. Do you suppose it is for nothing that this has come to you, before you have lost a year? I will tell you my whole story, and when you know that you shall decide whether you and I together are not made to do with the world what we will."

Her spirit, so long deadened into an unnatural sleep, was touched into waking life, and there flashed across her mind an old engraving she had once seen of the Temptation on the Pinnacle of the Temple. Who was this man who could make himself invisible at will, and was now, in so many plain words, offering her the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them in exchange for her home.

Again she looked towards the black spot of cloud in the distance, but not in such a manner as to see that while she had been listening it had grown till nearly half the sky was clouded astern.

"I cannot—I *will* not understand!" she exclaimed, again. "If I were a queen—like what these men think I am—I would sooner never reach the shore alive, than understand one word."

"You mean you would call up a storm? As if anything you could do would change what is to be! You were glued to Cross-marsh like a limpet to a rock—and here you are in the Pacific; and the same power which has forced you so far will force you to the end, you may be sure. If you are to be a queen, a queen you will be. Miss Fane—you *cannot* go home!"

"Cannot!" she said, aghast—for what, after all, had her will yet been able to prove against this man's power? "Do you mean that I shall die?" For surely no power less strong than death had the right to deny her all that life meant to her, or could ever mean.

"I mean—— But, good God! what is this?" he cried, suddenly starting from her, and looking round in dismay. For suddenly, as if she who had appealed to the elements to aid her had been taken at her word, the darkness of the sky had overtaken them and the fresh breeze was lost in a thunder of wind. "Below at once with you, Rosamond—Miss Fane!" cried Derwent, raising her as best he could, for both had been thrown over, and had rolled half across the deck, as the *Mercedes* was sent well-nigh flat upon the waves with the blow of the wind.

Counting over a thousand chances, so as not to miss the least of them, he had yet forgotten to include in his reckoning a tropical storm. There was nothing that thousands have not encountered in the sudden fury that suddenly, one may say in a moment, maddened the whole air without warning or seeming cause. It is true that while Derwent had been endeavouring to whisper the teachings of the serpent into Rosamond's ears, the Spanish skipper's eyes had been less idle, and that some good minutes before the outbreak had sufficed to take in every inch of sail. But, for the rest, the *Mercedes* was at the mercy of the hurricane, as it lashed and tore the sea into a madness to rival its own. The wind itself seemed black, and to be the cause of the heavy darkness that thickened around. It was no British crew; and shouts, oaths, and yells battled with the wind—prayers, also, which some of the sailors of the *Mercedes* seemed to hold more efficacious than praying with the strength of their hands. It is true that to keep his legs was as much as the most active could do; and Derwent did not repeat his perfectly impracticable order to Rosamond to take refuge below. The world had become a chaos of darkness and wind.

A sailor could doubtless give a better account. To Rosamond, it was chaos indeed—but yet, with this supreme peril, her fears, her constant companions, were swept away as if they had never been born. The sight of the hand of God cast out all the fear of man. She could pray now, faithfully and without shame; for she seemed to see and feel the presence to which she prayed. "Sophy thinks me dead—let her think twice!" thought she.

Suddenly, in the midst of it all, she heard a crash as if the ship were breaking; then the *Mercedes* fell over, and, when she recovered herself, lay like a log that the waves themselves could no longer move.

"Miss Fane!" shouted Derwent, above the yells of the skipper and the crew, "*you* can be brave—show it now, by not moving foot or hand."

The *Mercedes* had become unnaturally steady; but also lay unnaturally low in the waves, which were breaking over her bows as she pitched forward heavily, as if with the intention of plunging below. Taking advantage of her log-like state, Derwent made his way to where the crew were gathered in confusion. Rosamond, seeing the group, as if it were of shadows through the black wind, heard for some minutes the sounds of a noisy consultation, which, after awhile, ended in silence, Derwent's voice being the last that was heard. Then, looking beyond the group, she seemed to be conscious of a yet larger and darker shadow looming full in the course of the *Mercedes*, and out of the direction of the pursuing clouds. How long the storm had lasted, she could not tell; but, though no sailor, she knew it had been long enough to drive the schooner out of her path before leaving her with a shifted cargo and broken down.

In another minute Derwent was again by her side. "Do what I tell you," said he, "without a word. There is real danger—you are one who is best told—the confounded cargo is rolling, and there's no sort of doubt has knocked its way through the hold; and nothing can be done in such a sea, and we pitching in the dark dead towards a lee shore, that may be anywhere in the world for all these imbeciles can tell."

"Is it a wreck?" asked Rosamond, in a voice more quiet than his own.

"We may go to pieces any moment. And *I* have brought *you*—but I'm not going to trouble you now. We shall get what we deserve, no doubt, at last—I and you. But there's one chance yet. Come! Yes; for the sake of all you hope to see again, you must hold to my arm now—even mine."

The chance appeared to be that, with a shore in sight and reach, the boats carried by the *Mercedes* might save her crew before the waves rolled over and through her; for that she was sinking bodily there was no doubt at all, literally beaten to pieces by the loosened cargo, whatever it was, and the tornado's fury. Derwent brought her, not without difficulty, into the midst of the desperate crew, who now regarded their former guardian angel with threatening gestures and evil eyes. She had but mocked them with fair breezes the more surely to destroy them with a storm—this witch who had come among them straight from the sea.

But she understood the full meaning neither of their gestures, nor of their words. She only knew what the whirl of the next

instants left her the sense to feel and see. The boat was speedily on the waves that now came nearly deck high, and was held by a single rope to prevent her, till she was filled and could be cast off, from being carried away.

"The lady first!" cried Derwent; and she found herself, she knew not how, thrust into the boat that seemed to strain at the rope for freedom. She clambered as best she could over the thwarts, to make all the room she could, but none followed her. What was being done? Some desperate quarrel seemed to be raging on board, even at that awful time. Where was Derwent? He, surely, did not mean to drown. Suddenly she felt the rope strain, while the clamour on board grew fiercer than ever. It was as if none would enter the boat, ~~which~~ the presence of the storm-witch had doomed. Then she heard a heavy splash, as if some part of the ship had given way: and then all became as silent as the grave. What did it all mean, she cried out?—but only the wind answered her.

It was horrible. She cried out again; but her cry was silenced by a shock of the boat against the side of the *Mercedes*. A great wave heaved up between them; she could feel the cable strain to its utmost—and then, like a sea-bird set free, the boat gave an upward leap, and bounded forward, through the black air and over the black water, as if it were a living thing, bearing her on—Heaven knew whither!—and, at last, utterly alone.

What followed must surely have been a dream—only that dreams are ten thousand times less strange.

She was lying on a beach of white sand, too weak to move, and with the sensation of a horrible aching in all her limbs. She still heard the beat of the sea, but the wind was dead, and the sky was heavenly blue. A fragrance more soft and mystical than that of the sea filled the air, and trees of a strange growth, such as she had seen in books of travels, climbed half-way up a cliff at the further end of the bay. And she was being stared at, as though they were made of eyes, by a boy and a girl, of perhaps some eight years old, as beautiful as Cupid and Psyche, as brown as coffee berries, and as naked as they had been born.

She tried to speak; but, so soon as they saw her eyes, they took to their heels.

END OF BOOK I.

AN ANSWER TO "A PLEA FOR VEGETARIANISM."

THE number of *Time* for February, 1883, contains a paper, headed "A Plea for Vegetarianism," by H. S. S., who prefaces his essay by the confession that "I am a vegetarian, and that I mean to say all the good I can of the principles of vegetarianism." Having read the essay, one is rather surprised, if he has said all that there ~~is~~ to be said in favour of his views, that the writer has not fully adopted the proverbial course of an advocate with a bad case, and abused the witnesses on the other side. The physiological and, to a scientific mind, the one and unanswerable argument against a pure and simple vegetarian diet for human things is, that the human organs are not adapted for it. All analogy and comparative anatomy show distinctly that the human teeth, stomach, intestines, gastric juices, &c., are constructed with a view to the digestion of *flesh* and not of vegetables only. Man is generally regarded and spoken of as the most perfect object of creation; but if the adaptation of means to an end is to be taken as a test of perfection, and if the vegetarian theory holds good, man must be placed very low indeed in the scale of creation; for those who know most of the subject will be strongest in their views, that a *Polyp* is far better fitted by construction for its natural mode of existence and sustenance than human beings are for a purely vegetable diet. I am afraid, however, it would be as hopeless to expect a prize ox at the Smithfield show to enjoy a dinner of stewed beefsteak, as to anticipate that the foregoing argument will affect the opinion of H. S. S. and his co-vegetarians. Quitting, therefore, scientific argument, and dealing with the matter not so much as an anti-vegetarian as simply from the point of view of an unscientific meat eater, the arguments of H. S. S. do not "hold water."

If the professed vegetarians find they can live without eating meat, they are perfectly at liberty to do so, without, so far as I am concerned, entailing upon themselves any stronger epithets than crotcheteers, a description for which H. S. S. appears quite prepared. Dr. Abernethy shares with Dean Swift, Dean Ramsey and Joe Miller the putative paternity of a great many of the most familiar anecdotes. It is related of the skilful but decidedly eccentric surgeon that in the course of an interview with a patient, he asked the patient "Why (the something strong) do you drink wine?" "Because it suits my constitution and does me good," said the patient. "You are a liar!" said the doctor; "you take it because you like it." Without being so

uncourteous as to apply the foregoing story to H. S. S. and his co-vegetarians, I am quite prepared to accept it as applying to myself, and to admit, without going into any question of the suitability or necessity to my constitution of meat as an article of diet, that I take it because I like it, and that such being the case, I consider myself quite justified in doing so, with reference to the matter of justification, unless the advocates of vegetarianism are prepared to draw a distinction between taking the life of an animal for food and taking that of a fish, which seems hardly conceivable. I cannot imagine how a professing *Christian* can possibly require any further justification than the example of our Divine Master, who exerted His supernatural powers to procure a cargo of fish for His disciples, and who also prepared, or caused to be prepared for them, a meal of broiled fish. The point of the argument of H. S. S. appears to be that it is not excusable to take life merely for the sake of providing food. How can he, if he is a Christian, get over the authority quoted? It was certainly not a case of necessity, for the same power that provided the draught of fishes or the meal of broiled fish, could with equal facility have provided the most sumptuous of vegetarian banquets. To many of the readers of *Time*, whose family circles comprise more mouths to feed than there are hundreds of pounds a year of income to support them, the economic arguments in H. S. S.'s paper will, at first sight, appear the most cogent he brings forward. Few housekeepers, I take it, have not at one time or another heaved a sigh over the ever increasing weekly bill for meat, and wished most cordially that that important item could be eliminated from the cost of housekeeping. A little consideration will, however, show that the force of the economic argument entirely fails, unless the vegetarians are prepared to carry their objection to taking animal life much further than procuring of food: granting for a moment, for the sake of argument, that the vegetarian's objection to the slaughter of animals for food holds good, what is to be said to the various products of hides, horns, bones, wool, animal manure, hair, &c., a very large portion of which is, I take it, procured from the *offal* of animals now slaughtered primarily for the purpose of *food*? If it is legitimate to rear and kill animals with a view to obtaining leather boots, harness, clothing, manure, mortar for building, &c., but not to eat the portions of the animals so slaughtered which are suitable for food, the cost of rearing the animals would have to be found by the product exclusive of what is now used as food, and there really would be no saving whatever; but, on the contrary, the vast quantity of food wasted would have to be provided from other sources, so actually *increasing* the cost of living.

From an æsthetic point of view, adopting the expression made use of by H. S. S.—the interior of a slaughter house in full work

is *not* a pleasant subject for contemplation. Neither is the process of preparing flax, as will have been painfully apparent to anyone who has had the misfortune to reside within *smelling* distance of flax works. A field of standing grass, or flower-spangled grass, ready for cutting, has, from the earliest days of poetry, been a favourite theme for the poetic muse. But a walk over a freshly manured field (and I take it manuring is as necessary to the procuring of food for the vegetarian as slaughtering to that of the *meat* eater) will be found by most people to be as *de-appetising* as sniffing a faint lily, though perhaps hardly so æsthetic. A Sonnet to my Lady's Eyebrows, written on delicately-tinted, double-milled, superfine paper may be æsthetic, but hardly so the bale of bags, or the components of the dye from which the delicately-tinted paper originated. The most inveterate gourmand who ever attended a Lord Mayor's feast would hardly bring forward the journeymen butchers as a body typical of high-minded, refined, polished Englishmen; but I really cannot see that, as a body, they are necessarily to be regarded as a more debased class than the Irish tenants who won't pay their rent, and therefore shoot the landlords who ask for their money, or beat to death any of their neighbours who may be imbued with the principles of common honesty. Nor can I think the butchers very much worse than a north-country miner who half kills his wife, by kicking her about the head with hob-nailed boots, because she has given him roast veal for dinner two Sundays running, or bestowed the last half-pint of milk on the baby instead of the "bull pup."

With regard to the animals themselves, it cannot be disputed that, by placing an animal in circumstances most suitable to its natural mode of life, keeping it in perfect health, and supplying it with an ample quantity of suitable food, man confers upon it the greatest amount of happiness of which it is capable; and this is just what the *meat* producer is bound, in his own interest, to do; an unhealthy animal is to him comparatively valueless; so that, unless he succeeds in keeping his flock or herd *healthy* (which, I take it, so far as the animals are concerned, is synonymous with happiness and the enjoyment of life), he fails in *his* object, which is to make money. With reference to the greatest amount of happiness of which animal life is capable, there is something to be said for and against the usual treatment of male animals not required for breeding purposes; but this hardly affects the argument as to the propriety of *killing* animals for *food*. A strict vegetarian, who abstains from milk and its products, has one humanitarian argument in his favour, which can only be met by non-vegetarians by a plea of *necessity* to keep up the supply of milk, and that is the unnatural treatment of *calves*, which are taken away from their mothers almost as soon as born. But, after all, these are only treated in the same way as a very large number of children; and of the children so treated a very large proportion are those

generally regarded as born with silver spoons in their mouths. Further, I think the cow has just cause of complaint against us, for, having suffered all the discomforts of maternity, she is at once deprived of all its pleasures.

Finally, with regard to the method of slaughtering animals, every human being worthy of the name of a *man* must be most anxious that in ministering to his wants and pleasures, the least possible amount of pain shall be caused to the lower animals he uses, and will welcome most heartily any suggestion from friend or opponent which may conduce to that end. If the vegetarians will direct their efforts in this direction they will be doing good work to humanity, and any success on their part will earn for them the thanks of the community. So far, however, as they are engaging in a crusade against *flesh-eating* generally, I am afraid they must reconcile themselves to be classed by a great majority of their fellow creatures with anti-vivisectionists, anti-vaccinationists, rabid "total abstainers," and other well-meaning *crotcheteers*, who, if they would carry their views into practice thoroughly, would inflict incalculable evil upon humanity at large, but who, by their exertions as a small *minority*, do much good, by keeping before the *majority* the abuses to which, like all human systems, the customs to which the enthusiast's objects are liable, and causing those abuses to be remedied.

J. W. POWER.

IN THE ROUGH WIND.

Blow on, rough wind, and what care I ?

Blow, wild wind, blow on for ever !
Make the bowed tree-tops wail and sigh,
Drive the black cloud-rack scudding by,
And toss the birds in the tossing sky ;
For he returns to me, never, never !

Scatter the torn leaves at my feet,
Blow, wild wind, blow on for ever !
For peaceful hearts calm skies are meet,
To mine this turmoil is more sweet.
Beat on my head, rude tempest, beat,
Since he returns to me, never, never !

And calm was sweet but yesterday.
Now, wild wind, blow on for ever !
But yesterday 'twas sweet to stray
Trystwards, along this moorland way,
To meet—I thought not then to say,
To meet in love, in wrath to sever.

The fault was mine, I own it all ;
Blow, wild wind, blow on for ever !
Out on the cruel words ! let fall
In haste, that turn love's sweet to gall ;
Uttered so soon ; but whose recall
Lies in the desolate, hopeless " never ! "

Out on folly, and welaway !
Blow, wild wind, blow on for ever !
In pride and wantonness of sway
Why must a maid with her jewel play ?
The pearl of lovers, but yesterday,
Was mine—to be mine again, never, never !

To-day I walk the moor alone.
Blow, wild wind, blow on for ever !
Like the torn leaves in ruin strown,
Are the sweet hopes that were mine own ;
In the wild wind I make my moan,
For that which comes again, never, never !

F. SCARLETT POTTER.



IN THE ROUGH WIND.

FLYING NOTES FROM ACHEEN.

PASSING in at the Straits of Malacca, and sailing eastward, the varied and beautiful scenery which strikes the eye on all sides may be likened to a perpetually-shifting panorama, each scene being grander and more magnificent than can be seen anywhere else in the world. Here you notice numberless islets, some level, and others pyramidal, floating like so many green oases upon the waters; there you appear to be skimming past the coasts of large continents or islands. Again, as you advance in the direction of the rising sun, you behold a succession of verdant plains or savannahs, which suddenly give place to bolder views, which bear a great resemblance to Alpine regions, and are crowded with brilliant vegetation to the very summits, which often reach such a height as to seem lost in the clouds. In some places the sea becomes as narrow as a river, and the eye is arrested by the coral reefs, which here intersect the islands, studded by leafy isles, sheltered by mountains, overhung by cliffs and precipices, and coloured with a variety of gorgeous hues by the superb reflection of the shores. Elsewhere, the waters unfold themselves into expanses, kissed by the sun, so large that for whole days you may be out of sight of land, though one is kept aware of its probable vicinity by the swift flight of birds, or the appearance of small prahus, which are of too frail structure to bear the buffets of the surges of the mighty ocean. The reflection which springs to one's mind is that you are passing over the ruins of a submerged continent, destroyed by an opposite element to the well known Italian cities, the pinnacles only of which are visible above the water. At other times you are inclined to imagine that a portion of the earth's crust has been upheaved by volcanic action, and is preparing to prolong indefinitely the southern borders of Asia, already too vast to be looked upon as one division of the globe. But whatever bias your geological meditations may take, you cannot avoid regarding with intense interest the ever-changing aspect of the groups all round you, peopled by vast masses of human beings, in very different stages of civilisation. Here you note fleets of prahus, laden with merchandise procured from Europe, steering their way, helped by oars and sails, towards the Aroo Islands, and the shores of New Guinea; there you see other fleets of similar embarkation, but steering towards Macassar, Labuan, Sarawak, or Singapore, loaded with the rich articles of commerce, which are procured among the islands on

the eastern verge of the Indian Archipelago. You cannot fail to be deeply interested in these unsophisticated, but bold and active agents of civilisation. The impulse which moves them to undertake such voyages, and fraught with peril as they are, is undoubtedly the love of gain; their mental horizon is naturally bounded by consideration for their own welfare, and that of their families; they are not under the guidance of any enlarged philosophy; they do not contemplate any comprehensive or lasting results; speculation on the golden awards of fame find no place in their minds, or no second life is lived in the grateful emotions of remote ages, who have received benefit from their patriotism or love of enterprise. But they nevertheless faithfully accomplish the duties of civilisation's first apostles—making a link between innumerable groups of islands by the chain of commerce, whose golden touch everywhere arouses men to industry, and incites those who are naturally lethargic to efforts, which result in serving their neighbour and benefitting themselves.

Three nationalities who inhabit the Indian Archipelago—namely, the Malays, Dyaks, and Arabs—and who mainly subsist by levying war on industry, are nevertheless themselves industrious at intervals. Choosing a suitable site, I have heard that in Borneo they build themselves neat and capacious villages, of which, because they are extremely singular, it may be interesting to give a brief description. As usual in all prolific countries like Borneo, situated near the equator, the trees attain an immense bulk and height, and grow close together in the primeval forest. The natives, displaying a taste and originality of conception, first suggested by the nature of the climate, ascend these mighty denizens of the jungle, and cutting the top and projecting branches at a height averaging from forty to fifty feet from the ground, barking them to stop their growth, convert them into so many pillars. On the summit of these they lay the foundations of their future village, which thus, even in the most marshy situation is airy, cool, and healthy. The habitations are made of timber and light cane-work, which are fashioned with republican simplicity, of an equal height and dimensions. Traversing their whole length runs a broad balcony or verandah, with low lattice work in front, to protect the children from the perils of tumbling over. Frequently this gallery surrounds the whole village, and commands prospects over the river and country.

Partiality for gardens has been introduced by the Chinese into Sumatra and other parts of the Indian Archipelago; these people, rough and sensual in many other respects, are in a great degree poetical in their fondness for horticulture. Doubtless Europeans, adhering to their own theories in everything, would detect a great deal to find fault with in these Eastern paradises. But with their spruce beds, their alleys carefully laid out, their plants, flowers,

and withal luxuriant vegetation, they must still offer an extremely pleasant feature to the imagination. Close at hand also are to be seen the cocoa-nut groves with their cleared stems and crown of clustering fruit, with long pendant leaves waving languidly in the wind. Every fact connected with the Straits of Malacca and the islands situated further east that has been brought under the notice of Europeans goes to show both their wealth and importance. When a navigator lands on a desert island, he can form an idea of the quality of the soil from the characteristics and abundance, or otherwise, of the timber it produces. But, on the other hand, when an island is inhabited, a different form of judgment is necessary, and a favourable conclusion or otherwise is gained from the number, wealth, and affluence of the population. We may here adopt both these evidences towards reaching a correct decision. In all the islands, of whatever size, only excepting a few bleak rocks, the vegetable kingdom is rich and magnificent beyond description. Nowhere else on the face of the globe does the earth appear to display a more fruitful virtue. Trees of tremendous size, shrubs and creepers of unexampled beauty and luxuriance, flowers of the most splendid colours and choice form, and fruits, unequalled for their perfume and flavour, display themselves to the gaze of the traveller. The forests abound with fragrant gums, the seas and rivers teem with fish, the earth with the most costly minerals and metals. Nor are the inhabitants unprovided with ingenuity and enterprise to turn these benefactions of Nature to good account. All the primary processes of civilization are carried on in many parts, and it only needs the cherishing influence of an upright government to bring the social scheme to maturity. Our imagination is too much inclined to be dazzled by mention of gold and precious stones, aromatic spices, and all those other sumptuous articles of luxury with which nearly all parts of Asia abound. The Straits of Malacca and the islands of the Indian Archipelago are not wanting in these fascinating commodities. Gold and diamonds are to be found in great quantities in Borneo; but it is not for this reason that we should wish to see English influence prevalent in the island. To profit the inhabitants as well as ourselves, we should strive to summon into action the productive energies of the soil, a far more certain source of wealth than the most valuable ores and gems. The discovery of coal on Labuan and the opposite shores of Borneo must suggest the advisability of exploring the natural capabilities of the group. It has been hinted, too, that the maritime districts of Sumatra would grow cotton, not inferior in quality to that grown in the high lands of Georgia. The cotton grown in Sarawak, of which I have scrutinized several samples, is fine, though rather short stapled; but carrying our thoughts further northwards, to the mountainous territories in the vicinity of Kene Balu, it appears probable that regions far more propitious for the cultivation of cotton will then be discovered.

Many of the Aborigines of Sumatra subsist by gathering camphor in the forests, or the gorgeous and lovely feathers of birds, or cutting canes or sandalwood, which is the wood of a small tree resembling the privet. Others turn their attention to the cultivation of rice, cocoa-nuts, pepper, nutmegs, cinnamon, and other spices. In Sumatra the nutmeg has been successfully cultivated. We gain the knowledge from Sir T. Raffles that in the year 1820 there was a plantation at Bencoolen, situated on the north-west of that island, numbering no less than 100,000 nutmeg trees, one-fourth of which were in full bearing. The trees are very pretty to look at, and are of larger growth than the clove. When the fruit is approaching maturity, and it has attained the size and look of a small peach, the outer-skin is thick, and of a rather tough and fibrous substance. This part bursts asunder, disclosing a membranous covering underneath, of a brilliant red colour, which, after the process of drying, becomes the mace of commerce. This encloses a thick black shell, which in its turn envelops the kernel or nutmeg.

On the north-east coast of Sumatra, where the Dutch Tobacco-growing settlement of Deli, is situated, is an immense alluvial plain, extending from the sea until it reaches the foot of a very lofty range of volcanic mountains, which pass lengthways through the whole island. The soil is of the richest description, and everything grows upon it in the greatest luxuriance. It is considered by old West Indian planters fully equal to that of Cuba and Haiti, which rank among the best in the world. At present it is covered with a thick jungle. The river Deli is situated about forty miles beyond the river Bedaggi. In the space between the rivers Deli and Bedaggi there are twelve others; quite a network of small streams seem to intersect the country. At Deli, concessions of land were to be procured from the Dutch government on very easy terms; and the expense of obtaining them was a penny an acre. Only 500 bauws can be granted to any one person. (A bauw is a Dutch acre). On the completion of the clearing of one-half of the concession, the Dutch government is bound by the agreement to double the grant free of any charge. The tobacco plant costs in Penang $8\frac{1}{2}$ cents per lb., and sells at one dollar in Amsterdam. On the estates in Deli the Chinese are paid according to the number of heads of tobacco plants that they deliver into the fermenting house, so that they are interested in keeping the plant in order, free from insects, etc. The price varies from one dollar to eight dollars per thousand plants.

The Deli Maatschappij is the principal tobacco company at Deli, which was established in Amsterdam in 1869. As soon as the tobacco crop is finished the planters plant young nutmeg trees, with plantain trees to shade them from the sun until they become sufficiently strong.

Although tobacco will grow and arrive at perfection in all warm

and temperate climates, it succeeds far better in some situations than in others. With the exception of a small spot in the island of Martinico, where that peculiar flavoured leaf, celebrated under the name of Macuba, is produced, the tobacco of Cuba is the finest in the world. The produce of the Rio Negro and of Cumana is also of a superior aromatic quality. From the earliest period the virtues of camphor appear to have been recognised by the Arabian physicians, and the islands of Sumatra and Borneo have always been famous as the land of its production.

The tree which produces the best camphor is indigenous to Sumatra, the camphor tree propagates itself in the mountains of Sumatra, without trouble or labour to the natives, as it grows without any cultivation in the forests contiguous to the sea coast, on the north side of the island. It is not found native to the south of the line, nor yet further than the third degree of latitude. European explorers have not as yet been able to find out the veritable name of the tree, that is, in any of the native languages; but there is no apparent reason to doubt that its propagation is completely confined to the two islands of Sumatra and Borneo. The camphor tree in girth and height equals the biggest timber tree, often arriving at the enormous size of over 15 feet in circumference. The trunk is arboreous, and its bark is of a brownish tint. Its leaves grow on short petioles, the larger ones being alternate, the smaller opposite; they average from three to four inches in length and an inch broad. Their form is elliptic, ending in an extraordinarily long and slender point. The fibres are straight, and run parallel to each other.

Places where the camphor tree grows in abundance are generally considered unhealthy, the reason probably being the nature of the soil, and the peculiar conditions necessary for the prosperous state of that tree.

The name given by the natives to camphor is Kapūr Barus. The word Kapūr is derived from the Sanscrit Karpūra, and also from the Arabic and Persian Kāfūr, from which is obtained our name of camphor; a corruption from the language of the country where the commodity is indigenous. Bārus is the name of a place which forms the principal market of this particular article of commerce in Sumatra, and is, therefore, added to the original name, by traders, to distinguish it from the similar product which is grown in Japan. It was formerly matter of supposition that the people of China and Japan concocted a fictitious substance which bore great resemblance to the native camphor, and then impregnated this substance with a little of its virtue by the mixture of a small quantum of the genuine drug. The real truth of the case has been fully ascertained, and it is known that the Japan camphor is the genuine product of a tree growing in abundance in that country, though differing in quality and character from the similar tree, a native of Sumatra and Borneo, and well known to botanical

authorities as the *Laurus camphora*. The camphor of Sumatra is so much superior to that of Japan, that the Chinese easily distinguish between the two and reserve the former for their own use at an exorbitant price, and export the latter as a thing they do not think much of. The Sumatra camphor never by any chance reaches this country, because it is so much esteemed by the Chinese and other natives in the East, that its price, compared to that of the Japanese article, is in the ratio of twenty to one, which may be attributable rather to the superstitious virtues imputed to it than from any intrinsic difference in its real value.

Camphor is procurable from the tree by two modes; the first by inflicting wounds in the bark from whence it exudes, the second by the help of fire. The drug procured by the first method is considered much superior in quality. The most noticeable difference in the qualities of the three kinds of camphor consists in their volatility. Japan camphor, procured by a process of boiling the wood, will volatilize completely away when exposed to the action of the air; but that procured naturally in Japan does, in some measure, lose its weight under the same circumstances, while it is asserted that the kind from Sumatra hardly diminishes at all in quantity by being kept.

Camphor produces an oil which is a valuable medicine, and is much used by the natives of Sumatra for rheumatics, sprains, and swellings.

The kingdom of Acheen, given the name of Achi by the natives, formerly extended from the north west promontory of the island of Sumatra, called Acheen Head, beyond Batu Baru river, situated on the north side of the island. On the south-west coast it extended to Baroos. The kingdom does not cover so much territory inland as on either side, and terminates at Singkel, where the dominions of the Battaks commence.

Having ceased to exercise authority over Langkat and Deli, the modern territory of Acheen may be said to terminate at Diamond Point on the north coast. It is sheltered by a range of hills that rise from the promontory stretching to the south-east, and contains an area of 26,000 square miles, the land extending in a triangular shape; it is the most fertile and best inhabited portion of the island. The capital is Acheen, lying in latitude 5°22' N. longitude 95°46' E. The river on which the town stands empties itself through a delta near a head of the same name, close to the north-west point of the island. In this region there is a good harbour for shipping, which is sheltered by numerous islands. There is a bar here which makes the entrance to this roadstead dangerous at certain seasons in the dry monsoon; even the native vessels find it impassable. At low-water spring tides the depth of water does not exceed four feet.

The town of Acheen is situated on a wide flat plain, surrounded

by lofty ranges of hills. The Acheenese who, like many other nations who live in countries subject to inundations, build their houses on piles to raise them some feet above the ground; they are constructed of bamboo and rough timbers, mostly detached. The country above the town is highly cultivated, and dotted over with small villages and hamlets, white mosques being interspersed amongst them.

They have at Acheen many fishing boats which are employed principally in catching with nets, several miles out at sea, a kind of mackerel or small bonetta, weighing from two to three pounds.

The names of the ports on the west coast of Sumatra belonging to Acheen are—Tapoos, Sebadi, Pulo Dua, Kalavat, Tepalow, North and South Mucki, Labuan, Haji, Manghin, Scimeyon, Tareepuli, Taddow, Tarang, Senangkan, Analaboo, Pulo Ryah. These are the rich districts which produce large quantities of pepper, benjamin, and camphor. Then Singkel, Ayam Dainmah, Terooman, Rambong, Saluhah, Soosoo, Kevala-Batu, Bahroos, Tampattuan, Sama Dua.

The ports and places on the north coast, beginning from the westward, are—Acheen, Pedada, Sawang, Pedir or Betel-Nut Coast, Pakan, Selu, Barong, Sarong, Murdoo, Samalangan, Passangun, Funka, Teluksumoy, Chunda, Passy, and Curtoy.

There is a good deal of commerce carried on in Acheen and its dependencies on the west coast, and some parts of the east coast of Sumatra. The direct American trade dates from about 1821, when it was the branch of greatest magnitude. They export the produce of their country in return for Turkey opium and Spanish dollars to the value of a million of the latter commodity.

The amount realised from the sale of cloth and cotton stuffs from the Coromandel Coast was estimated at twenty-five lacs of rupees; but this I fancy looks like an exaggeration.

The principal trade carried on in the dominions of the Acheenese is with Penang. Pepper is exported from Deli, Langkat, and the ports on the north-east coast of Sumatra, including Acheen, to the extent of 700 tons annually; the other exports are camphor, gold dust, rattans, ivory, sago, gambier, glue, oil, wax, timber, silk, and cotton stuffs, the betel-nut, etc., and a number of other things too numerous to estimate rightly the extent of trade done with them. Betel-nut can be obtained to any extent from the Achi country, and very large quantities are imported into Penang for the China market, besides large shipments annually direct to the Malabar and Coromandel coasts, Bengal and Burmah. The yearly export of betel-nut amounts to from 15,000 to 20,000 tons.

The junks of the Chinese do a moderately extensive trade with Acheen, and are themselves the principal purveyors of paddy or rice. Large Arab vessels from Surat and other ports touch every

year at Acheen, landing pilgrims on their return, and taking others, to the number of one thousand, to Mecca.

The form of rule is monarchical and hereditary, becoming more or less despotic, being a fit exponent of the capabilities of the reigning sovereign. What is called the Grand Council consists of the King or Sultan, and four others styled respectively, the Maharajah, Laksamana, Padakatuan, and Bandahara. Besides these members, and inferior to them, are the Relabalangs, or military champions. All business connected with trade, the customs of the port, etc., come under the jurisdiction of the Shabundar, who dispenses the chop or licenses for trade.

Going back to the year 1276 we find the first Mahomedan prince mounted the throne of Palembang; and he reigned for a space of fifty-seven years, during which time he gained great fame by his many conquests, and by his making converts of the people to his faith throughout his dominions. Sultan Mahomet Shah was the name of this able prince, and it is attributed to him the establishment of the Malay power in Acheen, and he encouraged Arab and other traders to exchange their wares with his subjects; this necessarily caused a great number of different nationalities to appear, viz., Arabs, Hindoos, Klings, Siamese, etc., and the confusion of tongues, which might be expected to occur, and a regular jargon of languages, was the result; but in course of time the Tamuls or Klings from the Malabar coast became so preponderating as to impart their physical characteristics to the natives.

The Acheenese are, therefore, a mixed race of Malays, Battas, Javanese, Tamuls, Arabs, Siamese, Hindoostanees, *cum multis aliis*, the Tamul predominating, and the prevailing religion being Mahomedan. They differ materially from the people of the other parts of Sumatra, they are of a dark complexion, and of low stature, they have more extensive knowledge of the world, greater industry and sagacity than the Aborigines, they resemble the Bugis (inhabitants of the Celebes) for address and dexterity in business, but are far inferior to them in honour and probity. They have a multiplicity of priests and are punctilious in the observance of all forms and ceremonies, having much intercourse with foreigners of the Mahomedan faith. They speak a dialect much in use amongst the inhabitants of the Eastern islands, and employ the Malayan (Arabic) characters in writing.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Portuguese, under Dom Diego Lopez Siqueira, visited Pedir, and endeavoured to form a lodgment on this part of the coast, but only succeeded in drawing on their nation the hostility of the Acheenese, who lost no opportunity of attacking and harassing them, from the time they took Malacca in 1511, until they lost it in 1640.

The king of Acheen, in 1575, chartered a fleet, and appeared off Malacca with such a number of vessels that they were said to overspread the Straits. He began reprisals with some Portuguese

frigates, whose duty it was to protect some vessels laden with provisions; this order was carried out with such a tremendous discharge of artillery that the vessels and crew were entirely destroyed. The king, finding his first move so successful, proceeded to disembark his troops, and rained a shower of projectiles into the fort for a fortnight or more. About nine years after the king of Acheen made another attempt upon Malacca, providing himself with vessels to the number of one hundred and fifty, this proving unsuccessful, about two or three years after, the king fitted out a fleet of three hundred sail, and was ready to embark again on his favourite enterprise, when he was murdered, together with the queen and many of the principal nobility, by the general of the forces, who had long wished to gain the crown for himself. At this time the consequence of Acheen is represented to have reached a considerable height, so much so that the most mighty nations courted its favour. Its chief port was crowded with merchant traders from all parts, and all were protected and enjoyed perfect security, except the Portuguese, who were robbed and maltreated on all occasions.

In 1600 the Dutch endeavoured to establish themselves at Acheen, but being overbearing they gave great offence to the people, although they eventually got on friendly terms with the Sultan.

In 1602, during the reign of good Queen Bess, of immortal memory, the first British vessels visited Acheen, and were treated with great consideration and extraordinary ceremony by the Sultan, who appeared much impressed by the naval force of his visitors, and by the frankness of Sir James Lancaster, who presented an autograph letter from his queen to the Achi potentate.

In 1607, the Sultan, Peducka Siri, assumed the title of monarch of Acheen, including the countries of Aroo, Delli, Johore, Paham, Quehah and Perah, on the one side, and of Baroos, Passaman, Ticoa, Sileda and Priaman on the other.

In writing to the King of England, then James the First, in 1613, he assumed to himself the title of King of all Sumatra; and in that epistle he makes a request of our wise monarch to send him out an English wife, promising, in case of issue, to make her son ruler over all the pepper producing countries. This tempting offer, however, did not succeed, as the sagacious James thought some monster cannon would give infinitely more satisfaction; he sent him two brass cannon, the size of the bore in one being eighteen, and in the other twenty-three inches in diameter, while the structure of them was too slight to admit of their being fired without the greatest risk of a catastrophe; and the Acheenese have guarded them as unapproachable treasures, too good to use, until one of them fell, in 1874, into the hands of their enemy, the Dutch, who found it in the Craton, bearing the inscription:

"Thomas and Richard Pit, Brethren, made this Peece. Ano. 1617." In the "Penang Gazette" it is described as ten feet long and eighteen inches bore.

The Acheenese must have improved in their artillery since the days when these were made, as they have been able to keep up their contest with the Dutch for the possession of the land.

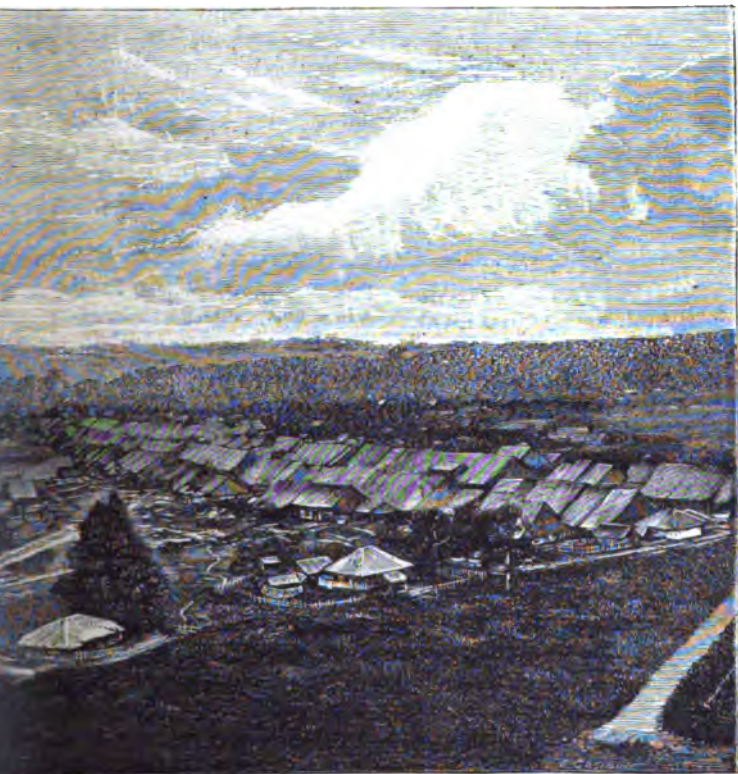
In 1640 the Dutch helped the Acheenese in making a grand attack on the Portuguese at Malacca; twelve of their men-of-war, together with twenty-five war prows of the Acheenese, succeeded in defeating them; this gave them a footing in Sumatra, first as mere traders, then as masters, building forts and endeavouring to monopolize the whole commerce of the country; but it is a well-known fact that the many bad characteristics they showed in the shape of harshness, injustice, and even cruelty, added to intense jealousy of other European nations, made them hated, and distrusted by the natives.

In former times the rajahs exacted tribute from all their subjects on the fruits of the ground. For a large house was paid two mace (the mace of Acheen may be reckoned at four copong, thirteen of which go to a dollar; the value, therefore, will be thirty pice, $\frac{1}{3}$ of our Indian money); for a small house, one mace; and one mace each year for a cocoa-nut tree. This was an annual tribute paid during the reigns of the queens Taj-ul-Alum, Safiet-ud-deen, Noor-ul-Alum, Nakeat-ud-deen, and Pasao Gomala Shah; but when the Government changed, after their sway, it was discontinued.

Sumatra may be said to be divided into three portions, that is reckoning from Acheen Head to the eastern entrance to the Straits of Banca. That which extends from the Straits of Banca to the river Rakan, a distance of about five hundred miles, is low and flat, the landscape is not diversified by the sight of a single mountain, though large rivers are to be seen. The coast has sandbanks or considerable islands in abundance; this land produces sago, rattans, draxon's blood and benzoin. The second portion stretches out from the river Rakan to Diamond Point, and occupies a distance of about two hundred and forty miles. The coast here partakes of the same low character, but less marshy, and neither islands or rivers are to be seen. This is the country of the black pepper. The third portion extends from Diamond Point to Acheen Point, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. The coast may be said to have changed character here, for it is comparatively bold and mountainous, and this is the most productive country in the world in the Areca-Palm, and is consequently the reason for the capability of furnishing Western India and China with enormous quantities of betel-nut.

Acheen is more remarkable for the variety and worth of its vegetable rather than its animal products. Not many of the useful domestic animals are reared, a circumstance which may be

tributed to the semi-barbarism of the population, added to the physical unsuitability of the climate. Sheep are only found in Acheen. A considerable number of small ponies are reared by the attacks, and are exported by them; this breed of ponies are much valued at the British Settlements. They have also horned cattle and goats. The animals used to draw the plough are oxen, and the general style of cultivation displays a superior skill in agriculture to what is to be seen in other portions of this land. The elephant is found everywhere in Acheen, and of the same kind which has been made so useful in a domestic state in Hindostan, and in the countries lying to the eastward of it. This animal is chiefly valuable from the fact of its never having been tamed in Sumatra, except at Acheen, a country which has borrowed more from Western India than any other of the Eastern Archipelago. Sumatra is very fruitful in that valuable commodity, gold, which is found principally in the mountains of the interiors or the valleys at their feet. The mountainous region of Menangkabau yields the gold which was taken to Jambie and Indragin. The greater part of this gold finds its way to the west coast, to Padang,



A BATTAK VILLAGE.

Bencoolen, Nattal, and other places. Tin has been discovered in small quantities in the interior.

The different races of inhabitants along the north side of the island of Sumatra are the Malays, who extend from the town of Palembang to the south-east, till on the west coast they meet the Sampangs. The whole of the central portion of Sumatra, including Menangkabau, is again peopled by Malays, and they extend to the river Rakan.

The Battaks, a race who exist in the interior, are a peculiar people, who, besides being gifted with a considerable knowledge of letters, and useful arts, and a moderate share of industry, also display a taste for human flesh, it being a well authenticated fact that they occasionally indulge in anthropophagy.

The true country of the Acheenese may be said to extend from the north-west of Diamond Point on the one side, to Cape Felix on the other, and they are certainly the most enlightened race in Sumatra.

The soil, being both light and fertile, produces abundance of rice, which is exported in proportion, also cotton, and some of the finest tropical fruits, represented by the mangustin, mango, jack, durian, lance, pineapple, lime, orange, and an inferior kind of bread fruit. They have of esculent vegetables, the bredy, a kind of spinach, lobuck (the Spanish radish), large purple brinjall, yams, of two colours (red and white), and a third, the St. Helena yam, called calladi, besides many varieties of beans, something similar to what we denominate French beans, also a small kind of onion.

Cattle and other articles of food are plentiful, and not too highly priced.

The Acheenese are daring navigators, and choose their craft according to the voyages they mean to undertake, and the commercial enterprises they engage in. They cultivate cotton, and then manufacture a kind of cloth chequered blue and white, which the better class wear for drawers, whilst the lower class make use of coarse Madras longcloth; but now the cotton manufactures of Great Britain are used by all classes of the people; English woollens are also used. They make a species of silk very handsome and very clear. They are also noted for their filagree work in gold and silver.

By degrees the Dutch had gained several very important positions on the great island of Sumatra, but as all their efforts to take possession of Acheen proved futile they could not be said to own Sumatra.

From the reign of James the First up to the present day, friendly relations have, with very slight interregnums, been maintained between the Sultan of Acheen and the sovereign of Great Britain.

The Acheenese, having good reason for cordially hating and fearing both the Portuguese and Dutch, threw themselves, in

a manner, upon their friends and protectors, the English, and though wranglings may have arisen between them sometimes, they stuck to their powerful and only friends with resolute tenacity.

A solemn treaty was at length concluded between them in 1819, whereby England deliberately undertook and covenanted to defend and protect Acheen.

Five years after England ceded her Settlements in Sumatra to the Dutch, getting in exchange Malacca, but making a reservation of the independence of Acheen, and the Dutch so far respected this reservation as never to make any attempt to interfere with this state.

But while fully understanding the nature of this interdiction, the Dutch have never ceased to look upon it with the greatest aversion, and have made several efforts to have it removed.

In 1868 they endeavoured by a side wind to gain its virtual relaxation, whilst getting the acknowledgment by the British Government, of all the territorial acquisitions they had made up to that date (these said acquisitions being accomplished facts); but, as Lord Derby truly declared, all mention of Acheen was carefully left out, and its status continued unchanged until 1871.

In that year, while a mighty European war was waging—indeed, at the very period when certain Continental journals were strongly urging, if not absolutely menacing, the annexation of Holland and her dependencies by a great military neighbour; yes, at that very time the Ministry of England thought it right to conclude “the Sumatra Convention,” whereby the Dutch ceded the fort of Elmina, on the Gold Coast, to Great Britain, in consideration for which England is supposed to have withdrawn from her protectorate over Acheen! In other words, England delivered over to the tender mercies of the Dutch that people whom we had bound ourselves to protect and defend by a solemn treaty—that country which may be looked upon as the key to our Settlements in the Straits of Malacca, and to that great thoroughfare of our trade with China and Japan! And for what? What equivalent have we received for this great national sacrifice? Why, that worse than useless, that wretchedly contemptible little fort, Elmina, a place of which few had ever heard, which can never be of any use, and which we certainly do not want.

Now, what is the present result of this deplorable bargain? What were the fruits borne by this most compromising treaty?

The fruits were more bitter than those of the Dead Sea: both to us, to the Acheenese, and likewise to the Dutch themselves.

Our country was plunged into an ignominious war with a set of blood-defiled savages; some of our best troops, our noblest soldiers, were sacrificed in that fever-stricken country; our treasure was poured out like water; and, worse than all, the good faith of the British nation was treated as a thing not to be depended upon.

To the Acheenese the fruit has been that her country, without any just cause, without any sufficient provocation, has been invaded; her coasts blockaded; her towns, forts, and villages have been bombarded, assaulted, and captured; and her inhabitants have been cruelly and recklessly slaughtered.

To the Dutch, who were the ostensible authors of all this evil, the fruit has, contrary to their anticipations, been indeed bitter and humiliating in the extreme.

Her many fine ships of war, her numerous soldiers, her heavy expenditure were all employed in vain.

Her armies fought night and day, her cannon rained a storm of iron upon the enemy; but, decimated by the Acheenese swords and by climatic diseases, threatened at all points by those whom they had come to subjugate or destroy, they shrunk back, foiled and disheartened, and betook themselves to their entrenchments, in the hope that they might be able to hold out until a fresh expedition could arrive.

I submit the Convention of 1871 could not release, and has not released, England from her obligation, under the Treaty of 1819, to defend Acheen; and it was a flagrant violation of public faith to refuse to fulfil that obligation.

This country should have faced the difficulty in a manner becoming a great nation. We should have mediated and obtained the immediate withdrawal of the Dutch troops from Acheen; making, on the one hand, to Acheen a compensation for our great default, and, on the other hand, returning to the Dutch the fort of Elmina, and such conquests as we made (if any) during our defensive war with Ashantee.

It cost Abee Abdulraman, the commander of the Acheenese army (so the telegram at the time said), something like \$50,000 a month for rice alone to maintain his army of 25,000, according to Acheenese reports, but which the Dutch said was at the most but 2,000; they also said the Acheenese were decimated with cholera; were demoralised and deserting their chief in numbers. But the statement required proof, whereas there was plenty of proof to show that the losses of the Dutch in action and disease were terrible, although no official statements were published giving correct information. It was not creditable to the character of a European nation to descend to the petty artifices the Dutch used in connection with these affairs. Explicit statements of how matters go on cannot possibly do harm, while, on the other hand, "cooked" telegrams and despatches are intolerable. It was a wonder that the Hollanders at home stood it. If the people of England were treated in the conduct of a war in the same way as matters were managed with regard to Acheen, there would have been a row in Parliament to some purpose.

Acheen is one of the most prosperous States of the whole of Sumatra. The soil is richer than in the English possessions on

the other side of the Straits, and is capable of giving splendid returns when properly cultivated, owing to the state of perpetual summer which exists in this part of the world, and to the constant rains which fall at all periods of the year.

Off Acheen Head are situated the two small islands of Pulo Rondo and Pulo Brass, on the latter of which is a lighthouse, with a revolving light, which can be seen a great distance out to sea.

The proprietor of a neighbouring sugar estate, in Province Wellesley, finding his coolies deserting him on account of his unusual severity, adopted the plan of leaving it in charge of another gentleman, a personal friend of mine, and going himself to Edie, in Acheen, where he started a tobacco estate, but his ill fortune followed him; he had only been there a short time when the people, mistaking him for a Dutchman, came down from the mountains, and murdered a number of his coolies and his Portuguese overseer; he himself escaping with difficulty. Orang Blunda, the name the natives designate the Dutch, is hateful to all the people in these parts, for they were very cruel both towards the labourers and the owners of the soil. A Dutchman on one of the tobacco estates in Deli in former times would have thought nothing of having a man tied to a post for a trifling offence, and a dozen lashes administered to him, but now they are more particular, moreover, it is not now permitted by their Government. A few years ago, one of the estates near Deli was attacked by the Battaks, a hill tribe, and the manager, who was a Dutchman, put to death. It is very rarely that an Englishman has been attacked; we are called Orang Puttee, in contradistinction to the Dutch. (Orang Puttee means white men.) I maintain that if the natives are treated kindly no one need fear anything. I have always found them very willing and obedient. I have lived a number of years in Province Wellesley among most of the natives of the east, and slept with all the doors and windows of my bungalow wide open, only trusting to a Shamakarah, or kling watchman, who himself most frequently yielded to the drowsy god; but I enjoyed my slumbers in as blissful security as I should have done behind barred doors in old England. I always used to treat the natives with kindness and deference; the consequence was I had great numbers from other places, where they were not treated so well, coming to my place, and asking to serve under my orders. An aboriginal tribe, dwelling behind Mount Ophir, have a legend of a large ship arriving from heaven, which, after floating on the waters of the earth, stranded on one of the mountains of the Malay Peninsula; their forefathers came in it from the heavenly region where the ship had been built, they took up their abode on this portion of the globe, and elected a king, giving him the name of Batin Alam. To the present day the name Batin is given to their kings or chief leaders.

A long time after the death of their first Batin, this tribe, the

Mantra, were attacked by the Battaks from Sumatra, who crossed the Straits in boats, and slaughtered great numbers of them; their chief, a descendant of Batin Alam, collecting his people, and taking them to a place of safety, returned to challenge the invaders. He landed at Malacca, the Battaks assembled together in great numbers to annihilate him and his people; guess their surprise when they only found one man prepared to resist them, who, in their midst, bore a charmed life! Addressing his enemies, he said to them, "Even your arms respect my person, tie your arms in bundles, throw them into the air, and if they can fly I will admit myself to be your prisoner for ever; if, on the contrary, your arms obey the laws of nature, and fall down upon the earth, and if mine only have the power to fly, you will obey my laws as your conqueror."

The challenge was accepted, and when put to the test the arms of Meragalange, the Mantra chief, alone could fly. They flew, by themselves, cutting down the neighbouring forests, and then, returning to the astonished Battaks, cut them in pieces. All perished with the exception of one only, who, having submitted himself, saved his life.

Free possessor of the country, Meragalange returned to where he had left his people, and brought them all back safely to their own country.

But about half a century after this, when Meragalange was dead, the Battaks came across, and drove them finally back from the coast line.

The Battaks, being subsidiary to the Acheenese, were most useful to them during their several wars. They are unprepossessing in their appearance, and their language is similar to that of the Malays.

ANDREW T. SIBBALD.

CASE LAW.

THERE are few of us, not even the fair sex in these days of Girton and Newnham excepted, who have not at some period of our youth struggled with the difficulty of a certain mysterious and absorbing sum. It related to the nails of a horse's shoes. One penny was to be given for the first, twopence for the second, fourpence for the third, eightpence for the fourth, and so on in arithmetical progression, until the vast sum to be given for the last nail, and the still more stupendous total for all the nails, broke upon our infantile minds and were hailed by our pastors and masters as a triumphant proof of the amusement to be derived from the study of arithmetic. Few are aware, however, that under the name of *James v. Morgan*, still to be read in a certain dusty volume of Law Reports, this very puzzle appeared in a court of law during the reign of Charles the Second. The plaintiff had sold a horse, which was to have four shoes and thirty-two nails, upon the terms that the defendant should pay a penny for the first nail, and so on. The defendant, when his side of the bargain was explained to him, very naturally objected to carry it out; and the result of the action was, if I remember rightly, that the defendant had to pay the full value of the horse as a penalty for his carelessness; which seems a tolerably common sense issue of the case.

A curiously similar one is found in Lord Raymond's reports of cases decided in the Queen's Bench in the reign of good Queen Anne. It is called *Thornborrow v. Whitacre*. There, in consideration of the plaintiff paying him half-a-crown down, and the balance of a five pound-note upon the completion of the bargain, the defendant had foolishly undertaken to give him two grains of "rye corn," on the next Monday, being the 29th of March, 1705; four grains on the following Monday; eight on the next market day, for such I presume the Monday was, and so on in arithmetical progression on every Monday for a year from the said 29th of March. The defence was that it was impossible to perform the contract, there not being so much rye corn in the world as the amount, some two hundred and fifty millions of quarters, which the defendant must have procured to fulfil it. In this case also the defendant got off easily, refunding the half-crown doubtless and paying the cost most certainly.

A case of a very different kind was *Godsall v. Boldero*, 9 East 72, which had its origin, it may be said, in the Battle of Austerlitz,

for Austerlitz undoubtedly caused the death, on the 23rd of January, 1806, of the Right Honourable William Pitt, and the death of that statesman was a matter very pertinent to the case of *Godsall v. Boldero*. Mr. Godsall was a coachbuilder to whom the premier was considerably in debt; to secure himself as far as he could, he insured Pitt's life for five hundred pounds. Upon the death of the latter his debts were paid in full by the nation; the sum of forty thousand pounds being voted by Parliament for that purpose. Godsall's account was settled by the executors, Lord Chatham and the Bishop of Lincoln, and therefore the insurance company, represented by Boldero, refused to pay the £500, on the ground that the plaintiff had by his insurance only obtained the right to be indemnified against any loss he might suffer by his creditor's death; and that, as he had suffered no loss, his debt having been paid in full, he had no claim to receive anything from the insurance office. Odd as it may seem, this defence prevailed, but the case has been long since over-ruled and is not now good law. Nor, indeed, did this particular matter end there: upon the hearing of a recent action in the House of Lords, Lord Blackburn found occasion to mention *Godsall v. Boldero*, and stated that so great was the outcry at the time against the insurance company which had taken this technical point, that they thought it prudent to pay, and did pay the whole sum claimed, and all the costs, and published widely that they had done so.

"At the sitting of the Court the Attorney-General moved in this case. The Postman and Tubman claimed pre-audience; but upon the Attorney-General's stating that it was the Queen's business in which he moved, the Court decided that he was entitled to be heard before the Postman or Tubman." Such is the report *in extenso* of the case of the King *v.* the Bishop of Exeter, decided so late as the year 1840. Who were the Postman and Tubman? asks the curious reader. If he was present at the late trial of *Belt v. Lawes* in the Court of Exchequer at Westminster (the finest of the old Courts), he no doubt observed that at each end of the second seat from the front, that is, the first seat behind the Queen's Counsel, were two pews, or partitioned-off boxes, capable of holding two people a-piece. One of these was the tub, and the other the post. They were formerly occupied and possessed by two barristers, privileged persons, whose claim to precedence in bringing motions before the Court was the subject of the mysterious case so shortly reported in the manner set out. Their privilege was, no doubt, in the old days, when a barrister had to fight his way to the front by main force if he would reach the judge at all, a very valuable one.

A famous wager, made at the dinner-table of Sir Mark Sykes in the month of May, 1802, was the subject of *Gilbert v. Sykes*, 16 East 156, as interesting a case as any in the books. It was just after the Peace of Amiens; Napoleon Buonaparte, though not yet Emperor, was in all men's mouths; and the company at Sir Mark's

table appear to have been almost all agreed that assassination must inevitably and swiftly terminate the First Consul's meteoric career. There was one dissentient, a clergyman, a Mr. Gilbert; he offered to give any one a hundred guineas on the last day of that month if the other party would in return pay him a guinea a-day as long as Buonaparte should live. The host accepted, though it would seem at the time in jest. Be that as it may, the parson paid his hundred guineas on the appointed day, and thenceforward, until the Christmas Day of the year 1804 received his guinea a-day. Then, the life of England's great enemy seeming to be as good as ever, Sir Mark Sykes very naturally became tired of paying this handsome annuity and ceased from that day. In the year 1812 Mr. Gilbert brought an action to recover his arrears; they amounted by this time to between two and three thousand pounds—a handsome return for the parson's hundred guineas, if he had recovered them. He did not. The jury came to the conclusion that, notwithstanding Sir Mark's payment for so long, the matter was a jest, not intended to be acted upon. And the judges further decided that as a matter of law such a wager upon the life of a foreign ruler (at the time of action brought we were at war with the Emperor) was void, as against public policy. Formerly wagers of such kinds came not seldom before the courts; two are reported where the subject matter of the wager was the sex of the famous Chevalier D'Eon, a problem then of vast interest to many, and not yet satisfactorily solved. Another was made by two sons upon the longevity of their little-respected parents; while the sex of an unborn child, the return to the throne of Charles the Second, a disputed point of legal practice, and the issue of a cock-fight have all been the bases of speculations in which one side or the other have eventually sought the assistance of the law, but seldom with success.

Those who admire the old maxim that the law does not care for very little matters should read "Tremayne's Case," reported, if I remember rightly, in Strange's Reports. He, the said Tremayne, was under the guardianship of the Court of Chancery, and—the rest of the tale is best told in the graphic language of the report itself, which is brief as it is to the point. "Being an infant, he went to Oxford contrary to the orders of his guardian, who would have him go to Cambridge; and the Court sent a messenger to carry him from Oxford to Cambridge, and upon his returning to Oxford there went another, *tam* to carry him to Oxford, *quam* to keep him there." From another source we learn that the messenger mentioned was the Lord Chancellor's own tipstaff; and the mind, as it vainly seeks to pierce the future of this wilful young man, becomes inquisitive to learn how long his inconvenient attendant dogged his footsteps, whether he was allowed inside the college gates at night, and whether he finally gave up the post of "own tipstaff" to the Lord Chancellor to marry

a bed-maker and become the father of a race of Proctor's bulldogs.

To look at the matter more seriously it seems not unlikely that the infant was of Jacobite family and proclivities (this happened in the reign of George the First), and hence both his strong preference for Oxford and also the Lord Chancellor's stronger determination that this fancy should not be indulged. It may well be that the Lord Chancellor's messenger saved Mr. Tremayne from the fate of the seven men of Moidart, and the less conspicuous victims of the '45.

Such are some few, very few, of the varied scraps that can be turned up in a single day's reading among the dusty volumes that fill so many shelves in the law libraries, and make up that case-law in which the men of a former day were so proficient, but which in these days of law-making and unlimited reporting it is neither necessary nor possible for a lawyer to carry in his head. Here some page of "East" or "Espinasse" will tell, in a curiously realistic way, of a long-ago dinner-party at some Yorkshire baronet's; there, a few words in "Barnewall and Cresswell" will throw light upon some historical point, or bring vividly before us a phase of public opinion; there again, in a black-letter folio, we shall find the origin of a custom, or the extent of popular ignorance at a given epoch. Outwardly dry looking and repulsive, the law reports are full of interest within. Let the reader, if he require further proof of this, get some friend at the bar to take him about five o'clock on a winter afternoon, into the library of the Inner or the Middle Temple, and he will have to confess that a more striking picture has seldom been put before him than the oak-lined, irregular apartment, redolent of books and their bindings. Each studious reader in his recess pores over the pile of volumes before him by the light of his shaded candle, which makes the darkness around and above more intense. Then and there let the visitor get an old-world report, and amid the proper surroundings, and with appropriate feelings he will read of Coke and Blackstone, of great Mansfield and terrible Eldon.

J. STANLEY.

OLD LAMPS FOR NEW ONES.

OPERATIC sirens in France, whether votaries of Euterpe or Terpsichore, have from time immemorial been credited with a taste for prodigality; and, as far as the latter half of the eighteenth century is concerned, certainly not without reason. Contemporary chroniclers such as Bachaumont, Métra and even the grave advocate Barbier have handed down to us the minutest details of the luxurious extravagance indulged in by the "demoiselles d'opéra" during the reigns of Louis the "well-beloved" and his unfortunate successor; their sayings and doings are regularly quoted among the items of daily news current on the Boulevard and in other places of public resort, and each new marvel in the shape of toilette or equipage is complacently and elaborately described. A prominent feature in these records, as we shall presently see, is the announcement of the sales by auction organized at frequent intervals by the leading butterflies of the hour, a mode then in its infancy, but very generally patronised by their successors at the present day. By this means they not only enriched themselves, but also gratified their capricious habits by getting rid of jewels and furniture of which they were weary, with the certainty of being able to replace them by the slightest hint to whichever of their thousand and one admirers they elected to favour; or, in other words, by exchanging—wiser in their generation than the magician in Aladdin—"Old lamps for new ones."

Few, if any of her rivals appear to have surpassed in reckless extravagance Mdlle. Deschamps, a simple chorist of the opera, whose remarkable beauty many song writers of the period, including Favart, have not disdained to celebrate; gold melted in her hands like snow in June, and, notwithstanding the enormous sums lavished on her by the Duke of Orleans and the "fermier général" Brissart, she was continually in debt. In 1759, a proclamation emanating from the Royal Council having enjoined all good citizens, on account of the scarcity of coin, to send whatever gold or silver articles they possessed to be melted down at the mint, she was among one of the first to follow the example set by Louis the Fifteenth, Madame de Pompadour, and the principal courtiers, and contributed to the general fund three handsome services of plate. Her civic duties having been thus creditably performed, she considered the moment favourable for a little speculation on her own account; and, early in the ensuing year, advertised the approaching sale by public auction of all her

furniture, china and other valuables, the announcement of which, Barbier tells us, "excited an extraordinary sensation." "The Rue St. Nicaise," he says, "where la Deschamps resided, was thronged on the appointed day with carriages lining both sides of the street; attendants, stationed at the door of the hotel, distributed to the distinguished visitors, attracted thither by the novelty, tickets of admission, without which no one was allowed to enter. Notwithstanding these precautions, the apartments were so crowded—more than sixty ladies of high rank and a multitude of nobles, financiers and other individuals of note being present—that it was found impossible to proceed with the sale, and it was therefore arranged that it should be held in the court-yard, where those who really intended to purchase might examine the various articles at their leisure." According to the same chronicler, the reception rooms of the hotel, ten in number, and all opening into each other, were of princely magnificence; in the principal salon, hung with the richest damask, were four marble tables, on which stood vases of the rarest Dresden and Sèvres china; while among the many precious gifts bestowed on her and exposed for sale was a bath in solid silver, bordered with a festoon of Mechlin lace, which latter rarity was purchased and carried off in triumph by the Duchess de — (the name is left in blank), for the especial adornment of her own toilette table.

The success which had attended the experiment of Mdlle. Deschamps induced several of her comrades to adopt a similar plan of recruiting their finances, one of the first to imitate her being Mdlle. Testard, whose catalogue is chiefly remarkable for the quantity of pictures, bronzes and other works of art contained in it. This "déesse d'opéra," as Arsène Houssaye would call her, appears to have been gifted with a natural taste not only for articles of vertu, but also for sterling coin of the realm, if we may judge from the following anecdote related of her. At a supper given to the corps de ballet by a wealthy "fermier général," each of the fair ones invited, on taking the seat assigned her, discovered a plate placed before her full of louis d'or; Mdlle. Testard, who had received an intimation beforehand of the treat prepared for the guests, contrived to secure a double share of the booty by secretly repairing to the banquet room before the plates were filled, and adroitly substituting a soup plate for the one originally intended for her.

After the death of Mdlle. Villemont de Beauvoisin, in 1784, her effects, amounting in value to more than fifteen hundred thousand livres, were sold by auction, and realised fabulous prices. "Among the marvels of this sale," says Bachaumont, "are two hundred costly rings and a vast quantity of unset diamonds, besides linen of such matchless delicacy of texture that the queen herself has none like it." The catalogue also mentions an assortment of canes studded with rubies and emeralds, gold and enamelled

snuff-boxes, groups of figures in Sèvres china, and alabaster vases on marble pedestals. The owner of this precious collection—her real name, we are told, was Joséphine Pluche—had no pretension to choregraphic celebrity, being merely a *coryphée* and never aspiring to the distinction of even a *quart de pas*; nor was she in any way remarkable for intelligence. At the commencement of her career, long before fortune had smiled upon her, she was one day discovered by an acquaintance sitting at her window in a contemplative mood, and on being asked what she was thinking of, replied, with a deep sigh :

“I was thinking how I should like to sit here and see myself go by in a coach and six.”

In the matter of equipages, especially, the *démouilles* of the opera delighted to vie in magnificence with the ladies of the court, and these frequently successful attempts at rivalry gave rise to more than one public scandal. In 1780, on the occasion of the annual promenade at Longchamps, all eyes were attracted by the unusual spectacle of a carriage entirely constructed of porcelain, and drawn by four greys harnessed with crimson silk embroidered with silver; in it sat Madame de Valentinois, daughter of the Duchess of Mazarin, and one of the prettiest women at Versailles. While the spectators were still gazing at this splendid turn-out, another appeared also in porcelain, and not a whit inferior in decorative showiness to its predecessor; its occupant, unknown to most of those present, was Mdlle. Beaupré, a young *marcheuse* of the opera, whose beauty, records a gallant chronicler, “charmed every eye.” She was more fortunate than Mdlle. Le Duc who, some years previously, had displayed her airs and graces in an open carriage, built of cane work, painted blue and drawn by six diminutive ponies; on one rode a tiny postilion in a scarlet jacket with silver stripes, while the hind seats were occupied by a miniature hussar in a sky-blue uniform and two fantastically attired grooms, the damsel herself holding the reins. That day, for some reason or other, the crowd took offence at the sight of this extravagant display, and received the fair charioteer with so significant a storm of hisses that she was compelled to beat an undignified retreat, and barely escaped personal insult.

I do not remember having met with any account of a sale organized by Mdlle. Duthé, although her lavish expenditure doubtless obliged her to have occasional recourse to so easy a method of coining money; not long ago, however, I came across an anecdote relating to her which may find its place here. One of her great admirers having died suddenly, a friend of the deceased thought it incumbent on him to pay her a visit of condolence, and to his surprise found her playing on the harp. “I expected to see you in tears,” he said. “Ah,” she replied, with a sigh, “so you would, if you had only come yesterday!” During the reign of terror she passed a year in England, and, as we learn

from a letter addressed by her to the banker, Perregaux, resided at Colworth, in Bedfordshire, the seat of a certain Mr. Lee; an extract from this epistle will give an idea of her usual mode of spelling, which if not strictly academical has at least the merit of originality: "Comme M. Lee veut rester tout l'hiver à la campagne à chassé le renard, et que cela est très nuisible à ma santé, je veux tenir maison à Londres, et j'ai besoin de fond pour des emplacements. Cette arangement ne lui convient pas du tout, mais comme vous dit très bien, il ne faut pas mourir quand on a de quoi exister."

The custom of disposing of superfluous goods and chattels by public auction, far from being confined to the minor constellations of the opera, was in more than one instance patronised by their superiors in grade. Twelve years ago, Baron Charles Davillier having discovered a scarce catalogue of a sale of furniture, porcelain, and miscellaneous effects, the property of the celebrated singer, Mdlle. Laguerre, republished it with introductory notes, including a brief memoir of her professional career, a few extracts from which, supplemented by others from unpublished sources, I subjoin. She was born in Paris in 1755; her father, who, whatever his real name may have been, appears to have voluntarily exchanged it for the nick-name of Laguerre, which had been given to his daughter when a child, is said to have exercised the humble calling of itinerant ballad-seller; while her mother was a well-known retailer of *plaisirs* in the Tuileries and other public promenades. In 1772 she was engaged as chorist at the opera, and, by the charm of her voice and excellent acting, soon emerged from this subordinate position; for we find her two years later in possession of several important parts, which she performed alternately with Rosalie Levasseur and Sophie Arnould. The fabulous sums lavished on her by the Duc de Bouillon greatly scandalised Louis the Sixteenth, who threatened to banish him from court; the caprice, however, of the lady herself, who after a few months grew weary of her ducal admirer, settled the question, and gave rise to the following epigram from the pen of the Marquis de Bièvre:

Vous êtes surpris que La Guerre
Ait quitté le pauvre Bouillon;
Depuis que Turenne est en terre,
La paix est dans cette maison,
Et le bon duc hait tant la guerre
Qu'il en redoute jusqu'au nom!"

Opinions differ as to the personal appearance of Mdlle Laguerre: according to some accounts her face and figure were equally attractive, whereas others describe her as "neither pretty nor well-shaped." No authentic portrait of her is known to exist, although Roger de Beauvoir mentions one, apparently by Boucher or Chardin, and formerly at Malmaison, representing her in a theatrical

costume of sky-blue satin, with a tiger's skin attached by a single magnificent topaz hanging from her shoulder. But, however conflicting may be the statements of her contemporaries with regard to her beauty, all agree that her voice was delicious in tone and of rare extent; and Glück, writing on the subject of his "Armide," acknowledges that often, while composing that opera, he had been inspired by the thought of "the bewitching sorceress called Laguerre." Unfortunately, her continual dissipation and irregular mode of life greatly interfered with her artistic success; and on one occasion, while playing "Iphigénie en Tauride," after indulging too copiously in the "Veuve Cliquot" of the period, her gait was so unsteady that Sophie Arnould, who hated her most cordially, sarcastically remarked that instead of "Iphigénie en Tauride," the bills ought to have announced "Iphigénie en Champagne."

Although the salaries then received by the leading singers would most assuredly be judged insufficient by many a provincial prima donna at the present day, Mdle. Laguerre had less reason to complain than the majority of her colleagues, a yearly sum of twenty thousand livres, in addition to a supplementary gratification whenever she sang before the Court at Marly or Versailles, being specially accorded to her. This, however, was regarded by her as a mere drop in the ocean, barely enough to defray the ordinary expenses of her personal attendants; her own annual expenditure averaging at least half a million of francs. Not one of her contemporaries had a keener eye to the main chance, or was so thoroughly unscrupulous in accepting whatever was offered her; presents of horses, carriages, jewels, furniture and even houses were looked upon by her as her legitimate due, and, from whatever source they came, were never refused. When her coffers were empty, which frequently occurred, a sale of her effects was announced; and, if we may judge from the catalogue re-published by Baron Davillier, probably the last issued by her, these periodical speculations must have been enormously productive; the articles thus brought under the hammer including the finest specimens of Sèvres china and rock crystal, and cabinets of Florentine "pietra dura," of such exquisite workmanship as to excite the enthusiasm of acknowledged connoisseurs, like Blondel de Gagny and Count de Caylus. Among the miscellaneous items of this remarkable sale may be mentioned, a Cupid by Fragonard, the Rubens Gallery bound in morocco, three superb clocks, and a glass case, containing a tree on which were perched birds of various kinds, besides a splendid chandelier of Bohemian glass, and an ebony wardrobe, ornamented with fruits and flowers, and encrusted with *lapis lazuli*.

Mdlle. Laguerre died in Paris in 1783, at the early age of twenty-eight, after a long and painful illness; her parents, both of whom survived her, inherited at her decease a fortune valued at upwards

of eight hundred thousand livres, in addition to hotels in different quarters of the city and a prodigious quantity of jewels.

During the revolution we hear comparatively little of the "demoiselles d'opéra;" money was scarce, and *assignats* proved a sorry substitute for sterling coin; but with the Empire a new era commenced, and prodigality became once more the order of the day; the most accomplished proficient in the art of promoting the circulation of capital being the celebrated dancers Bigottini and Clotilde. The latter, whom the composer Boieldieu in an evil hour for himself elected to marry, and who subsequently deserted Paris for St. Petersburg, had not the faintest idea of the value of money; and it is recorded of her that one afternoon, when on the point of setting out for her daily airing in the Bois, her shoemaker arrived with a pair of rose-coloured boots, which fitted her so becomingly that she decided on wearing them during her promenade. Unlocking her desk, she took out a thousand-franc note, and threw it carelessly on the table, saying: "My good man, I am in a hurry, and can't wait for change; pay yourself out of that, and keep the rest."¹

Clotildes are rare now-a-days; but, according to Dr. Véron, the taste for superfluities is still a characteristic feature of the physiology of the *danseuse*. One of them, he tells us, thought herself dishonoured if she had less than two footmen in livery in her antechamber; and another invested part of the first bank-note she had ever received in the purchase of a parrot, a King Charles spaniel, and—a pine-apple!

CHARLES HERVEY.

¹ This anecdote and the following one were contributed by me some years ago to a now defunct journal, as *à propos* to my subject, I may perhaps be excused for re-printing them here.

CURIOUS ADVENTURE WITH A MAD JACKAL AND A MAD PONY.

No one who has devoted a lifetime to sport in the East can escape dangers incidental to encountering the *feræ naturæ* found in the jungles. Sportsmen, moreover, have also to run risks from a residence in, or visits to, unhealthy localities in search of sport. For upwards of thirty years I had had exceptional opportunities in hunting, from the lordly elephant down to the tiny rain quail. I had lived on the Terai during a part of a monsoon; I had had my share of vicissitudes by flood and field, but had never come to serious grief, so I little anticipated that towards the close of my career in India I should so narrowly escape that most horrible of deaths—hydrophobia.

The following story, which is strictly true, will demonstrate that “in the midst of life we are in death.”

Owing to the disturbed nature of the country in the northern Sircars, Madras Presidency, consequent on the dreadful famine of 1877, I was sent in command of a wing of a native regiment from that dreary place, Vizianagram, to Rajahmundry, which was not much livelier. But, owing to the excellent arrangements made by the district officers, no outbreak then took place, though it did shortly afterwards in the Rampa district. After a six months' residence on the banks of the Godavery, during which I thrice visited “Bison Hill” and had capital sport with Gaur, the detachment was ordered back to headquarters, the regiment being under orders for Burmah.

We left early in July, and reached a considerable village, called Juggumpett, without adventure. Here we halted a day to give the Sepoys some rest. I had sent on my guns and rifles, as the game season was past. The Sepoys were in tents, encamped close to the travellers' bungalow, in which my family and myself were located.

As the weather was very sultry, we all slept out in the verandah, preferring it to the stuffy little bedrooms, which did not admit of a breath of air.

As there were not sufficient cots or bedsteads for all, I lay down on a mattress on the floor, alongside of the beds in which my wife and children were. The first night passed quietly enough. During the next day we heard rumours that a mad jackal was about and had bitten several villagers, and towards evening one

did run through our lines, chased by the men, but did no harm beyond biting a pony belonging to the Maharajah of Vizianagram, which he had lent to one of our native officers. The wound was superficial, the pony suffered no inconvenience from it, and it was forgotten. I had often heard of mad dogs, but had never seen one, and as for a mad jackal, I did not believe in one.

The next night we were asleep as usual. I had no mosquito curtains up; being in the usual Indian sleeping costume, consisting of a loose jacket and pair of drawers—or pyjamas, as they are called, and had no covering over me at all. I had got into a habit of sleeping with my right arm over my head, thus, luckily for me, stretching out the muscles at the back of the neck and shoulders, and I was also in very hard condition, for following game up and down the hills bordering on the Rampa country is the best training possible.

I was startled out of my first sleep by a sensation as if a red-hot iron was being forced into my shoulder, near the junction of the neck. Jumping up with a yell I found a jackal standing over me. The night was as bright as day, owing to a full moon. I gave it a blow over its head with my fist, and, seizing the pillow, bolstered the brute well; but, so far from retreating, it kept dodging round one of the verandah posts and making darts at my legs!

My wife, awakened by my yell, and seeing me hitting at something invisible to her, thought I had suddenly gone mad, and in her fright began to scream, in which the children joined in concert. My two dogs, one a thoroughbred pointer, and the other a very powerful and massive Sussex retrieving spaniel, both of the largest size, hearing the hubbub, rushed in and rolled the jackal over and worried him whilst I pacified the family. The beast got away from the dogs, and, though chased by them, managed to bite a grasscutter and a horsekeeper rather badly, and got away into the jungle. I sent the two wounded persons to the native doctor, who cauterized them well; but I may say here at once, the first died raving mad two months afterwards in the civil hospital at Vizagapatam, but I never heard what became of the latter, as he left my service shortly afterwards.

Wonderful to relate, though my dogs were covered with blood, they escaped scatheless. I, too, had had a wonderful escape, for, owing to the position I was lying in, the brute could not get a firm grip of my flesh, so his upper canines had merely furrowed the skin, drawing but one drop of blood. I washed the part with vinegar, and paid no more heed to it, believing that the jackal was not mad but excessively hungry.

My people would no longer sleep in the verandah, but retired into the inner rooms, preferring the stifling heat to the chance of being bitten by some wild beast. Odd to say, the same jackal returned about 4.30 A.M., but was at once mobbed and killed by

the Sepoys with their latties, or clubs. It was not a large beast, in fair condition, but minus a tail! Here one would suppose the adventure to have ended. Not so. Six months afterwards we left Vizianagram at 12 midnight, 13th January, 1878, to march to Bimlipatam, *en route* to Burmah.

The main trunk roads are lined with banian trees on either side, their branches meet overhead, and, as there was no moon, it was as dark as pitch, we could not see a yard ahead. At least one thousand people, the relations and followers of our Sepoys, accompanied us, to see the last of their relatives for three years, for men embarking on foreign service are not allowed to take their families with them.

We were riding at the head of the column in rear of the band. When some five miles out, a loose pony suddenly rushed at the leading musicians, knocked down one and tried to bite him, but did not succeed, owing to its having on the nosebag, but broke the man's instrument; it then galloped off. Half a mile further it rushed at the advance guard, knocked down one of the leading file and kicked him severely. It was so dark the beast could not be seen until it was on its victim. To fire at it was impossible, not only on account of the darkness, but owing to the crowds of people who thronged the thoroughfare.

The regiment was brought to a standstill. We dismounted, and sent our chargers to the rear, and I asked and obtained permission of the commandant to go ahead with a couple of files with fixed bayonets. Before we got to the front it had again attacked one of our flankers, and, as it had got rid of its nosebag, tore his clothes, but fortunately did not bite him. It then rushed into the crowd, knocked down an old woman and bit her in the stomach. At last we cleared the crowd and went ahead, and in a quarter of an hour the brute charged down upon us. The men behaved very steadily, received it on the points of their bayonets, and rolled it over dead. It was a little brute about twelve hands high, and proved to be the pony bitten by the mad jackal at Juggumpett. The regiment then resumed its march, and reached Bimlipatam without further adventure. Thus at times "truth is stranger than fiction."

F. T. P.

AN EGYPTIAN POET.

THAT the verses of an Arabic poet of the thirteenth century should possess much interest for English readers nowadays seems, at first sight, to be very improbable. We might naturally expect that their whole tone of thought and manner of expression would be foreign to the modern tastes of the West, and all that we should look for in them would be a certain archæological and historical value not in themselves of much general interest. It is, indeed, probable that but for the scholarship and energy of the late Professor E. H. Palmer, whose tragic but glorious death is a national misfortune, the English reading world would have ever remained in ignorance of the poems of Behá ed din Zoheir, the great poet of Egypt, and the prime minister to El Melik es Sálîh, Sultan of Egypt and grandson to the celebrated Saladin. Graceful as these poems are in the original Arabic, the masterly hand that has translated them has reproduced in the English version so much of their tenderness and humour that, so far as the exigencies of idiom permit, the reader unskilled in the languages of the East can appreciate their beauty as fully as the Oriental scholar. As though touched by a magician's wand, the rich and gorgeous pictures of Eastern life and fancy, the subtle and graceful metaphors which so peculiarly belong to Eastern writers, and the quaint, crisp humour of the Arab of the Desert are in succession revealed in all their beauty and charm. Although the poems of El Behá Zoheir have long possessed a great reputation in the East, they were absolutely unknown in Europe until Professor Palmer laid the world of letters under a debt of obligation by publishing a complete text, accompanied with a metrical translation. Until then, with the exception of a few verses quoted by Ibn Khallikán, the Arabic biographer, and one or two poems cited anonymously in the *Arabian Nights*, not a single verse of his poetry had ever been printed or translated. "Having, while in Egypt," says Professor Palmer, "become possessed of a copy of his poems, I was so struck with the beauty of the language and the freshness and originality of the thoughts, that I have since made them the companion of my leisure hours, and have long cherished the idea, which I have at length realised, of presenting them to English readers in an English dress."

El Behá Zoheir lived and wrote at a time when the intercourse between East and West had already made itself felt—during the crusades of St. Louis of France—and his poems are remarkable as

showing the effect of Western civilisation and refinement upon the language of the desert. Thus we find in his pages proverbs, sentiments, and metaphors which we are accustomed to regard as peculiarly our own, and, although this is by no means a characteristic of his poetry only, for instances of it abound in the works of many Eastern authors, it is still remarkable how often we here come upon the exact parallel for an English proverb. Thus, to take a single example, the poet says to his mistress :—

“But oh ! beware lest we betray
The secret of our hopes and fears,
For I have heard some people say
That ‘walls have ears.’”

There are, too, many points of contact between this great poet of Egypt and the productions of the Western muse other than such details as these. “The whole tone of thought and style of expression,” says Professor Palmer, “much more resemble those of an English courtier of the seventeenth century than a Mahomedan of the Middle Ages. There is an entire absence of that artificial construction, exaggerated metaphor, and profuse ornamentedness of style which render Eastern poetry so distasteful to a Western critic; and in place of these defects we have natural simplicity and epigrammatic terseness, combined with a genial wit that remind us of the *vers de société* of the English poet Herrick.”

It is proverbially a want in Oriental poetry that although it abounds in glowing imagery, and in metaphors drawn from natural objects, it rarely displays any real appreciation of natural beauty. In the same way Eastern love-songs, while they are remarkable for power and imagination, but seldom exhibit deep feeling and true tenderness. Behá ed din Zoheir must, however, be regarded as a distinguished exception to these general rules. The beautiful gardens on the banks of the Nile have often called forth the admiration of travellers, and are by description, at any rate, more or less familiar to most people. Orange trees, with deep green foliage, the spreading banana leaves varied by the bright blooms of the flowering cactus and the luxuriant roses, combine to make up a picture of almost perfect loveliness. Let Zoheir describe it for us :—

“There rain-drops trickle through the warm, still air,
The cloud-born firstlings of the summer skies ;
Full oft I stroll in early morning there,
When, like a pearl upon a bosom fair,
The glistening dewdrop on the sapling lies.
There the young flowerets with sweet perfume blow ;
There feathery palms their pendent clusters hold,
Like foxes’ brushes waving to and fro ;
There every evening comes the after-glow,
Tipping the leaflets with its liquid gold.”

The evident appreciation of Nature which marks these verses

stamps their author at once as in the first rank of her admirers. The imagery, too, is exquisite, and it is as exquisitely reproduced in the English version. The comparison of the dewdrops on the branches to the pearls on a maiden's neck could not be surpassed, and, while we must admire the original, we are compelled to pause in appreciation of the beauty of the rendering. Again, the vivid picture of the after-glow comes home with peculiar force to those who have seen, or are in any way familiar, with the fabled glories of a sunset on the Nile.

El Behá Zoheir is eminently the poet of sentiment, and many of his love-songs are possessed of a rare beauty and tenderness. What, for instance could be more touching than those lines on his blind love :—

“ They called my love a poor blind maid :
I love her more for that, I said ;
I love her, for she cannot see
These grey hairs that disfigure me.
We wonder not that wounds are made
By an unsheathed and naked blade ;
The marvel is that swords should slay
While yet within their sheaths they stay.
She is a garden fair, where I
Need fear no guardian's prying eye.
Where, though in beauty blooms the rose,
Narcissuses their eyelids close.”

Again, it would be difficult to find a prettier conceit than the following :—

“ Nor, though her voice be passing sweet,
Take heed of it ;
For lutes are often a deceit
To mortal wit !
Nor let her face, so fair and bright,
Thy heart betray :
Full oft the stars that shine by night
Lead men astray.”

There is no more hackneyed hyperbole in the whole category of love-song than that of dying for love, and the metaphor scarcely seems to lend itself to anything more than a pretty turn, such as the following :—

“ Oh, torture not my life in vain,
But take it once for all away !
Nor cause me thus, with constant pain,
To die and come to life again
A thousand times a day !”

But Zoheir elsewhere expresses the same idea in a new and very beautiful form, which has some claim to be styled truly poetical :

“ Thou art my soul, and all my soul is thine ;
Thou art my life, though stealing life away !
I die of love, then let thy breath divine
Call me to life again, that so I may
Reveal to men the secrets of the tomb.
Full well thou knowest that no joys endure ;
Come, therefore, ere there come on us our doom,
That union may our present joy secure.”

It must, however, be admitted that Zoheir frankly confesses himself to be an inconstant lover :—

"I'm fickle, so at least they say,
And blame me for it most severely ;
Because I court one maid to-day,
To-morrow love another dearly."

His ready wit, however, enables him to account satisfactorily for his faithlessness :—

"'Tis true that though I vow and swear,
They find my love is false and hollow,
Deceiving when it seems most fair,
Like lightning when no rain-drops follow.
You'd like to know, I much suspect,
The secret which my conduct covers :
Well, then, I'm founder of a sect,
Grand Master of Peculiar Lovers."

Turning to the poet's more serious verses we find them imbued with the spirit of much sound philosophy. Thus, in some lines to a friend who had lost his ship at sea, with everything on board, he says, in conclusion :—

"To taste misfortune thou wert not the first :
So goes the world, nor plays new-fangled tricks ;
Things often mend when they are at the worst,
As lamps burn brighter when we cut the wicks."

Again, the lines on "Life," a quatrain in imitation of the Persian, show us the poet in a serious mood :—

"How oft does this life in sad trouble go by,
Yet of it how careless, how thoughtless, am I !
Ah, life ! if to-day bring not pleasure to me,
When thou'rt gone is there any fresh life after thee ?"

El Behá Zoheir was, too, the author of numerous panegyrics, which are of the greatest value in elucidating the history of his time. They are not, however, by any means happy examples of his style, and do not readily lend themselves to elegant translation. They are, at the same time, full of allusions and references to current events, which are of little interest to the general reader. He is much more at home in satire and invective. From his numerous verses on "bores" he seems to have been as much pestered by them as are our modern literary lions. Thus he says :—

"I'd as lief have the Angel of Death for a guest
As that dolt. Not a friend has he ever possessed ;
If you breathed but his name over water, I think
It would make it unfit for a person to drink."

Again he says :—

"That fellow puts all joy to flight ;
His talk is like a winter's night,
Long, cold, and void of all delight."

Some of Zoheir's epigrams, too, are very good, and fulfil all the conditions of these difficult compositions. Thus he says of the weather:—

"The summer, with untimely heat,
Has come upon us far too soon.
Oh, April! this unwonted feat
Will leave no work at all for June!"

A governor had been dismissed from his province, and the poet takes the opportunity to write an epigram containing one of those *jeu de mots*, of which he was a perfect master:—

"They turned him out for roguery,
And very sad he seemed to be.
Says he, 'When things like that befall
No grief e'er comes to me at all.'
Say we, 'You lie, grief comes to you.
And you have come to grief, sir, too!'"

His epigram on an atheist is perhaps one of his happiest efforts, exhibiting his peculiar powers of wit and satire:—

"A foolish atheist whom I lately found,
Alleged philosophy in his defence;
Says he, 'The arguments I use are sound.'
'Just so,' said I, 'all sound and little sense.'
You talk of matters far beyond your reach.
You're knocking at a closed-up door,' said I.
Said he, 'You cannot understand my speech.'
'I'm not King Solomon!' was my reply."

According to the Moslem legend Solomon understood the language of birds and *beasts*, and it is in this that the sting of the satire lies. There are numerous similar instances of Zoheir's facility in the composition of satirical verse, but we must content ourselves with one more example:—

"Wit is for ornament designed.
Praise Him who to you gave it not!
When wits were meted to mankind,
You were not then upon the spot."

We cannot conclude this brief notice of these mediæval Arabic *vers de société* without pointing out how greatly our literature is indebted to their translator. From what he has here accomplished in thus effacing the differences of tongue, time, and manners, and in producing a translation which, while it enables a student to interpret the text, conveys to the English reader's mind exactly the same impression as the Arabic does to the mind of an Arab, we are able imperfectly to realize how great is the national loss. There is something peculiarly touching in the fact that such a man as this should have been called upon to suffer death in his country's service. Brave and intrepid as he certainly was, and as the story of his life shows him to have been, and skilled beyond all other men in the language and the lore of the desert, the sympathies of his countrymen have been deeply

stirred by the fact that this gentle scholar, boon companion, and sympathising friend should have been chosen to share the dangers and horrors of war, and to face death in company with the gallant soldier and the brave sailor, who by virtue of their profession carried their lives in their hands. The mournful episode has, however, one bright side. Our country may have need of all her sons, and the intrepidity of this cultured man of letters will serve, for all time, as a proof to the world, and an example to the nation, of the way in which an Englishman can and should do his duty in whatever lines his lot may be cast, and whether the path be rough or smooth.

W. MORRIS COLLES.

ONLY.

THE same great oak trees flinging broad shadows on the grass,
 The same soft breezes bowing the daisies as they pass ;
 The same bright streamlet dancing through the fern leaves in the
 glen,
 Only, the rose tree withered that drooped above us then.

The same gay wavelets breaking as joyous, fresh, and free,
 Where the tall cliffs frown majestic, upon the northern sea ;
 The same white sea birds over it, to call, and swoop, and float,
 Only, the mosses clothe the wreck that was our bonnie boat.

The same young hearers listen to the old familiar words,
 The same sweet air is ringing from the old familiar chords ;
 To its wailing sigh they sadden, to its triumph peal rejoice,
 Only, amid the chorus we miss one silenced voice.

Yet for the rose, and one who loved it, how dreary is the glen ;
 The boat, and one who steered it, gave the sea a glory then ;
 For that missing note the music rings low and dirge-like thus,
 For, oh, that little " only " meant all the world for us.

SUSAN R. PHILLIPS.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

IN Mr. Charles Reade's novel of "Peg Woffington" we have a tolerably accurate sketch of this fascinating actress. We see something of her manifold charms of mind and body, of her whims and caprices, of her lavish generosity, and of her genuine kindness of heart. But to expect an exact portrait from a novelist is rather too much to ask; he must necessarily adapt his materials, and do the best he can with them, so as to produce a favourable mixture of the ideal with the real. Mr. Reade has given us Madam Peg at her best, and has left all her faults in the background; what faults she had—and they were legion—belonged to a large prodigal nature which had been allowed to run to seed, and in consequence produced weeds instead of flowers.

She had an immense capacity for enjoyment; hers was a joyous and a joy-giving nature. Thrown into the very furnace of temptation, she did indeed drag her honour in the dust; yet, at the same time, she was capable of great sacrifices, and often showed elements of real nobility of character. There was never anything false or mean about Peg Woffington; she had no worldly ambition, she was not absorbed by a love of filthy lucre, or a selfish desire to gain her own ends at the expense of others. She would never have been a Madame de Pompadour, or a Madame du Barri, her aim was to lead a merry, jovial life, without care or thought for the morrow. When repentance came, it was a real thing with her, and she died a truly penitent Magdalen, so that her story may "point a moral as well as adorn a tale." The facts of her life are as follows:—

Margaret Woffington was born at Dame Street, Dublin, in the year 1719. She was the daughter of a journeyman bricklayer, and attended school from her fifth to her ninth year. About this time her father died. Her school days now came to an end, as she was obliged to stay at home to help her mother who took in washing. Little Peg had to carry up water from the Liffey, to heat irons, to run messages, and to be, in fact, a regular washer-woman's drudge. Things were in this state when a certain Madame Violante arrived in Dublin.

Madame Violante had been brought up as a dancer, and was a clever, shrewd woman, who studied the public taste with skill and care. She hired a very large house, formerly occupied by Lord Justice Whitshed, in Fownes Court, on the spot where Fownes Street has since been built. This house was very roomy, and

covered a large extent of ground. Behind it, a spacious garden stretched down to where Crow Street Theatre afterwards stood.

These premises the enterprising Madame Violante converted into a booth, and brought over a company of tumblers and rope-dancers, who exhibited for some time with success. In these performances Madame herself took the leading parts, for she was as nimble with her toes as she was active in her mind. She was perpetually on the look-out for something new and striking, which would attract the public and rivet their curiosity. One day she happened to be walking along by the river, when she saw little Peg Woffington drawing water for her mother's wash-tubs. Madame stopped and stared. She well knew what a prize was before her.

This bare-legged, ragged child was a perfect marvel of beauty. What shapely limbs she had; what unconscious grace was in every movement of those round arms, firm and white as marble. And when the little gipsy tossed back her tangled hair, and twitched her coal-black brows—the actor's feature—what piquante, roguish glances flashed from those eloquent dark eyes of hers!

The whole scene would have made a study for a painter.

There was wily Madame Violante, rouged and powdered, with the enormous hat of that period, and there was bare-legged little Peg, her wet feet dabbling in the water, and her eyes wandering down the muddy river, as the washing tubs were gradually filled.

She had no ambition except perhaps to suck an over-ripe orange at the door of the theatre, when her work was done, or to earn a halfpenny by singing a ballad in her clear, shrill voice. But destiny, in the shape of Madame Violante, had come to her.

"Would you like to be my apprentice, my sweet little girl?" said the crafty Frenchwoman, eager that such a prize should be captured at once. "I will teach you to dance and sing."

"Oh, madam!" cried the enraptured little Peg, "that would, indeed, be delightful."

Such an offer seemed almost as good as to be made a Princess on the spot. No more washing now. Peg took back the tubs to her mother, and from that day was bound, body and soul, to her new mistress. Madame Violante was not slow to take advantage of her bargain. She proceeded to form a company of children, the eldest not more than ten years of age, and this little troupe she carefully drilled in "The Beggar's Opera," which was then running with great success in London, but had not yet been brought out in Dublin. Madame Violante was a very zealous *entrepreneuse*; what she did, she determined to do well, and spared no expense in providing suitable scenery, dresses, and decorations. So the new work was produced at her booth, and took the town by storm.

The novelty of the juvenile band of actors, the charm of the songs and dialogues made "The Beggar's Opera," as given by Madame Violante, even more popular than the children's "Pinafore"

has been in our own day. Some of the little performers became celebrated in after-life. Mrs. Workman was Captain MacHeath, and Master Barrington, who was afterwards well known in low comedy parts, was Filch. Not one, however, could boast of the fame of Peg Woffington, who acted Polly Peachum with extraordinary vivacity and grace. Peg was indeed a born actress, and took to her part as a duck takes to the water. She could mimic anybody she pleased; one twitch to those flexible black eyebrows of hers, one pull to her rosy mouth, and straightway she was transformed on the spot. As she went up in the world, her mother left off her trade as a washerwoman, and for many years sold fruit at the entrance to Fownes Court. She was a gossiping old woman, and quite willing to take the lion's share of her daughter's earnings. And then Peg had a brother, who, by her influence, was also admitted into Madame Violante's troupe. Like all celebrities, she did not rest on a bed of roses; she had many years of toilsome labour before her, many depressing struggles, many spites and jealousies and grudges to contend against. There was a Miss Violante, who was well up in her mother's airs and graces. To her, though she did not possess a tithe of Peg Woffington's beauty or genius, the principal parts were often given, and bitter were the heart-burnings if Peg carried off too much applause, or earned too many encores for the songs that were assigned to her. Madame Violante did not stop at "The Beggar's Opera." She rapidly produced something fresh, and kept her young actors perpetually at work, rehearsing new parts. Among these novelties is a very curious play. I happen to possess a copy of it, and the title page runs as follows:

"THE COBLER OF PRESTON,

AN OPERA,
As it is acted at the
NEW BOOTH IN DUBLIN,
With great Applause.

Printed by Geo. Faulkner, in Essex Street, opposite the Bridge, 1732."

The three girl performers are (1) Miss Corberry, (2) Miss Violante, and (3) Miss Woffington, who must have been at this time just thirteen years of age. Master Woffington takes the humble part of a countryman, with one song. The plot of the little piece is evidently borrowed from the preamble to "The Taming of the Shrew." Even the name "Christopher or Kit Sly" remains unaltered. But with Shakespeare, Sly is a tinker, and here he is a "cobbler (*sic*), half-drunk, with a flaggon of ale in his hand." He is introduced airing his political views in the following speech:

"Politics and March beer go well together; bear up, old heart of oak, as I was a saying, we cobblers have been the ablest Politicians in all ages. Why, there was old King Harry had a cobbler in Cabinet Council, a shrewd dog, I warrant you, and Crispus and Crispianus were most excellent cobblers; and I think Kit Sly, simple as he appears, as great as any of 'em all in his own way. He's not for dry Politicks, no, no; his Politicks are like plants, they must be watered well before they grow."

[Drinks, and sings "A Bottle of Good Claret."]

After this, enters Cicely Gundy, a country ale-wife; and the following choice dialogue ensues, largely borrowed from Shakespeare.

The part of Cicely was acted by Peg Woffington, and we may be quite sure she put plenty of life and spirit into it.

Cicely. Out, you knave! A pair of stocks, sirrah! A whipping post, you rogue! a whipping post!

Cob. You are a Baggage, look 'ee, say what you will of me, but don't disporridge my family. The Slys came in with Richard the Conqueror, and so let the world slide. [Fencing with his stick.]

Cicely. Sirrah! Sirrah! will you pay for the things you have broke?

Cob. No, not a single farthing (chucking her under the chin), I will live upon free quarters. Dost not know, house-wife, that I am free of all the Ale and Beef in England. I will hear no reckonings paid at all, 'tis downright abomination,—heresy—your sober small-beer penitents shall pay the Scot. I will tax them at my will and pleasure. Huzza! he that can't leap a five bar gate knows nothing of generalship.

Cicely. Well, Kit, I know my remedy; Kit, I'll e'en fetch the Constable. [She sings]

Ah! vile, ungracious Kit!
Get home and read your Psalter,
I prithee learn a little wit,
To keep thee from the Halter;
I'll make thee, knave,
Whene'er I crave,
Pay every debt that's due in,
If law or spight,
Will do me right,
I'll never cease pursuing."

[Exit CICELY in a fury.]

The cobbler soon falls into a drunken sleep, and is discovered by Sir Charles Briton as he is returning from hunting. Sir Charles (Master Oates) orders him to be conveyed to his house, and laid in the best room on a down-bed, a drunken butler being left in the cobbler's place. Shakespeare is again largely drawn upon in the scene where Kit Sly awakes and finds himself surrounded by servants in rich Spanish costumes. In the second act, Kit is brought back to his stall, and is not certain whether he is a dreaming Lord or a "waking cobbler."

"Yesterday, my servants were all Spanish gentlemen, my wife was a lady, my bed all silken, my house as big as a church, my meat so good I could not tell what it was, and my Booze as good as was ever tipped; and now, this morning, my fine lady is turned into a scolding vixen; my great house into a wretched hovel; my spacious chamber into a cobbler's stall; and my silken bed into musty flocks and filthy woollen. I'm terribly transmogrified from day to day . . . It must be so; I'm but a cobbler after all."

Kit is, however again transferred to the grandeur of the Hall-house, and is startled by hearing that a troop of dragoons is outside, with a warrant to hang him on one of the highest elms before the Palace gates for the crime of high treason.

"Kit. High treason! Hah, I was once it was true, a little inclined to rebellion; but it was when I was a cobbler. Oh! Lord, Oh! Lord, what will become of me? Could you clap me into an empty hog'shead in the cellar? Ah! Diego, do, do for mercy's sake (on his knees) and throw a penny loaf after me, a Cheshire cheese, and a pitcher of ale. I'll retire from this world like a peacemaking minister."

Kit is, however, relieved from his dilemma by the entrance of Sir Charles Briton; the servants pull off their whiskers and he recognises his own boon companions, Peter Scapegrace and Jack Leathercoat. So the opera comes to an end with a song, the chorus of which is—

“We'll quaff bumpers down,
And pray for the Crown,
To mad Politicians let all bid farewell,
Nor ever hereafter give cause to rebel—”

Advice which it would be well for the Irish politicians of the present day to adopt.

The part which Peg Woffington played in this little opera was a very trifling one; Cicely Gundy, the country-ale wife, has nothing to say after the two first scenes; while the part of Joan, Kit's wife, acted by Miss Violante, is the leading one of the piece. Peg, however, delivered the prologue in which the following elegant doggerel occurs—

“Our youthful author, fearful of his fate,
Must write a prologue, which I must repeat (repete!)
I beg'd that he might read it to me first.
He did, and faith! I thought I should have burst.”

The closing lines are a slight improvement on this wretched stuff, and could only have been spoken by the favourite of the Booth—

“Let me your kind, consenting smiles bespeak,
And spare the poet for the Actress' sake,
Hiss not, alas! one hiss would cause our death,
As Basilisks can murder with their breath.”

The epilogue was delivered by Miss Violante, probably Peg's rival in the favour of the public. The opening lines show that the larger theatres had suffered by the competition of the little players, and that grown-up actors were envious of the success of Madame Violante's juvenile troupe.

“Ladies! this night your presence has agen
Recruited all our Liliputian men;
To merit your applause we spare no cost,
Nor is our care by your indulgence lost.
No more shall play-house Broddingnags conspire
To burn our Booth with their Bombastick fire.
I heard a squeamish Prude the other night,
(But wives are not to blame when husbands write),
‘Lord! what's this world? to what a pitch of folly
When we must have a child to act a Polly,
Faugh! who can bear a Liliputian Play,’
But we can act our Parts as well as they.”

The “Cobbler of Preston,” with its songs and dances, must have had a good deal of smartness and “go” about it, so its success was not surprising; at the same time, there is something lamentable in the idea that such speeches should have been put into the mouths of children not fourteen years old. The little actors were obliged to feign drunkenness, to utter the coarsest language, swear

the broadest oaths, and assume the worst vices of their elders. Alas! for poor little Peg. It would have been impossible for her to have kept her wings unsmirched in such a foul atmosphere as this. Through evil report and good report, through slights and drudgery, she industriously toiled her way. In the April of 1739, or '40, one of the Dublin theatres which had been closed for three months opened again; and Peg Woffington, then twenty-one, and in the full height of her charms, was chosen to appear as Sir Harry Wildair. The part suited her to perfection; her success was complete, and praise poured in from all sides. Her acting as this character called forth the following lines:

ON MISS WOFFINGTON PLAYING SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

"Peggy, the darling of the men,
In Polly won each heart,
But now she captivates again,
And all must feel the smart.

Her charms resistless, conquer all,
Both sexes vanquished lie,
And who to Polly scorned to fall,
By Wildair vanquished die.

Would lavish Nature, who her gave
This double pow'r to please,
In pity give her, *both* to save,
A double pow'r to ease."

Her fame soon reached London, and Mr. Rich made her most advantageous proposals, which she accepted, and appeared at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, in her favourite character of Sir Harry Wildair. The house was crowded; she surpassed all expectations, and won more applause than had ever been given to any actress on that stage before. Mr. Wilks declared that her "Sir Harry" was a most elegant portrait of a young man of fashion. Among her many conquests she numbered the veteran actor, Colley Cibber, who, at the age of seventy, declared himself her ardent admirer. His great delight was to play Nykin or Fondlewife in the "Old Bachelor," to her Cocky or Letitia in the same piece. He gave her lessons in recitation, but instead of improving her, he taught her to adopt a pompous, stilted style, in which nature and passion were entirely sacrificed. After her return from Paris, she began to act in tragedy, and her favourite parts were Hermione and Andromache, in the "Distressed Mother," which, to show her versatility, she acted alternately. Her acquaintance with Garrick had commenced in Ireland, when he first visited it in 1741, and when she played Cordelia and Ophelia to his Lear and Hamlet. In London this acquaintance was resumed, and they kept house together. At one time Garrick had serious thoughts of marrying the fascinating Peg, and even went so far as to buy the wedding ring and try it on her finger. But the idea was given up, though he always seemed to have an affection for her, and some lines of his addressed

to "My Peggy," are given by Dr. Doran in "Their Majesties' Servants." The quarrels of Peg Woffington and Kitty Clive were long notorious. Kitty Clive was frank and open, and spoke out whatever came uppermost. Peg Woffington was outwardly civil, but her keen, sarcastic replies were so cutting that she drove her rival to frenzy, and strange scenes occurred in the green-room. Kitty Clive was the better actress of the two, but Peg Woffington had a far greater gift of beauty. What her outward appearance was at this time we learn from Mr. Galt's *Lives of the Players*.

"Her person," he says, "was remarkably beautiful; an irresistible gracefulness was conspicuous in all her actions; and a most surpassing elegance shone, as it were, around her. Her eyes were black of the darkest brilliancy, and while they beamed with the most beautiful lustre, they revealed every movement of her heart, and showed, notwithstanding she was but little indebted to education, that acute discernment which distinguished her through life. Her eye-brows—arched and vividly marked—possessed a flexibility which greatly increased the expression of her other features. In love and terror they were powerful beyond conception; but the beautiful owner never appeared to be sensible of their force. Her complexion was of the finest hue, and her nose being partly aquiline gave her countenance an air of great majesty; all her other features were of no inferior mould. She was altogether one of the most beautiful of Eve's daughters."

Compare these stilted periods with Mr. Charles Reade's fluent and poetical description of the fascinating Peg. "She was certainly a dazzling creature. She had a head of beautiful form; perched like a bird on a throat massive yet shapely and smooth as a column of alabaster; a delicious mouth, with a thousand varying expressions, and a marvellous faculty of giving beauty alike to love and scorn, a sneer or a smile. But she had one feature more remarkable than all—her eyebrows—they were jet black, strongly marked, and in repose were arched like a rainbow, but it was their extraordinary flexibility which made other faces on the stage look sleepy beside hers. At one time her figure seemed all stateliness, at another, elegance personified, and flowing voluptuousness at another. She was Juno, Psyche, Hebe by turns."

There was nothing that delighted her so much as this power of transforming herself. At one time she would rise to grandeur as the martyr queen, and half-an-hour afterwards she was to be seen in the green room at Covent Garden, holding up a pot of porter in her hand, and crying, "Confusion to all order! Let liberty thrive!" It was in the green room that the Beef-steak Club held its weekly meetings, and of this Club Peg Woffington was the President. Her portrait, in which she is represented lying on a sofa, is still to be seen at the Garrick Club. She was especially proud of her success as Sir Harry Wildair. Once she used her male disguise with good effect off the stage. The story

is casually mentioned by Mr. Reade, and it was, in fact, a real incident in Peg Woffington's eventful life. The gentleman, with whom she had first left Dublin, having proposed to a young lady in the country, Peg resolved to break off the match. She heard that a masked-ball was to be given on the young lady's birthday, and she contrived to gain admittance to it, dressed as a man of fashion. She asked the bride-elect to be her partner in a minuet, and during the pauses of the dance she revealed the true character of the intended husband, and told the *fiancée* of his heartlessness, his treachery, and his falsehood. The young lady fainted, the company dispersed, and Peg returned to London exulting in the success of her manœuvre.

Another time she would be seen in the dingy garret of some poor player, helping him and his wife with money, or offering them the influence of her great name. Another of her freaks was to lend the beautiful but penniless Miss Gunnings some of the dresses from the theatrical wardrobe, in order that they might appear to advantage at a viceregal ball. This happened in Dublin, for in 1751 Peg Woffington accepted an engagement from Sheridan, the manager of the Dublin theatre. Here she remained for three years, and was again the pet of the public. She was constantly adding to her *répertoire* as an actress, and among her favourite parts was that of Lady Townley in the "Provoked Husband." Even her enemies were amazed how well the bricklayer's daughter could adopt the manner and air of an easy, well-bred woman of fashion. In 1755, O'Keeffe mentions having seen her act Alicia, in "Jane Shore," the first play he ever saw. "I remember," he adds, "some years ago, seeing her mother, whom she comfortably supported, a respectable looking old lady in her short black velvet cloak, with deep fringe, and diamond and agate snuff-box. She had nothing to mind but going the rounds of all the Catholic chapels and chatting with her neighbours."

Meanwhile, Madam Peg reigned triumphantly over her mimic Court. She frankly confessed that she preferred the company of men to that of women; women, she said, "talked of nothing but silks and scandal." At her receptions were seen, not only Garrick, but statesmen, orators, wits and philosophers. Edmund Burke was one of her most ardent admirers, and it was at her house that he was first introduced to the Prime Minister, the Duke of Newcastle. But the time came when Peg abdicated her throne. She had begun life early and had lived a great deal for her years. The power and joy of living suddenly seemed to desert her. Paralysis slowly but surely gained ground. One night, in London, as she was acting Rosalind in "As You Like It," her speech began to fail. She struggled on with difficulty until she came to the closing words: "I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me;" then she stopped short, threw up her arms, gave a piercing shriek, and rushed from the stage. With this

tragic conclusion Peg Woffington's theatrical career came to an end. She lingered on for some time longer, but the bright, vivacious Peg of former days had disappeared. A sermon which she heard at a Methodist Chapel had a marvellous effect on her. She became serious in her manner, simple and plain in her dress, and retired from the world altogether. One of the last acts of her life was to build and endow a number of almshouses at Teddington, in Middlesex. At Teddington, too, she died on the 28th March, 1760, at the age of forty-one. Her tombstone is still to be seen there, and the almshouses also remain to this day. Among the many poetical tributes paid to her memory is a very high flown-elegy, which runs as follows—

“Blest in each art, by nature formed to please,
With beauty, sense, with elegance and ease,
Whose piercing genius studied all mankind,
All Shakespeares op'ning to thy vigorous mind,
In every sense of comic humour known ;
In sprightly sallies, wit was all thy own ;
Whether you seemed the cit's more humble wife
Or shone in Townley's higher sphere of life ;
A Proteus still in all thy varying range,
Thyself the same, divine in every change.”

But Peg Woffington had better elegies than this. She had the prayers of the widow and orphan, and many of the struggling brethren of her craft, whom she had befriended during her life, came forward with tales of her warm heart and generous nature. To her own family she was a real benefactress. Her mother long survived her and died in Dublin at the patriarchal age of ninety. Her sister Mary, though she failed as an actress, made a very fortunate match. She married the Hon. Captain Cholmondley, and through her Peg Woffington became connected with the proudest families in the peerage. A more dangerous path than she had to tread through life could hardly be imagined. From her childhood she had a series of pit-falls to encounter, which no woman could pass unharmed.

An actress at the age of nine at Madame Violante's booth, at a time when Farquhar's plays were being acted to admiring audiences, what greater ordeal could there be for any girl? But Peg Woffington could weep repentant tears, and we, her sisters, should hesitate before we throw stones at her memory.

C. J. HAMILTON.

THE SUBLIME SOCIETY OF BEEFSTEAKS.

HAL LOWTHER.

"AND now," said my guide, after a long survey of the Lyceum Theatre, "I will show you a curiosity."

"And pray what is that?" I asked.

"The Beefsteak Club-room," he replied.

"I shall be delighted to see that relic of the past," was my answer, "for I have heard so much about it."

"I am afraid," he continued, leading the way, "that it has been sadly neglected; however, as it is—there it is."

"This!" I exclaimed, in an amazed tone, as I looked around me. On my way up the stair from the stage I had conjured up the faces of Garrick, Hogarth, Rich, and the rest of the mighty spirits whose presence had made the room famous. I saw in imagination the table laden with its hearty English cheer, and heard the laughter born of wit and fun; but one glance at the place startled me from my pleasant dream and broke the spell!

There was the room, heavy with an atmosphere redolent of damp and mould, the massive mountings were fairly shrouded in dust, the ceiling was festooned with cobwebs or hung in long gloomy draperies from the arched woodwork. The place looked like a buried city of ancient and quaint theatrical "properties" suddenly disclosed to our astonished view! The rare old-fashioned fireplace was half hidden from sight by a unique screen of artificial flowers with their paper buds soiled and useless, to which was added a pile of paste-board goblets and costly trenchers of the same material, now bruised and despoiled of their dutch metal glory, with here and there a few wooden bones for some gravedigger or other "to play at loggets with." The Latin inscription over the mantel-piece, with its significant meaning, could only be seen through a mist of rebellious dust, so to speak, which was the result of moving a few drooping banners and rusty spears that leaned over it in limp confusion. The spacious floor was a perfect litter of stage refuse. Profile ships, with their rigging broken and tangled, seemed to have struck in helpless wreckage on a desperate shoal of canvas rocks. There were throne chairs of all shapes and sizes, now bereft of their grandeur, and lying side by side with the commonest of beggars to be found in the whole race of chairs! There were tables jammed in corners with dislocated limbs, creaking beneath the weight of an Ophelia coffin, together with a gouty couch and a swollen-legged sofa. Broken statuary was seen

scattered around, with here and there a rudely modeled figure hanging on the walls, strongly suggestive of suicide. In one particular corner were heaped up fragments of old armour, forgotten swords, belts and bucklers, with the white face of a melancholy clock staring from out its worm-eaten case at the ruin around. Truth to tell, I was disappointed, not to say disgusted, with the way irreverent hands had turned the old club-room into a sort of huge shed for stage litter and picturesque lumber.

And now, perhaps, a brief description of the club and its origin may not be uninteresting.

Rich, who was harlequin and manager of Covent Garden, spent a great deal of his time in the paint room of that theatre. Many of his friends and patrons were in the habit of paying him occasional visits there for the purpose of passing a sociable hour in chatting over the topics of the day. Now Rich loved a prime cut of steak, so much so that he would trust the cooking of one to no hands but his own. One day whilst he was so employed, some of his friends most unexpectedly found their way into the room, and stared to see the famous man as intent upon his steak as if it had been the study of a new pantomime trick. The picture was not an unpleasant one either. There was the grid with its juicy burden spluttering over a fire ripe and clear for the purpose; there, too, was a tray with its neat white cloth on which was a bottle of port, duly crusted with its cobweb certificate, barricaded with slabs of inviting looking bread. The visitors laughed at first at the primitive proceeding; but soon a pleasant odour arose about their nostrils which set the appetite craving. Permission was asked and granted for the use of the fireplace, more steaks were sent for, and amidst the fun and frolic of the thing a hearty meal was soon disposed of, and the fact that Rich acted as cook on the occasion leant a zest to the whole affair. So very successful was this paint-room episode that at the same hour the following day it was repeated, till at last it became an established custom. This gave rise to the idea that a club might be started, and in order that the same rollicking spirits might meet once a week at a given time, the "Sublime Society of Beefsteaks" was founded by Rich in the year 1715. So firmly was the basis of this fraternity laid, and so genially was the spirit of the thing followed out that the club was kept up uninterruptedly for 132 years!

Formed of the most notable men of the time, soon this society grew into importance, and the desire to be enrolled in such a community was soon made manifest. Men of letters, fame, and wit were constantly included on the visiting list. Rank merely had no influence on the members, for when the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., expressed a wish to belong to the club, he was obliged to WAIT HIS TURN for election, which, according to the annals, was a very considerable time after. "The Beefsteakers"

knew of no royal road to the heart of their exclusive and CHOSEN sociability.

It is on record that for seventy years the club was held where it was formed, at Covent Garden Theatre, but a fire occurring, the club moved to the Bedford Coffee House; from there it moved to the old Lyceum about 1809; being burnt out in 1830, it found a temporary home at the Lyceum tavern; it then returned to the Bedford Coffee House, and there remained until 1838, when it was re-installed in the new Lyceum, after a special suite of rooms had been built for its reception.

These rooms are, in a measure, detached from the theatre, and have a private entrance in Exeter Street. The principal apartment was, of course, used as a dining-room. A long table occupied the centre of the floor, flanked on each side by comfortable arm chairs, and headed by a massive one of carved oak, which served as a sort of throne for the president's accommodation. The room and ceiling were of Gothic architecture, the walls being adorned with portraits of the members, and interspersed, in the most tasteful manner, with curtain draperies. The mouldings were of polished oak, the fire-place was set in an arched framework of the same rich material, over which was inscribed a Latin motto, the translation of which is,

"Let none beyond this threshold bear away
What friend to friend in confidence may say."

Folding doors, stretching the full width of the room, screened from view an ante-room, and when dinner was announced these were thrown open, showing a quaint grating in the shape of a large gridiron. Through this novel arrangement, which communicated with the kitchen, the steaks were handed. Over the gridiron were the lines from "Macbeth" so whimsically suggestive to the cook—whom you could see clad in white, and tending the hissing steaks with his tongs—

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly—"

That the steaks were of the best quality may easily be credited when it is told that the society paid for them at 2s. 6d. per pound, and beef was much cheaper in those days than now. They were served in hot pewter plates, with baked potatoes, Spanish onions, cold and fried, beet root and chopped eschalots, with toasted cheese as a final relish. The drink consisted of old port, whisky toddy, and punch, with an occasional variation in the form of porter in pewter pots.

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was a visitor in 1833, and gave a humorous and pithy description of the club in *Frazer's Magazine*. How this act was looked upon by the then members I have no means of ascertaining, but one would think it could scarcely be consistent with the motto of the brothers, especially when we hear of the following anecdote:

William Jerdan, editor of the *Literary Gazette*, was a visitor, and at a late hour he was observed to take a note of a brilliant repartee that had been made. The president, by whose side he sat, pointed over the chimney-piece to the inscription—

“Ne fidos inter amicos
Sit, qui dicta foras climinet.”

Said “Jerdan, do you understand those words?” “I understand one,” said Jordan, “sit, and I mean to do it!” So strict were they with regard to this rule that each member was held responsible for his guest. Some of the highest and best names connected with art, literature, science, and the drama have been inscribed on the annals of this club, varying from Rich, Hogarth, Churchill, Gabriel Hunt, Dean Price, Judge Welsh, Dr. Anthony Askew, Garrick, Kemble, the Prince of Wales, Bard Charles Morris, Curran, Lord Brougham, to Samuel Lover and Thackeray, with his convulsive song of “Little Bil-ly!” How nobility was represented may be imagined when it is known that the Duke of Sussex was for one year “Boots” to the club.

On the installation of each member he had of course to take the oath, which was administered in the following form,

THE OATH.

You shall attend duly,
Vote impartially,
Conform to our laws and orders obediently,
You shall support our dignity,
Promote our welfare, and at all times
Behave as a worthy member of this sublime society—
So beef and liberty be your reward.

The society consisted of twenty-four members, each being allowed the privilege of inviting a friend. At one time the members appeared with blue coats, buff waistcoats with brass buttons, on which were impressed the gridiron and motto, “Beef and liberty.” They also wore rings and badges impressed in the same manner. After the election of a member it was the duty of the Recorder to deliver the charge, in which it was explained, “that while perfect equality existed among the brethren, such equality never should be permitted to degenerate into undue familiarity; that while badinage was encouraged in the freest sense of the word, such badinage must never approach to a familiarity, and that good fellowship must be united with good breeding.”

The spirit of fun was always rife among them, and it is told of one visitor from the country, who could not believe so many persons of title were present, he whispered to someone that it was all a hoax. The word went round, and the parties interested assumed the bearing and conversation of tradesmen. H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex reproached Alderman Wood for “the tough steaks

he had sent last Saturday." Wood retorted on the Royal Duke by protesting against the misfitting stays he had sent his wife, while someone else reproached his noble neighbour for sending him a sour cask of ale. In the midst of all this the Duke of Leinster, who was president, overbalanced his chair and fell; of course, he was allowed to scramble up as best he could, which fact convinced the sceptical guest of what he called the hoax. "For," as he said, "had the president been a real duke, would they not all have rushed to pick him up?"

Any member offending in any way was conducted from the room be'tween two brothers, bearing halberts, and preceded by another bearing the sword of state, a beautifully mounted one of elegant and costly workmanship. He was then shrouded in a white cloth and brought back to be publicly reprimanded by the Recorder. The Duke of Sussex, being on one occasion condemned to this penance, lost his temper; but, on reflection, was so sorry for the act that he presented himself the following Saturday, and, as an atonement for his conduct, voluntary did penance a second time.

This is the only instance on record of such manifest rebellion occurring, for wit, mirth and music were generally the ruling elements of the evening.

The songs were all composed by members, Bard Morris being the greatest contributor; he is reported as being the life and soul of the club. Of him Curran says, "Well has our laureate earned his wreath, and as yet nature has given no sign of decay; you see him in a green and vigorous old age, tripping mirthfully along the downhill of life, without langour or gout, or any of the penalties exacted by time for the mournful privilege of living. Die when you will, Charles, you will die in your youth." And he died at the YOUTHFUL age of NINETY-THREE. And a poet too! How could *Silas Wegg* ever imagine that "poetry wears away the feelings." His muse has a ring of the classical jester in it. Here are a few verses from "Laugh While You May:"

"I'm a brat of old Horace, the song-scribbling Morris,
More noted for rhyme than for reason,
One who roars and carouses, makes noise at all houses,
And takes all good things in their season.
To this classic of joy I became, when a boy,
A pupil most ardent and willing,
And through life as a man, I've stuck fast to this plan,
And past it in flirting and filling.

"Old Lucullus, they say, fifty cooks had each day,
And Vitellis' meat cost a million;
Now my stomach's as good, what or where be the food,
In a chop-house or Royal Pavilion.
At all meals if enough I most happily stuff,
And a song from my heart alike rushes,
Though I've not fed my lungs, on nightingales' tongues,
Or the brains of goldfinches or thrushes.

"When my eyes take a gaze through the whims of my days,
 And the glass gilds the passing illusion,
 What soul more on earth feels the spur of wild mirth,
 Or glows with more social effusion?
 Round my old head of snow, my life's spring seems to glow,
 Though joys into visions be dwindled,
 And, though faded the truth, I'm bewitched into youth,
 And my heart's faded embers new kindled."

And such was the club-room in the days of old, when the laughter and fun-loving "Beefsteakers" passed a few hours in harmless merriment every Saturday. As I gazed upon the motley confusion around, on the occasion of my first visit, I could not help thinking with Hamlet, "To what base uses may we not return, Horatio."

It will, doubtless, be a source of gratification to many to know that this famous old room is now restored to all its former glory. It is now approached through the armoury, which glows with bright suits of mail, while the glass cases fairly glisten again with richly ornamented girdles, polished neck-pieces and heavily jewelled swords and daggers. The taint and waste have disappeared, and in their stead is a handsome apartment fitted with furniture in keeping with the Gothic nature of the place. The kitchen, with its fine range, is fitted up as of old. The gridiron is to be seen again, with the "Macbeth" quotation over it. The walls are adorned with suitable pictures, and the ancient fire-place is as cosy and quaint as ever. Any guest who has the good fortune to spend a few hours there is certain to bear away with him pleasant recollections of an evening spent in that revived and grand old room.

DERBY CHINA : OLD AND NEW.

(*Concluded.*)

WHEN, some years ago, it was proposed to revive the manufacture of "Crown" porcelain in Derby, the scheme met with scanty encouragement from the town itself, which, though a borough of very progressive political tendencies, is unconsciously "Conservative" in concerns of commerce. The Dogberrys of a certain august "Board" subjected the proposal of establishing china ovens in the royal hamlet of Litchurch to criticism as vehement as it was vain. The sulphur and smoke would, it was predicted with Jeremiah-like solemnity, ruin the villas of the neighbourhood. A medical member of the aforesaid "Board," in a melancholy moment, spoke of the deadly effect the China Works would exercise over the vegetation of the adjacent Arboretum. He painted a pathetic picture of the trees shrinking into "blackened skeletons." The croaking of these Cassandras has not, however, been realised. The colossal, and even picturesque chimneys, that rise high above the kilns, efficiently carry away the vapours; while the burning of the bones—bone being one of the first ingredients in the manufacture of the finest china—is carried on at a calcining furnace in a remote part of the town on the banks of the river, where the drainage of the town adulterates the stream, thus acting as a sanitary deterrent. It was my good fortune to go through the Derby China Works with my friend, Mr. Joseph Hatton, journalist, novelist, and gentleman. In the columns of a great New York daily paper he describes his visit, and waxes droll over the stupid local opposition that the revival of Derby "Crown" met with in the town so associated with its name. He remarks :

"Some of the leading burgesses of Derby have odd notions of progress. They tried to obstruct the revival of an industry which has made their town known in all the art circles of the world, because of the 'fumes and smoke.' One of the town councillors attacked the Company because, he said, 'they use copper in the manufacture of china, and the fumes from copper will kill the trees in the Arboretum.' At the meeting to protest against the old-new industry, this town councillor demanded of one of the directors: 'Confess, now, you do use copper!' 'We do,' said the director. 'Ah!' exclaimed the civic scientist; 'and let me ask you how?' 'We use it to engrave printing plates.' The Arboretum trees are as green as ever they were, and so I believe is that sapient T.C., bless his wooden head!"

We selfishly wish that Mr. John Ruskin could be with us this afternoon; and for this reason: there is practically no machinery employed in the production of Derby porcelain; all the delicate processes—a score or more in number—which take place are those which engage at once the interest, the intelligence, and the ingenuity of the workman, be he potter or painter, modeller, gilder, or burnisher. Mechanism is at a decided discount. The man is not a machine, the work is one of head and heart and hand, it demands taste, judgment, and dexterity. Did I say no machinery? Stay. There is, I must candidly concede to Mr. Gradgrind, voracious for “Facts, sir, facts,” the “mill.” This is the only mechanical department; here the rough materials are ground by steam-power. Radiating arms revolve in pans, until the different substances assume the consistency of bill-stickers’ paste, with a dash of rich Devonshire cream by way of colouring. Flint, felspar, “Cornish clay” (a soft white rock that is neither limestone nor chalk, although it resembles both, but is really a decomposed sort of granite, indigenous to the coast of Cornwall), calcined bones, &c., are the elements thus amalgamated by friction and water in these Heidelberg-like tuns, as spacious as Bass and Company’s mashing-tubs. The raw material, when amalgamated and reduced to its proper condition of fluency and fineness, is known in technical parlance as “slip.” Its immediate destination is, like that of Noah, to the “Ark,” a reservoir provided for its reception, before it is pumped up into “the blunging room,” where are the mixing vats, in which the various constituents of the future porcelain are mingled. Anon the prepared material is sifted through silk-lawn sieves of phenomenal fineness for the purpose of separating grit and other foreign substances that would diminish the plasticity of the clay. The next stage is the “clay press,” which excludes all superfluous moisture. The mass here preserves the appearance of cream still; but, it is cream-cheese. This press—seeing that our comparisons smack somewhat of Brillat Savarin—is something suggestive of a sausage-chopping machine. It exudes the clay, and chops it off in successive portions ready for the potter. All this work, mechanical as it may appear, demands no ordinary pains and no superficial experience. The future perfection of porcelain depends to a considerable extent upon the proper grinding of the materials. The time occupied in this process varies from half-a-day to a week, according to circumstances. The silk-lawn sieve through which the china “body” passes is microscopical in its meshes. In the mixing-tub this ground material has to undergo the scrutiny of radiating rows of magnets. Their office is to arrest any particles of iron that would imperil by their presence the purity of the future porcelain.

And now, messieurs, we have done with machinery. We have

seen the clay before it was pulverized; we have followed it into a state of "slip;" it is now in the stage of solid paste. We will accompany it to the potters' room. Pass we, then, along the old workhouse passages, brushing our coats against boxes of flint and bags of ground bones, and provoking from Joseph Hatton whimsical speculations as to the source of the bones, seeing that battlefields have furnished European dealers with abundant supplies. We hope that the Derby "Crown" Porcelain Company is not grinding up the "clay" of bygone combatants of Plevna and Tel-el-Kebir to make their "clay," and come to the conclusion that Shakespeare's

"Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,"

might have been converted to more artistic uses than to

"Stop a hole to keep the wind away."

Well, what are the lines of the potter's ditty:

"Our trade to work in clay, began
Ere the first man was made;
For out o' clay was made this man,
And thus began our trade.
Since man is but an earthen jug,
This jug then let us fill;
And this to compass, jolly boys,
Good liquor welcome still."

And now we stand before the potter's wheel. You may well be excused for exclaiming, "There is nothing new under the sun." Indeed, the potter's wheel is nearly as old as the sun. Instead of being in the heart of commercial England in the Victorian era we might be in the Egypt of the Pharaohs. The potter's wheel your excellency now inspects is precisely the same in principle as that used by the Egyptians a trifle of some four or five thousand years ago. The art has not advanced since its infancy. Behold it! A rude bench, a shaft, a strap, a disc, a wheel, a lad, a woman, and a man. The man sits on a low saddle at the top of the bench; the woman furnishes him with his supplies of clay; the boy, with watchful gradations, regulates the revolutions of the wheel; the woman hands the man a lump of lifeless, shapeless clay; he throws it on the centre of the disc; a motion of his hand to the lad—the wheel turns; the disc is in swift motion, and, lo! with a touch of the man's thumb or finger the lifeless lump becomes animate, it spreads itself into jug or vase, cup or saucer, dish or basin, or whatever you wish. The "thrower," as the man is called, seems to play with the clay; it rises before him and fashions itself to his bidding. Man and material appear to work in sympathy. Now you can understand better the force of the Bible verse: "O house of Israel, cannot I do with you as this potter, saith the Lord. Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in my hand, saith the Lord."

As soon as they are shaped, the articles are cut from the wheel by a wire, to afterwards receive the addition of spouts and handles. They are now of a grey slate colour, and pass into the hands of the "turner." He fixes the ware upon his lathe, working upon the clay as if it were wood until the perfection of shape is accomplished; the handles, spouts, &c., are fixed with a little "slip," which acts as a cement—the heat of the oven subsequently unites the two parts. It should be remarked that, in addition to this process, many of the articles are made in moulds by a process known as "flat-pressing." The ware, as we have followed it, is now ready for the oven. The same delicate care which has been exercised throughout is not now suffered to relax in its vigilance.

Let us walk to the kilns. Spread about are some thousands of objects that look, at first sight, like so many Cheshire or Stilton cheeses (culinary comparisons again, you see). They are "seggars." A "seggar" is the dish in which the porcelain is baked in the oven. They are shaped to accommodate the different wares. Some are flat and round; others are oval. The flat round ones are for china plates, each plate demanding its own "seggar." The plate is protected in the "seggar" by a bed of powdered flint, which, being calcined, will not melt and adhere to the china.

The oval "seggar" is used for cups and bowls, a number of them being placed together, ranged on china rings which keep them to the true gauge. When the "seggars" are filled they are conveyed to the kilns, and piled up in columns till the oven is full—a weird architecture it looks in the dim light of the gigantic cone—then the doorway is bricked up, the fires blaze all round the base, and soon the whole mass glows a red heat, which is maintained for forty or fifty hours; then the heat is relaxed, a gradual cooling takes place, and the cremated "seggars," are taken out. Their contents went into the oven a slatey-grey, they come out a delicate cream-colour, translucent, vitreous and with a bell-like ring. No more picturesque spectacle on a wintry night could be imagined than these kilns with their poetry of fire; with the men, who tend the ovens, moving mysteriously about in gloom and gleam, flicker and flame, like Salamanders, or Gheibers; now lost in dense shadow, now strongly revealed in sharp lights. Rembrandt, with his magical charm of chiaroscuro; Schaklen, with his fire-light effects; Wright, with his "Forge;" Turner, with his conception of conflagration; Doré, with his sense of poetic horror—none of them has a touch like it.

The ware, when it leaves the kiln for the first time, is known as "biscuit." Many of the more ambitious products of the firm are "fired" from six to a dozen times, an operation each time causing much anxiety. "These are our profits," says Ceramicus, pointing to a pyramid of broken porcelain, damaged by the "firing." "Glazing" is the operation the china submits to after it has left the oven. The process appears simple: a

man in a white apron dips a cup into a tub of cream—this cream is a chemically prepared liquid glaze—he takes it out again; the thing is done—somebody else takes the cup into the drying room; but the man must be a master of the art, or the glaze will not be equally distributed over that cup. “Dipping room,” “drying room,” then the “trimming room,” where any defective places are rectified, or any superfluity of glaze reduced. Presently the ware enters the “glost ovens” (similar in construction and practice to the “biscuit ovens”) to receive another ordeal by fire. Then it is ready for the decorators; their department is, perhaps, the most engrossing in its interest of any in the entire establishment. You would become amazed at your own ignorance if you whiled away the afternoon in the *ateliers* of the artists, pausing before the conceptions of Mr. Landgraff, Count Holtzendorf, Mr. James Platts, Mr. James Rouse, the elder, and other china painters of repute, as they are working out poetic dreams of landscape or seascape, birds or butterflies, flowers or fruit. Here we meet with Mr. Richard Lunn, the art director and designer of the Derby “Crown” Porcelain Company; he was formerly headmaster of the Sheffield School of Art. Sheffield’s loss has been Derby’s gain. He shows us his latest designs for the American market, a series of original china-paintings of Venice, intended for dinner and dessert plates, each subject a picture of lagoons and palaces and gondolas, with brilliant sun and blue sky lighting up sea and sail, or tender moonlit touches full of romantic charm. Very interesting it is to stop and chat with James Rouse. He is eighty years of age; he was a flower-painter at the old works; he is a flower-painter at the new, a hale, hearty, old gentleman. He has been giving the world flowers that do not fade this last half century or more, and modestly remarks, “I go on improving every day.” I think of Michael Angelo, when he was eighty, designing a rough pencil sketch, representing a very old man (himself) seated in a go-cart, drawn by a little child, and writing under the drawing these words, *Ancora imparo*, “still he learns.” “I go on improving every day,” says the china-painting octogenarian, little thinking of what the great Italian said when he was the same age. To continue, you might spend a few more hours watching the work of Mr. Herbert Hogg, the modeller, modelling in clay a classical statuette or a new vase; and return the next day to have your cerebral symmetry disturbed by too abrupt an enlargement of what phrenologists call the “bump of wonder” in contemplating the various processes of printing, gilding, burnishing, jewelling, chasing, enamelling, and decorating generally. A busy place is the printing room. Printing on porcelain is accomplished by patterns being impressed on tissue paper, deftly cut by dexterous girls and swiftly transferred to the article in course of decoration;

the pattern is afterwards coloured and passes through the enamel oven like other decorative processes. When we pass into the gilding room we look for the gold which illuminates "Crown" Derby with oriental richness. We only see workmen tracing elaborate patterns on the ware with camels' hair brushes dipped in what appears to the uninitiated common printers' ink; but that dark unprepossessing fluid is the purest gold that can be obtained. When it reaches the factory from the assayer it has the appearance of chicory; a little flux and quicksilver is added for working purposes. Equally deceptive in its earlier stages is that incomparable mazarine blue for which "old Derby" was so famous, and which has been revived with such gratifying success; "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue." Well, this blue, as we now inspect it, is a dull black, and appears very unpromising, but the colours have yet to be fired in the glost oven to come out bright and rich. When the ware comes from the enamel kiln, the gold is of a dull yellow colour, and passes into the hands of the burnishers, girls and women, to be brightened up. Burnishing is accomplished by an agate stone or blood stone being rubbed over the gold until it is lustrous; where the patterns are chased upon the gold the agate only touches those parts which are to be polished, leaving the dull dead gold to bring out the brightness in strong relief.

And now the ware is ready for the warehouse, to be sorted out, papered, and packed for distribution to all parts of the world. An arsenal of porcelain—hundreds of dinner services, dessert services, breakfast and tea services, vases and ornaments. An imaginative mind might indulge in speculations as to the homes and yachts this ware is destined to beautify; the dinner parties to which it will lend grace; the brides' eyes it will gladden as wedding-presents. But to-day the workmen are busy responding to some large American orders for Tiffany, of New York, and we will leave them at their work, and return to our starting-point, the show room, where the exhibition best illustrates the success of the revival of the old art-industry. Here we can place the old work in juxtaposition with the new, the past with the present, and find the Derby china of to-day comparable, and in many respects superior, to the Derby china of yesterday, that is, of a hundred years ago. One of the aims of the Company has been to revive the old patterns, and we see the success attending this *renaissance* in the well-known Derby "Japanned," where the decoration of blue, gold, and red is only to be described in Keats' line, "a thing of beauty, and a joy for ever." The famous Kedleston vase and ewers have likewise been reproduced, until the copy is superior to the original, purer of body, more delicate of mould, more effective in colour. The celebrated Newcastle Vase, in the Clumber Collection of the Duke of Newcastle, admits of the same remark. There is a great amount of artistic detail in this vase,

which is of French classic design. Around it are suspended locketts, which hold painted imitations of rare cameos; oval medallions, filled with flowers in natural colours, with pearl ornaments, diversify the swell of the shape, elsewhere the surface is decorated with raised gold wreaths, chased like metal work; the pedestal is of gold, heavily gilt and burnished. Other revivals worthy of notice are the grotesque figures for which the old Derby Works were very famous. An expert, writing in a trade-journal as to this branch of the ceramic art, tells a good story: "The quaint or grotesque figures have been reproduced by the present company with rare success, and are practically the same goods as those which have of late fetched such extravagant prices in the London sale rooms. They are not perhaps in the collector's sense "originals" but are practically indistinguishable from them, as was exemplified some time ago in a rather amusing manner. A well-known collector had lent to the company a grotesque figure of the immortal 'Dr. Syntax' for purposes of reproduction. Entering the Company's show room some time after, he saw 'Dr. Syntax' placed on one of the tables, and, not unnaturally, expressed a fear that his precious specimen might be accidentally injured if so exposed. To his great surprise he was, however, informed that the original confided to the company was safe under lock and key, and that the 'Dr. Syntax' before him was merely a reproduction. It may, we think, be concluded from this little story, that while so acute a judge could be so deceived—and that in an article which, being his own, he of course knew perfectly—the general body of lovers of the ceramic art will not much care to pay fancy sums for 'old' Derby figures when the modern replications can be obtained at moderate prices." In this direction, we are shown a series of statuettes, representing "Tribulation," "Supplication," "Resignation," and "Adoration;" together with the vivacious examples of "Force" and "Persuasion" (illustrated by the philosophy of a donkey) which Sir William Harcourt secured on the occasion of his visit to the works, and promised, at the earliest opportunity, to lay before Her Majesty's Ministers. The profusion of objects rich and rare, from the kingly vase to the painted dinner-service, is an *embarras de richesses* that becomes, at last, overwhelming, and stuns the imagination. One superb piece is surpassed by its successor, and you are left in the position of Thackeray who, when asked which was really the most beautiful of several Irish lakes, said: "When at the smaller lake, we agreed that it was more beautiful than the large one; then we came back and said: 'No, the large lake is the more beautiful;' and so at every point we stopped, we pronounced that particular spot was the prettiest in the whole lake. The fact is *they are too handsome*."

In this show room the profusion is prodigal, and the difficulty

of decision a great one. What shall we take away with us? Persian designs in rich raised gold? Ivory ware, or egg-shell in raised gold? A dinner-service similar to that supplied to the Prince of Wales' yacht, "Osborne?" A dessert-service, with views of scenery, like that the local Liberals are presenting to Mr. Gladstone? Plaques painted by Landgraf, or Holzendorf? A tea-service of the "Lily" pattern, in glorious mazarine blue? A harlequin breakfast set, or a mirror, the frame of which is a copy of old Chelsea-Derby, and is formed of roses, violets, and other flower-groupings? Or the quaint figures of the Mansion House Dwarfs? A dinner-service for the American market gives us pause. The Americans are the largest purchasers from the Derby Works. They take the most costly of the productions. The exports from Derby to New York are enormous. Sensational are some of these American orders. What do you think of a dinner service, the wholesale price of which is two hundred pounds? Contemplate plates at two pounds each, and try to live up to dishes at twenty-five pounds per pair. Add to this original cost, fifty per cent. duty at the exorbitantly exacting custom-house at New York; then add another fifty per cent. for the American dealer's profit. This sum, in simple addition, makes the dinner crockery of the wealthy American come to something like a cool four hundred pounds. But it is a magnificent show he puts upon the table. Each plate reflects artistically the various items on the menu card. Fish?—here is a service of plates, each of which is a picture—marine and piscatorial—a study of wave and weeds, shore and shells, fish and far-off sail, produced in the richest, daintiest wealth of decoration. Game?—here are pictures of pheasant and partridge, woodcock and grouse, ptarmigan and wild duck, stag and deer, fur and feather, stubble field, woodland, moorside and mountain glen.

Before we leave the Derby Works, where our visit has been inordinately prolonged, we are initiated into the mysteries of the various trade-marks by which genuine "Crown" Derby porcelain—past or present—is to be known. This is important to collectors; for there is as much fraudulent imitation of china as in anything else that is valuable and of good report. The only mark of the new Derby china is that which will be found subjoined, viz.: a monogram consisting of two D's intersected, surmounted by a crown. The old Derby marks vary according to the periods of production. The elder Duesbury's device was simply a crown, surmounted by the words "Duesbury, Derby." The ware produced during the Duesbury and Kean partnership, was the monogram of "D.K." surmounted by crossed swords and a crown; that of W. Duesbury a "D," crossed swords, and a crown. The Bloor *régime* is distinguished by Bloor's name and the word "Derby," circling a crown. Mr. Sampson Hancock's mark is more elaborate, and comprises his initials, crossed swords, crown, and the letter "D." There are other Derby devices of the

past, scarce, and somewhat dubious, except to experts; those here indicated are the most authentic. The subject of marks is a wide one, and, for people specially interested, it will be found fully dealt with in Mr. Chaffers's *Marks and Mono-*



DERBY CROWN PORCELAIN CO. LIMITED.
TRADE MARK.

grams.

EDWARD BRADBURY.

APRIL'S WELCOME.

FROM bare hedge rows twittering,
On the black mould glittering,
Bird and bud arouse to hail the voice;
Through the happy woodlands ringing,
Light and warmth and sunshine bringing,
Calling earth in springtide to rejoice.
Waking from their dreamless sleeping,
Silvery snowdrop bells are peeping,
Chiming softly for their own delight;
Duly ranged in knightly order,
Gallant crows guard the border,
Flooded by the golden aconite.
'Mid the bare boughs shyly showing,
Soft green shoots to leaves are growing,
The daisy laughs amid the grasses green;
Chirp and gurgle in the bushes,
Tell how chaffinches and thrushes,
Pay their homage to their coming queen.
Black east winds may chill and mock her,
Sleet and rain combine to shock her,
But sweet April claims her vernal throne;
She is coming, haste to greet her,
She is coming, purer, sweeter,
For the dreary waiting we have known.
Just because the furious weather,
Bringing frost and storm together,
Made our winter hard, and dark, and long;
Gladder for her loyal duty
'Mid her gifts of hope and beauty,
Nature chants the spring times' welcome song.

SUSAN R. PHILLIPS.

THE AUTHOR OF "VATHEK."

THERE is something in the very name of William Beckford that is suggestive of oriental opulence and magnificence. Born of a distinguished ancestry, having as his sponsor the greatest Englishman of his time, and inheriting at an early age a colossal fortune, it may well indeed be said that the gods had dowered him with all the gifts at their command. Much may be urged against the possession of hereditary wealth. With some natures it becomes the grave of every high and noble aspiration; it debases their intellect, enervates their system, and at last brings them down to the lowest and most degraded level. But there are others upon whom it does not produce these effects—men whose innate force of character is such that they suffer no deterioration of nature. They are not dazzled by the splendours of wealth; they are its masters, and not its slaves. Such a man, it seems to us, was the author of *Vathek*. He had an individuality which would have gained him distinction had his heritage been one of indigence instead of one of luxury. There is a kind of glamour over the career of this man, and we are almost bewildered by the prodigality of the treasures which were scattered about his path. If a study of his life leaves one regret, viz., that he did not use some portion of his vast wealth to promote the direct interests of humanity, yet, on the whole, perhaps he was not an unworthy steward of his almost incalculable riches.

The Beckfords acquired their wealth in the West Indies. The great-grandfather of the subject of this article, Peter Beckford, was Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Island of Jamaica, from the reign of Charles II. to that of Anne, and his immediate successor of the same name was Speaker of the House of Assembly, in the island. The father of William Beckford was a remarkable man, and one who has his place in English history. Alderman Beckford was twice Lord Mayor of London, and was member for the city in the stirring times of John Wilkes. He was an intimate friend and ardent supporter of the great minister Chatham at more than one period of grave crisis in that statesman's career. Both in the House and out of it Beckford was noted for his spirited and independent speeches. His entertainments as sheriff, and afterwards as Lord Mayor, were conceived and carried out on a truly regal scale, and that which he gave upon being sworn in as Lord Mayor in November, 1762, had not been equalled in the City for its splendour from the time of Henry VIII. Four

imperial and royal personages were on one occasion most sumptuously entertained by Beckford—namely, the Emperor of Germany, the King of Denmark, and the Dukes of York and Cambridge. Several instances are furnished of the Alderman's courage in defending his opinions, when there was evidence that they were seriously unpopular; but perhaps the most interesting fact in connection with his public life was his memorable answer to George III. in the matter of the City remonstrance. In May, 1770, Lord Chatham brought in a Bill for reversing the decision of the House of Commons in the affair of John Wilkes, but the Bill was thrown out. On the previous 14th of March a humble address and remonstrance had been presented from the City condemning the minister Bute. Although this was pronounced a most disrespectful act, the common council were nothing daunted, and on the 23rd of May they presented another address. This was getting a little too much for the irascible monarch, who thereupon unmistakably chided his subjects. Beckford demanded the right of reply, and gave the enraged George some wholesome advice—a not very common step for a subject to take towards his sovereign. After telling the King that he had no more faithful subjects than the citizens of London, the bold Alderman added, "Permit me, sire, further to observe, that whosoever has already dared, or shall hereafter endeavour by false insinuations and suggestions, to alienate your Majesty's affections from your loyal subjects in general, and from the City of London in particular, and to withdraw your confidence in, and regard for your people, is an enemy to your Majesty's person and family, a violator of the public peace, and a betrayer of our happy constitution as it was established at the glorious and necessary Revolution." When next Beckford appeared before the King, on a State occasion, he was requested by the Lord Chamberlain not to deliver any more lectures to the King, his Majesty having been exceedingly wroth after the last one. This intrepid public servant, who was as estimable in his private as he was able and enterprising in his commercial relations, died in his London house in Soho Square, on the 21st of June, 1770. A wealthy democrat, he was one of a race that has ever been few in numbers. A word should be added respecting his great benevolence, and his patronage of the arts. The founder of Fonthill, he made that house one of the finest mansions in the west of England. His patriotism was immortalized in verse, and a monument to him was erected in the church of St. George, Botolph Lane.

His son, the still more distinguished William Beckford, was born at Fonthill Giffard, Wilts, on the 29th of September, 1759. The Earl of Chatham was sponsor at his christening. Before he was eleven years of age, that is, upon the death of his father, he fell heir to one hundred thousand pounds per annum, to one million sterling of ready money, and to various properties. Lord Lyttelton

sought out a tutor for him, one Dr. Lettice, a clergyman, who seems by disposition and acquirements alike to have been excellently fitted for his task. Mrs. Beckford, who was of the Abercorn branch of the Hamilton family, regarded with the deepest concern her son's education, and it is not without interest to find that the pupil's course was in part suggested by those two famous noblemen, Lords Lyttelton and Chatham. Classical and other studies of a somewhat severe character were alternated by healthful horse exercise over Wiltshire Downs. Heraldry was a study to which young Beckford early addicted himself. His family claimed royal descent, and its latest scion spent a good deal of time in trying to establish that John of Gaunt, amongst other past notabilities, was a distant relation of his. The society at Fonthill was of the highest and most distinguished character, every grade in the peerage being represented, as well as the political, the literary, and artistic worlds. It is said that even at the early age of twelve years, Beckford's "personal figure was advantageous, while his genius and talents were of the most promising character. His vivacity of imagination and natural flow of eloquence were remarkable, his comprehension was lucid, and uncommonly quick. His facility in acquirement as well as his memory were good, and his progress in learning considerably beyond the average." His one great drawback, it appears, was desultoriness, and there is every probability that with a stronger pertinacity in certain directions, he might have acquired a higher reputation than even that which he now enjoys. Perhaps, however, considering his fortune and his surroundings, he might rather be praised for that which he actually achieved than blamed for that which he did not accomplish.

He read in the principal Greek and Latin authors by the time he was fourteen years of age, and he also experienced great delight in his studies in the Old Testament. His imagination was one which could not but be peculiarly impressed by the grand and sublime passages in the old Hebrew bards. With a view to prepare him for public life he was furthermore exercised in the speeches of the celebrated Parliamentary orators of his time, and he was indoctrinated in the arts of oratory. But by way of showing the bent of his mind we may state that he went through Blackstone's *Commentaries* as a disagreeable duty, while he revelled in such works as Robertson's *Charles V.* and *Mary Queen of Scots*. To test the progress which his friend's son was making, Lord Chatham invited young Beckford and his mother to Burton Pynsent, where they stayed for a month. The great statesman at this time "was tall, thin, and stooped a little, owing to the gout to which he was subject. His eyes were uncommonly keen and piercing, his features commanding, and impressed with a peculiar dignity by nature, for his carriage, and indeed his entire person, bore marks of that unaffected manner and genuine simplicity which are stamped upon true greatness of soul." Beckford and the younger Pitt were

pitted against each other (the pun, we fear, cannot be avoided), to the advantage of the former, for, after a display of declamation, Chatham embraced Beckford and then turned to his son and said, "May you, my son, some day make as brilliant a speaker." Mr. Cyrus Redding observes that "Young William Pitt at that time did not possess half the genius and imaginative power of young Beckford, but was well instructed, more correct in what he acquired, and more discerning. He was observant, pleasing, and polished in his manners; neat of expression, and somewhat vivacious, but not equal to Beckford in spirit, and much inferior in energy of character." It is not a little curious that Lord Chatham must have at once detected the bias of Beckford's mind, for he extracted a promise from the youth not to read Oriental works of fiction, and especially to abstain from the *Arabian Nights*. This resolve he must speedily have abandoned, for he took the keenest delight in all things relating to the East. He also lost his interest in English politics, much to the disappointment of those who hoped that he might live to shine in the legislative sphere.

In 1777 Beckford went abroad for the first time. Accompanied by his tutor he settled down temporarily at Geneva, where he entered upon a course of instruction in civil law. Although at this time he had not yet completed his eighteenth year, Beckford had already written his *Biographical Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters*, a work satirising certain English and foreign artists under feigned names. In some respects this *brochure*, for such it must be called, exhibits greater marks of cleverness than his *Vathek*. Beckford had very early given his attention to the study of art, and he had a keenness of vision which enabled him to detect at a glance the impostures so prevalent in connection with this subject. There is no pursuit upon which a man may talk more privileged nonsense without being found out than art. In philosophy or mathematics his ignorance would be at once exposed; in poetry it would be scarcely less so; but as regards art, provided he equip himself with a sufficient number of cant phrases, he may easily acquire the reputation of an accomplished critic. It was so a century ago, it is so now; Beckford perceived this, and his mind revolted from it. The vein of true satire which he possessed found here a congenial outlet. The sketches, especially those of the Flemish and Dutch schools, are very sharp and pointed; the language is now elastic in its freedom, now refined in its elevation; and the only regret one feels in reading these remarkable essays is that for one so young as the author a good deal of the bloom must have been rubbed off one of the noblest arts which have ever given delight to mankind. Beckford's reading in art matters was as extensive as his judgments were exact in many instances; but there was a lack of breadth in his comparisons and adjudications upon this great and important subject. But amongst the unquestionably fine things in these sketches, the reader should

turn to the description of the imaginary hall in the ark of Noah, in the tale devoted to Andrew Guelph and Og of Basan, and he will see that it exhibits much of the powerful interest which is to be found in the later description of the Hall of Eblis. But in saying this, we cannot at all agree with one critic, who remarked that industry alone seemed to have been wanting to raise the author to a level with the greatest novelists of the age. The great fault of Beckford's writings, and one which would for ever have prevented him from attaining such a distinction, is the utter absence of all true human interest in his writings.

But there are nevertheless some inimitable touches in this series of sketches, which, as Beckford tells us, he was prompted to write in consequence of the ridiculous memoirs and criticisms on Dutch painters he had read in *Vies des Peintres Flamands*. He had also a second object, viz., to play a harmless practical joke upon his father's housekeeper at Fonthill, whose duty it was to exhibit the pictorial treasures of the mansion, and who swallowed his accounts of the painters with avidity. The biographies deal with Aldrovandus Magnus, and his disciples, Andrew Guelph and Og of Basan, Sucrewasser, of Vienna, Blunderbussiana, of Dalmatia, and Watersouchy, of Holland. Og died of grief in consequence of the destruction of all the canvas in the district by fire, he having bought the whole of it for labours which he intended should prove immortal. He died, like Alexander, for want of room in which to extend his renown, though there was an unworthy suspicion that his end was not altogether unconnected with the bottle. Guelph was the bosom friend of Og. He "was a great botanist, and while too many painters only do one thing indifferently Guelph had numerous irons in the fire, thus exhibiting the extensive grasp of his genius. Og ascended the mountains, to contemplate their sublimity, suffered his beard to grow, a mark in those days of the unsophisticated artist, not as now displaying his genius by baring his throat and neck with a thrown-back collar. He exhibited his drawings to his friends, discoursed of forests, of tints, of harmonies in colour, and how the mountains had taught him to compose lines, which if not poetry, were verses. The two friends then passed into Italy, made a noise among the *cognoscenti* at Venice, where they found the great painters Soorcrout and Sucrewasser, of Vienna. These last, by a meanness too remarkable in some clever artists, depreciated the studies of Guelph and Og; censured the varnish peculiar to Aldrovandus, condemned oils in general, and recommended white of eggs. They called the great Aldrovandus a plagiarist, who copied nature in place of the antique; told them they were nothing, because they had not yet been at Rome and seen Raphael; and, worse than all, "they had actually been born in Flanders!" The rise and progress of Sucrewasser and Blunderbussiana are treated with much humour, many sly knocks being given at the art critics for the profoundness with which they speak

of the works of those great masters. "Blunderbussiana was an artist who followed a band of robbers, and studied from nature—a sort of Salvator Rosa. He was a great dissector; to acquire a mastership of the muscles,—having plenty of subject for practice from among the characters handled and rendered manageable in the act of pillage by knife or stiletto—he used to slice off the muscles from legs and arms as he walked in the fields, in order to perfect his anatomical studies." Watersouchy was a pupil of Dow, and a genius in matters of detail. He brought the Dutch school to a high pitch of perfection; with regard to one of his pictures, "to describe exactly the masterly group of the gossips, the demureness of the maiden aunts, the puling infant in the arms of its nurse, the plaits of its swaddling clothes, the gloss of its ribbons, the fringe of the table cloth," and the "effect of light and shade on a salver adorned with custard cups and jelly glasses, would require at least fifty pages." There was something pathetic in Watersouchy's death. He had been troubled with an asthma for some time, and one of his friends stated that he found an interval of three months in his memoirs, marked by no other occurrence than his painting a flea. "After this last effort of his genius, his sight grew dim, his oppression increased, he almost shrank away to nothing, and in a few weeks dropped into his grave."

Beckford paid a visit in 1778 to the Grande Chartreuse, the head of the Houses of the Order of Chartreuse, in the recesses of the Dauphiny mountains. He was greatly impressed by the grandeur of the surrounding scenery, and while here made a study of St. Bruno, whose works he accidentally came across. His letters, written at this time, and at other points during his travels, Beckford printed in a quarto volume, entitled *Dreams, Waking Thoughts, and Incidents; in a Series of Letters from Various Parts of Europe*. His friends, however, persuaded him to destroy the whole edition, with the exception of half-a-dozen copies; assigning, as a justification, that such a lively imagination and quickness of sensibility as the Letters displayed, and his humanitarian notions, might prejudice him in the House of Commons, and cause Ministers to think that he was ill adapted for public business. A copy of this work, which we have gone through, is to be found in the British Museum, and it undoubtedly contains many fine descriptive passages, and passages far beyond the capacity of most intelligent travellers to produce.

One of the excursions which Beckford made from Geneva was undertaken for the purpose of visiting Voltaire at Ferney. The young Englishman and his tutor were received by Madame Denis, who announced their arrival to the philosopher. Voltaire "was then a very dark-complexioned, shrivelled, thin, old man, stooping much from age, being eighty-four; though not naturally a very tall man. The chief, and indeed most striking impression made by any of his features, was by his eyes, which were remarkably large and

penetrating." He conversed with his visitors with much freedom and politeness; and, after some personal allusions to the elder Beckford, of a complimentary character, he spoke for a considerable time upon topics of the day. The visit was one to be remembered. Returning to England at the close of 1778, in the following year Beckford explored the scenery of his native country, and in the spring of 1780 again went abroad with his tutor. This time he made an extended tour. The Low Countries afforded him little satisfaction, but the banks of the Rhine, which he traversed on foot, he found delightful. But Italy, from its paintings, its sculpture, and its music, had the most powerful charms for him. He describes hearing the oratorio of "*Sisera*" at the Mendicanti, Venice, females being amongst the orchestra. "Nothing is more common than to see a delicate white hand journeying across an enormous double bass, or a pair of roseate cheeks puffing with all their efforts, at a French horn. Some that are grown old and Amazonian, who have abandoned their fiddles and their lovers, take vigorously to the kettle-drums; and one poor, limping lady, who had been crossed in love, made an admirable figure on the bassoon." All the great Italian cities were visited in succession, and Beckford revelled in the art collections which he explored. His comments upon the treasures which he saw, and the scenery through which he passed, alive with the record of so many memorable and imperishable deeds, demonstrate the highly-cultivated and sensitive mind. Upon Rome itself he expended language truly eloquent in its tribute to the departed greatness and glory of the Eternal City.

The average mortal would, perhaps, experience some delight in being taken for a royal or imperial personage, but Beckford found while abroad that such a thing, which really occurred to him, had also its inconveniences and disadvantages. While in Rome he was supposed to be the Emperor of Austria, paying a visit incognito, and he received the most flattering attentions from the Cardinal legates, and other distinguished personages, while crowds of the common people flocked round his path. His biographer naïvely observes that "the mistake was very useful in expediting the means of travelling, but, on the other hand, gave a very imperial complexion to the inn reckonings. It was found a task of difficulty to undeceive the greater part of the hosts on the way, who were obstinately fond of adhering to their profitable error."

Not long after Beckford's return from abroad, that is, in all probability, in 1787, he composed a little tale, entitled, *Al Raoni*, professedly from the Arabic. It is a close imitation of the *Arabian Nights*, both in spirit and language; Eastern scenery and manners being reproduced with singular fidelity. The composition of this work was quickly followed by that of *Vathek*. This famous romance was written at a sitting, and probably owes much of its charm to that circumstance, for, had the author been

persuaded to arrest his labours, the spell would have been broken, the singular illusion dispelled. The author himself, in a conversation with Mr. Redding upon the work, said, "You will hardly credit how closely I was able to apply myself to study when I was young. I wrote *Vathek* when I was twenty-two years old. I wrote it at one sitting, and in French. It cost me three days and two nights of hard labour. I never took my clothes off the whole time. This severe application made me very ill." This, evidently, was a prodigious effort, though not, perhaps, very much more extraordinary than Sir Walter Scott's production of *Guy Mannering* in three weeks, considering the far greater length of the latter work, and the fact of its more complicated human interest. Beckford stated that his mind had been thoroughly imbued with the literature of the East, and he was further questioned as to his descriptions and characters in the romance, as follows, by Redding: "I never read any description resembling that of the Hall of Eblis, in Eastern fiction, through translation, of course, for I do not understand any Oriental language." Beckford replied, "You would hardly find anything of the kind in Eastern description. It was the creation of my own fancy. Old Fonthill House had one of the largest halls in the kingdom, lofty and loud echoing, whilst numerous doors led from it into different parts of the building, through dim, long, winding passages. It was from that I formed my imaginary hall—the Hall of Eblis being generated out of that in my own house. Imagination coloured, magnified and invested it with the Oriental character. All the females mentioned in *Vathek* were portraits of those in the domestic establishment at Old Fonthill, their imaginary good or ill qualities being exaggerated to suit my purpose. I had to elevate, exaggerate, orientalize everything. I was soaring, in my young fancy, upon the Arabian bird, the roc, among genii and enchantments, not moving among men." Remembering these facts, the work certainly is worthy of being regarded as a *tour de force*. But Mr. Redding states that he was fortunate to come across a book which he had no doubt furnished Beckford in his youth with a machinery different from that in the *Arabian Nights*, and that there was nothing in *Vathek* which its author might not have found there in relation to that machinery. Beckford had a copy of this book, which was entitled, *Abdallah, les Aventures du Fils de Hanif, envoyé par le Sultan des Indes à la Découverte de l'Isle de Borico, où est la Fontaine Merveilleuse, dont l'eau fait rajeunir*; Paris, 1723; London, translated, 1730: Worrall, Fleet Street. It was said to be taken from an Arabic manuscript found in Batavia, and it has a whole paraphernalia of genii, &c. *Vathek* was published in French, at Lausanne, in 1767. So excellent was its French, in both style and idiom, that it was accepted by many as the work of a Frenchman. Many eminent literary men have held the highest opinion of the work. Lord North calls it the

finest of Oriental romances, as *Lalla Rookh* is the finest of Oriental poems; and Lord Byron said, "For correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, this most Eastern and sublime tale surpasses all European imitations; and bears such marks of originality that those who have visited the East will have some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an Eastern tale, even *Rasselas* must bow before it. The Happy Valley will not bear a comparison with the Hall of Eblis." Byron, in fact, complimented the author several times on his work. Another critic, deserving of equal respect with his lordship, remarked, "*Vathek* is, indeed, without reference to the time of life when the author penned it, a very remarkable performance; but, like most of the works of the great poet who has thus eloquently praised it, it is stained with some poison-spots; its inspiration is too often such as might have been inhaled in the Hall of Eblis. We do not allude so much to its audacious licentiousness as to the diabolical levity of its contempt for mankind. The boy-author appears already to have rubbed all the bloom off his heart; and, in the midst of his dazzling genius, one trembles to think that a stripling of years so tender should have attained the cool cynicism of a *candide*."

Coming to a perusal of the work after such opinions, one is compelled to own to a feeling of considerable disappointment. To the inhabitants of Pandemonium or some ghoulish region, it is easy to conceive that *Vathek* might present a good deal of local colour and many suggestions as to the accuracy of its delineations of diabolical characters, but to the average Englishman, leading a respectable life on this mundane planet, it must appear an extraordinary work indeed, and one in the highest and completest degree unnatural. There is not even a suggestion of human interest in it; while as for its descriptions, although sometimes unquestionably fine, finer may be discovered in the miscellaneous writings of its author. One critic, oddly enough, finds in those scenes of which it is impossible to make head or tail (and there are plenty of them), evidence that "the fountain-head of originality is attained." The whole story is an example of imagination run riot. "The descent to the Hall of Eblis"—quoting now the critic to whom we have just referred—"the fearful, yet truth-like looking penances there seen: the whirling round of the multitudes, rendered by their own motion almost invisible; the fleshless pre-Adamite kings; the Solomon, whose wisdom is so familiar to us, and his startling warnings, while showing his heart enveloped in flames, all these extraordinary scenes seem to flash on the mind like revelations of truths, and are therefore infinitely more awakening than the reverential feeling which is called forth by the most staid and awful grandeurs of Milton." This is criticism gone mad, following too closely in the wake of the original. The great merits of the romance are its rapid and

striking conceptions and its simple, yet powerful, pictorial language. Such characters as Carathis are very weird, and have a fearful savagery, but to compare them for a moment with the creations of Milton, is to miss all conception of what is sublime. We have read a criticism which, within a very brief compass, compared Beckford with Salvator Rosa, Milton, and Dante. It is this kind of writing which is calculated to lead the unwary astray, and make them form exaggerated notions of what is after all not a romance of the first order, though it is confessedly an extraordinary and original one.

In May, 1783, Beckford married Lady Margaret Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Aboyne, and sister of the Marquis of Huntley. The young couple went to Switzerland, and at Vevay Lady Margaret Beckford was confined of a daughter, who afterwards became Duchess of Hamilton. The bride and bridegroom were very tenderly attached to each other, and a terrible trial fell upon Beckford by the death of his wife a few days after the birth of this their second daughter. Vevay was now insupportable to him, and his health became affected. He went to Berne and other places, and towards the close of the year returned to England. He was now twenty-six years of age. He resolved upon visiting Spain and Portugal, and soon set out for those countries. Byron has written a beautiful sonnet, apostrophising Montserrat, where Beckford was supposed to have resided during his absence abroad on this occasion, but as the author of *Vathek* did not live there, much of the charm which the sonnet would otherwise raise is dispelled. It reminds us of Artemus Ward weeping for Shakspeare at the wrong tomb. On a later visit to Portugal Beckford was successful in becoming a temporary sojourner at the château in question. He made good use of his faculties of observation during these journeys through the Peninsula. From Spain he went to Paris, and here he met an English lady of rank, the daughter of a ducal house. Overtures of marriage were made on behalf of Beckford, but these were declined by the Duke; fortune and acquirements were not regarded as sufficient to sanction a union with his daughter.

While in Paris, Beckford was a spectator of the early scenes of the great Revolution; contemporary French prints represent him under this aspect. He left for England in 1789, after the destruction of the Bastille. In 1791, however, he once more visited Paris, being there at the time of the king's death. In 1794 we find him again in Portugal, having an especial affection for the Marquis de Marialva and his family, who were high in the favour of the Portuguese Court. Coming back to England in 1796, he could boast that he had spent more time amidst the splendours of continental society than any other Englishman of his time. For nearly sixteen years he had dwelt in Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Portugal, France, and Spain, assimilating much of the most various

and the best kinds of knowledge which those countries could afford. He now resolved to spend the winter of 1796 at Fonthill. All idea of a political career he had abandoned; his nature was too haughty and impulsive to allow him to mingle in the Parliamentary arena with advantage; besides which his real passion was for literature and art. On reaching Fonthill, his first task was to build an enormous high wall round his estate, which led to much misunderstanding of his character. It was erected to exclude sportsmen, who would intrude upon his grounds on all occasions, and take no denial. Next he laid the foundations of the new building named Fonthill Abbey. The old house in which he resided was still one of the finest in England, but it was in a poor situation. The grounds were most tastefully and artistically laid out. About this time his mother died, July, 1798. Her remains were conveyed from West End and buried with great ceremony at Fonthill. The works were suspended while Beckford now paid a third visit to Portugal, but upon his return they were resumed with vigour. The owner of Fonthill determined that the splendid structure, which he was now erecting, should be one to embody fully his conceptions of architectural beauty. Upon this design, with the many supplementary alterations, he expended the enormous sum of £273,000. On one tower there were employed four hundred and sixty men both night and day through an entire winter—the torches used by the nocturnal workmen being visible to astonished travellers miles away from the scene. The foundations of the great tower, however, had not been seen to and assured, and during a high gale of wind the lofty pile was brought to the ground. The only expression of regret which Beckford used on the occasion was that he had not been present when so grand a ruin occurred. He ordered the erection of another tower, 276 feet in height, and this also fell, Beckford again being disappointed that he was not present. At Christmas, 1880, Beckford received a visit at Fonthill from Lord Nelson and Sir William and Lady Hamilton. The millionaire was anxious to do honour to the Victor of the Nile, and prepared a magnificent *fête*. Amongst the other guests was Dr. Wolcot. "Lady Hamilton, whose syren manners, under so many phases of equivocal character, had been tutored in the midst of the most unblushing and profligate court in Europe, in every kind of accomplishment that could aid her husband's diplomacy, here displayed her vocal abilities, which were of no common order, to the delight of more than one distinguished guest." The entertainments lasted for four days. The principal day of the *fêtes* was one almost unexampled for its costly and magnificent entertainments on the part of the host. Lady Hamilton appeared in the character of Agrippina, showing great skill in her representation of Roman history and manners, and her theatrical representations elicited unbounded applause.

In June, 1801, Beckford took up his abode in the new Abbey,

and in the following August there was a great sale at the old mansion. It is said that there was nothing sold on this occasion, which would not in value and magnificence have suited the finest palace in Europe. The most trifling article realised a considerable sum, the fame of Fonthill having already penetrated to every part of the kingdom. After passing through many vicissitudes, the last state of old Fonthill was far humbler than any preceding one. The loom was destined to be plied "in the halls where taste and art once triumphed, and the hero of the Nile and Trafalgar was so sumptuously entertained." About the time Beckford entered upon his new mansion, a series of pecuniary calamities befell him. The first trouble came in the shape of a decision affecting his West India property. It appears that an estate, which had been in his family for sixty years, and produced twelve thousand per annum, was suddenly taken from him for want of title, by a decree of the Court of Chancery, and he was also called upon to pay a large sum in costs. A confidential servant, in whom he placed great trust, was also guilty of great defalcations. But he might have overset all his losses, which represented something like thirty thousand pounds per annum, if he had possessed a mind that could be economical under necessity. But this was never one of his virtues. Even the loss of thirty thousand per annum, could not have seriously embarrassed him if he had lived within his income. But besides his own expenditure, which was on a scale of great profusion, he was continually plundered by agents to whom he entrusted the conduct of important affairs. Some curious circumstances are reported in connection with his West Indian losses. One law suit with which he was threatened in 1802, he compromised for the sum of forty thousand pounds; and in the following year appearances of a straitened income began to be evident, so much so that he resolved upon retrenchment; but this was only carried out in regard to little things, which were as a drop in the bucket, and he continued his lavish expenditure upon valuable objects of art and vertu. He also himself superintended the works of the Abbey, and carried them forward with spirit. The building was in the form of a cross. The exterior measurement was 270 feet from east to west, and 312 from north to south, the entrance hall facing the west. The central or octagon tower was 276 feet high to the pinnacles. The building east of the tower was 47 feet broad by 95 high, with two octagonal turrets at the angles on the east 120 feet high by 20 in diameter. There were two galleries, called the galleries of St. Michael and King Edward, filled with books in recesses, cabinets, curious tables, and pictures, and the windows were covered with painted and armorial blazoning. The internal decorations of this palatial residence were of a superior character; but as to the exterior, complaints were made that the architect, Wyatt, had by no means risen to the height of his opportunities. The views from the building were most diversified and extensive,

while the Abbey, in turn, was a conspicuous object in every direction. The woods of Wardour Castle and the woods of Stourhead were visible, together with a great range of Somersetshire, and the district about Longleat.

Beckford, as is well known, had great pride of family. He was always puzzling himself, as we have seen, about his distinguished genealogy. He carried this to excess, as an amusing anecdote recorded of him testifies. On one occasion, being in conversation with Smith, the well known printseller, respecting pedigrees and genealogies, the latter moved aside to speak to a visitor. Beckford inquired who it was, and his reply was that it was a reverend gentleman who was descended from an individual that had married, in Virginia, in the reign of James I. the Princess Pocahontas, the daughter of the North American Indian cacique, or chief of the country. "Ah!" said the millionaire, "that is a descent from a real sovereign of nature, not from one of our modern mushrooms. I wish I had such an one in my pedigree, and if the rev. gentleman could give it me, I would willingly give him any three of my ancestors he liked to pick out." This either showed lack of judgment on Beckford's part, or a want of faith in John of Gaunt and his other royal ancestors, who certainly ought to have been worth more than the Princess Pocahontas. In 1810, Beckford's second daughter was married to the Marquis of Douglas. Subsequently she had an alarming attack of illness, but she recovered and gave birth to a son, who afterwards became Duke of Hamilton. The elder daughter married Colonel Orde against her father's consent. Orde was of good family, though he had nothing more than his pay to live upon. Mrs. Orde died in 1818, having left two daughters. Beckford behaved with great harshness to his daughter on account of her marriage. His pride was unbending, and he would not suffer her name to be mentioned in his presence. This is certainly a blot upon his character, for Colonel Orde, in every respect except the heinous crime of his poverty, seems to have been most unexceptionable.

Our author steadfastly declined to throw himself heart and soul into the parliamentary career. "He would rather," he said, "live in hermit solitude, than in the turmoil of faction and political intrigue." Instead of this he made another essay with his pen. His faculty of burlesque he carried into two new works, intended to satirize the spasmodic school of fiction which then flourished so luxuriantly. The first of these was entitled *Model Novel Writing, or the Elegant Enthusiast, with the Interesting Emotions of Arabella Bloomville; a Rhapsodical Romance, interspersed with Poetry*; by the Right Hon. Lady H. Marlow. The second venture was called *Amezia; a Descriptive and Sentimental Novel, interspersed with Pieces of Poetry*; by Jacquetta Agneta Mariana Jinks, of Bellgrave Priory, in Wales; dedicated to the Right Hon. Harriet Marlow; to which are added *Criticisms Antici-*

ated. Each work is in two small volumes. The fashionable novels of the day are hit off with much skill and humour. The first work has a high-flown dedication to an anonymous duchess, in the manner of the time. "The captivating diffidence of your Grace's noble mind forbids me to prefix your name to this dedication; yet, when I affirm that to all the exterior charms of person, and a loveliness beyond compare, you add the most engaging and condescending manners, joined to the extreme of every human virtue, it will be impossible that you should remain concealed: no, madam, the observant and adoring public will instantly discover my enchanting friend and patroness, whose greatness of soul cannot brook even the idea of flattery," &c., &c. Then follows the history of the charming Arabella, who passes through a series of adventures which put to the blush the inventions of the Minerva press. Incidentally, there is a savage attack upon William Gifford, the author of the *Baviad*, and afterwards editor of the *Quarterly Review*. "This terrible writer, who modestly styles himself the modern Persius, is a little sour-looking fellow, but prodigiously powerful with his pen, for he is desperately severe; and though he cannot write a line of genuine poetry himself, yet he is extremely alert in abusing those who can." The ghost stories, the sentiment, the poetry, the affectation of fashion are all travestied in succession, and with great skill. The tale closes with an address to the critics, whose productions, the author understands, "proceed from the joint labours of many inglorious men and respectable old women." It is the author's ardent wish to deprecate their vengeance. The closing passage of the address forms an excellent specimen of Beckford at his best in political satire. "Go on, great and generous arbiters of the national taste! Owing to your animated exertions, and the vigorous measures of your patrons, you may soon hope to see the happy inhabitants of this prosperous island express but one opinion, and act with one accord; the rich and the powerful shall be tranquilly triumphant, the low and wretched patiently submissive; the great man shall eat white bread in peace, and the poor feed on barley cakes in silence. Every person in the kingdom shall acknowledge the blessings of a strong, regular government; while the absurd doctrine of the rights of man shall be no more thought of or respected than the rights of horses, asses, dogs, and dromedaries. That your enemies may be speedily cast into dungeons, or sent to Botany Bay, and that yourselves may become placemen, pensioners, peeresses, loan mongers, bishops, and contractors, is the constant wish and earnest prayer of your devoted, humble servant." In politics, Beckford was an advanced Whig, and he always fearlessly expressed his opinions—too fearlessly some thought. In all probability he might frequently have been seen at court but for his hatred of the Prince of Wales.

We have seen that he fell into monetary difficulties, though to

this day it is impossible satisfactorily to account for the fact, considering his enormous income. However, the fact was there; and in 1823 he resolved to sell the Abbey and the estate. To show the enormous extent of Fonthill, we may mention that one visitor compared it with York Minster. While the building itself was not so vast in its proportions, it stood upon more ground. The saloon alone was almost large enough to accommodate the monument at London Bridge. From one point in Fonthill Abbey, there was a clear extent of 330 feet, as great a distance as can be seen in Westminster Abbey. Inside the building the treasures seemed inexhaustible. "Tapestries, painted or stained glass, the Tent of Darius in Tapestry, worked from a picture of Le Brun, rare cabinets of ebony, and costly Japanese works, caskets, antique glasses, tables of marble richly inlaid, oriental vases, robe chests of scented wood, works by Cellini and Magnus Berg, models after the antique, coffers, one of which had been the property of Madame Pompadour, girandoles, armouries, clocks, candelabras, commodes of rich Japan, Sèvres porcelain, vases and cups, fine tables of oriental alabaster, jewel cabinets of amber, lapis lazuli and jade, gold boxes with celebrated miniatures, an antique cabinet made for Henry VIII., and another of ebony, which sold for six hundred pounds, onyx cups engraved, and similar articles without end. One grand mosaic table brought two thousand pounds, while the bronze Laocoon, from the original in Paris, brought but seven hundred and seventy-five." The place was thrown open to strangers preparatory to the sale, and 7,200 catalogues were disposed of at one guinea each. Ultimately the estate, the abbey, and many of the treasures were disposed of to Mr. John Farquhar for the sum of £350,000. A great number of articles of inestimable value, however, as well as pictures and statuary, were kept back, but these were afterwards disposed of, the sale occupying thirty-seven days. In the recent sale of the Hamilton collection there were many treasures which had once a place at Fonthill Abbey. To receive the library, paintings, and articles of *virtu* which Beckford bequeathed to the Duchess of Hamilton, additional apartments were specially erected by the Duke, her husband, at Hamilton Palace.

In 1834 Beckford collected and published his sketches of Italy, Spain and Portugal, the notes of which he had made nearly fifty years before. The opinions expressed upon these sketches partake of the extravagant. For example, the *London Quarterly Review* said—"His book is entirely unlike any book of travels in prose that exists in any European language. He is a poet, and a great one too, though we know not that he ever wrote one line of verse. His rapture amidst the sublime scenery of mountains and forests, in the Tyrol especially and in Spain, is that of a spirit cast originally in one of Nature's finest moulds; and he fixes it in language which can scarcely be praised beyond its deserts—

simple, massive, nervous, apparently little laboured, yet revealing in its effect the perfection of art. Some immortal passages in Gray's letters and Byron's diaries are the only things in our tongue that seem to us to come near the profound melancholy, blended with a picturesque description at once true and startling, of many of these extraordinary pages. Nor is his sense for the highest beauties of art less exquisite. He seems to us to describe classical architecture, and the pictures of the great Italian schools, with a most passionate feeling of the grand, and with an inimitable grace of expression." Another critical authority wrote: "There are scenes in these volumes not to be excelled in modern poetry; pictures where words are as rich in colour and in beauty as the pencil of Turner. . . . In the account of Portugal there is everywhere the same vivid picturing, the same rich colouring, the same passion and power; but instead of scenes from inanimate nature we have them from life." Now we have read through these sketches, and must protest against the language used: such eulogies exhaust all praise, so that there is nothing left to apply to works which are far superior to Beckford's sketches. That they are deserving of high praise we readily admit, but a reader would be inevitably disappointed if he came upon them fresh from a perusal of these criticisms. In 1855 Beckford published a very interesting volume on his "Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha, in Portugal." This is really a very agreeable work, and the description of the Monastery of Alcobaca—which was consigned to the flames by the French troops under Massena in 1811—is finely expressed.

We have just seen Beckford described as a great poet in prose. Let us now see what kind of poet he is in verse, the true vehicle of the poet. We will take the stanzas he wrote at Fonthill, entitled "A Prayer," for, though he wrote other poetical effusions, these appear to be as good as any with which we have compared them:

"Like the low murmur of the secret stream
Which through dark alders winds its shaded way,
My suppliant voice is heard—ah, do not deem
That on vain toys I throw my hours away.

In the recesses of the forest vale,
On the wild mountain, on the verdant sod,
Where the fresh breezes of the morn prevail,
I wander lonely, communing with God!

Then the faint sickness of a wounded heart
Creeps in cold shudderings through my sinking frame;
I turn to Thee, that holy peace impart
Which soothes the invokers of Thy awful name.

Oh, all-pervading Spirit! sacred beam!
Parent of life and light! Eternal Power!
Grant me through obvious clouds one transient gleam
Of thy bright essence in my dying hour!"

It would be a mistake seriously to criticise such verses as these.

We can only say that their spirit is admirable, and that they leave no doubt as to the excellent Christian sentiments of the author; but regarded as poetry, we are forced to the conclusion, notwithstanding their merit, that the thrones of Shakespeare and Milton, and a few other English poets, are still secure.

But in other respects we can speak more warmly of this singular man. It was observed at the time of his death that no individual ever united greater knowledge and taste in all the sister arts than he; and this was probably correct; but taste may abound where original genius is deficient. Yet he had some claims to originality outside his poetry. In music he was the pupil of Mozart, and he played with taste. In architecture and painting he had also eminent instructors, and his sketches made from nature in Italy extracted high praise, while he designed himself almost every building and piece of furniture he possessed. His judgment upon works of art of all kinds moreover was unrivalled.

On leaving Fonthill, Beckford went to Bath, where he led a very retired life. He died on the 2nd of May, 1844, in his eighty-fifth year. He had caught a cold while riding in a chill, east wind, and this brought on a fever. With his usual resolution, he struggled against his disorder, refusing assistance until it came too late to be of any service. His funeral was a very imposing affair. His remains were deposited in a mausoleum, constructed for the purpose in the lower grounds of Lyncombe Vale. By his will the deceased left the whole of his property to the Duchess of Hamilton, with the exception of that disposed of at the Fonthill sale. Mr. Redding has attempted to offer some kind of explanation for Beckford's treatment of his daughter, Mrs. Orde, but it is inadequate, for, by his will, he seems to have carried his harshness towards her down to the grave, omitting her altogether in his will. In person, Beckford is represented as having been just over the middle height, well formed and rather slender than full, with features indicating intellectual power, and small grey eyes of wonderful acuteness. His apprehension was quick, and his enunciation rapid. His voice was agreeable, his gesture energetic, especially when excited in conversation. His bodily activity was that of a man of sixty when he was upwards of eighty; his face alone bearing marks of age. He seldom sat down, even when conversing, especially if particularly interested. His manner was courteous and gentlemanly; and the impression produced on the mind of a stranger was that he decidedly belonged to the more refined ranks of life. A portrait, executed of him in his prime, would seem to point to a man unusually quick and vivacious, with a mind more ready and active than subtle or profound.

It is strange now to look back upon a career like this, with all its possibilities of, at least, comparative greatness. Considering the advantages he possessed—natural and inherited—Beckford cannot be said to have made the most of his opportunities.

Instead of taking a leading part in the movements of his time, he is only now mentioned as a great dilettante, round whom an air of mystery clings. There was a lack of backbone in him, and he was too much in the habit of neglecting his species. He cared little for men, but compete with him for the work of a Durer or a Cellini, or for some beautiful antique gem, and you at once touched all the soul he had. Cold and unimpassioned in regard to most other things, he was then alive with enthusiasm. He is, undoubtedly, an interesting figure, but he commands curiosity rather than admiration. His romance of *Vathek* will live, quite as much probably from the feeling of association which couples it with the millionaire and the collector as from its intrinsic merit. As for the priceless treasures which Beckford collected, they are all now scattered, and the reflection which remains both with regard to them and his own career, as well as his vast wealth, is the very simple, but expressive one—*Sic transit gloria homini!*

G. BARNETT SMITH.

A LEGEND OF ST. EDITH.

ANKER and Tame in flood are high,
And deep with mire are the ways thereby ;
And heavily still the rain-clouds lower,
And the storm beats wildly on Tamworth Tower

Loud without is the tempest's din,
Louder the revel that roars within,
For feast to-night the Marmion bold
Keeps in his hall in Tamworth Hold.

Robert de Marmion styled is he,
Champion of England and Normandie,
Foremost of all in doughty deeds
Where William the Bastard's banner leads.

His brother-in-arms, a comrade tried,
Sits at the board by Marmion's side ;
Ever beside him, in good or ill,
Is stout Sir Walter de Somerville.

When blows fell thick, as now the rain
Falls upon roof and window-pane,
Had Somerville by Marmion stood—
And on other occasions, bad and good.

De Marmion, listening whilst he quaffed,
Turned to his friend and lightly laughed,
“But, Somerville, the night is rare !
How think you the Nuns of Polesworth fare ?”

“Hear you, fair guests ; this morning we
Rode forth those holy maids to see,
For the lands of Polesworth, with cloister and shrine,
All, by King William's gift, are mine.

“Forsooth ! they dared to claim as right
What we have won by main and might,
And forth my Lady Abbess brings
Her musty charters of Saxon kings.

"Ill clerks are Somerville and I,
Nought can we read, nor care to try ;
The Norman sword is a better claim
Than aught that a Saxon scribe can frame."

Then all the guests that were seated near
Applauded their host with a loud "Hear, hear !"
For all the barons fully agreed
In his views regarding a title-deed.

"We tossed the mouldy skins aside,
We stayed not to hear them plead or chide,
But out we turned the black-veiled train
To tramp where they might in the wind and rain."

Then from each guest round the table broke
A long guffaw at this practical joke ;
And they chuckled and hoped that no nun might get
Ague or cold from a walk so wet.

"We turned them out to the soaking weather,
Though they banned us freely, and all together ;
Though loud on their Saxon Saints they cried,
And St. Edith, their convent that edified."

"These Saxon Saints," swore the barons, "are
Of no account in particular ;
Nor any cause for respect do we see
Towards St. Edith—whoever that saint may be."

The feast is over, the guests retire ;
And the host, with some slight help from his squire,
Goes gaily to rest—for wherefore should
He think of that homeless sisterhood ?

Has he feasted too freely, or drunk too deep ?
For he sleeps this night but a troubled sleep ;
Anon he wakens, and lifts his head—
There stands a lady beside his bed.

Champion of England and Normandie,
Boldest of all bold barons he,
Yet now his limbs refuse to stir
For dread, as he lies and looks on her.

A "Pater" or "Ave" he tried to utter,
But could only bring his lips to mutter
That thus for a lady to visit a knight
Was not exactly proper or right.

Stern were that lady's looks, and grim
Was the smile she smiled as she answered him ;
Did he think by hints like these to stop her ?
She was come to teach *him* what was right and proper !

"Robert de Marmion, dost thou know
With whom thou darest to trifle so ?"
And De Marmion felt that he knew right well,
Though his lips refused her name to tell.

"The holy virgin, St. Edith, I.—
I have seen the wrongs, I have heard the cry
Of my plundered nuns ; and hither am sent
To deal thee some foretaste of punishment."

The vision waved a scourge on high,
And the baron groaned as she came more nigh ;
But she drew still nearer and nearer yet,
And turned down blanket and coverlet.

The storm is over, the moon is down ;
The red-cock crows in Tamworth town,
The Saint has vanished ; but never so sore
Has Robert de Marmion felt before.

Fain would he turn, or fain would he rise,
But he moans and shudders whenever he tries ;
And the Lord of Tamworth feels that the hue
Of his back and his sides must be black or blue.

Loudly he calls. Soon at the din
Pages and squires come trooping in,
And with the rest, most constant still,
Comes trusty Sir Walter de Somerville.

The baron to tell his tale began—
He counted himself but a dying man—
But Sir Walter bade him of cheer to be,
"Go, knaves, and fetch us a priest," quoth he ;

"Come, shrive thee, and swear ere another night,
To do these Nuns of Polesworth right,
To yield them their lands and nunnery vow—
In fact swear anything just now.

"Swear to aid, till you die, the whole sisterhood.
And this Saint, if she acts as a lady should,
Will heal the wounds by her hands inflicted."—
The event proved much as the knight predicted ;

For when thus he had vowed, and shrived him clean,
Sir Robert was well as he ever had been :
And at noon, with a goodly train behind,
Forth did he ride the nuns to find.

He did not wait for his heart to harden,
But sought the Abbess and begged her pardon,
Pledging himself as a loyal knight
Ever to stand for her convent's right.

With lands and with gold he declared he'd endow it ;
And politely proposed, if she would but allow it,
Since the ways were foul, and the distance great,
To carry her home, *en croupe*, in state.

And every knight in his train resigned him
To take up one of the nuns behind him,
And carry her back to St. Edith's altar—
The Prioress rode behind Sir Walter.

The Polesworth Nuns, till his days were done,
Found a useful friend in De Marmion ;
For he lived thenceforth devoutly, till
His death—and so did De Somerville.

And when at last, as years went by,
The Lord of Tamworth chanced to die,
The weeping nuns, at his own desire,
Buried him nobly in Polesworth choir.

And shortly afterwards they made room
'Neath their cloister stones, in an honoured tomb,
For his worthy brother-in-arms and friend
When he, too, came to a blissful end.'

F. SCARLETT POTTER.

¹ Dugdale, in his *History of Warwickshire*, relates this story at length.

“THE MISSING LINK,” OR “THE HUMAN MONKEY.”

THE question of man's possible connection with some lower form of animal life has attracted great attention since the publication of the late Charles Darwin's celebrated work on “The Descent of Man.” To the curiosity and interest evinced with regard to this question, an additional stimulus has been lately given by the exhibition at the Westminster Aquarium of what, according to huge placards posted on the walls, is “The Missing Link,” or, according to another description, “The Human Monkey.” These somewhat pretentious expressions may not be justified by the facts; but nevertheless the little girl—for so she must be called—is in several respects well worthy of attention. Her most salient and easily perceived characteristic is, that not only the top of her head, but her forehead also, is covered with hair down as far as the eyebrows, while the whole body has a covering of hair at once thinner and very much shorter. Her feet resemble those of the higher apes in being so far prehensile as to be capable of grasping the branches of trees. Under ordinary circumstances her face has not very much of an ape-like appearance; but when she is enraged this appearance is said to be greatly intensified. But Krao, for such is her name, has one remarkable characteristic looking towards the apes, the possession of cheek-pouches, which she is accustomed to fill with food.

“The Missing Link” or “The Human Monkey,” should obviously, however, stand halfway between man and some particular kind of ape, supposed to be the highest, the gorilla or chimpanzee, or between man and a generalised ape-form, combining and blending the characteristics of both. But this is not the position of Krao. She is human, she is not speechless, and she has at most a few *simian* or ape-like characteristics, however these may have been derived.

Krao comes from a part of Burmah, known as the Lao country, a locality previously noted in connection with persons excessively covered with hair. Some fifty years or more ago an individual so covered was seen and described; and there is said to be at the court at Burmah a hairy family who came from this same locality. As Krao's father is alleged to have been much more densely covered with hair than his daughter, and to have presented more marked ape-like characteristics, it is most desirable that a thorough investigation of the facts relating to these hairy persons should

be made on the spot, in order to ascertain, if possible, whether the phenomenon has occurred for the first time within the range of tradition, or whether it has been of continuous, or at least frequent, occurrence from time immemorial.

It is not necessary now to express any definite opinion one way or other as to the truth or falsity of Haeckel's theory concerning the locality where man was evolved. But in relation to this theory the habitat of these hairy people is not without interest. According to Haeckel, where now lies the Indian Ocean was once a continent extending from Eastern Africa and Madagascar to Eastern Asia and the Indian Archipelago. In behalf of this theory it is urged that in Central Africa are found two of the great anthropoid or man-like apes, the chimpanzee and the gorilla, while the third great ape, the orang-outang occurs in Borneo and Sumatra. Thus, if there is any truth in the doctrine of evolution, it would seem probable that there was once land connecting Africa with Borneo and Sumatra. A similar conclusion has been drawn from the fact that the lemurs and half-apes, as they have been called, are found in Madagascar and on the neighbouring coast of Africa, and again in Ceylon and still further to the East. From these last forms Haeckel has given to his supposed continent the name of Lemuria.

If there was thus land connecting the habitat of the chimpanzee with that of the orang-outang it would seem likely that it was in this land, if anywhere, that man was evolved. Now the country of Krao and the hairy people would lie towards what may be supposed to have been the Eastern Coast of Lemuria, and it would not be on this hypothesis, an unsuitable locality for us to find, either living or in fossil remains, some form or forms combining the peculiarities of ape and man.

Having mentioned Haeckel's Lemurian theory, we may observe that this theory has not commended itself to all naturalists, even of the evolutionary school. Mr. A. R. Wallace, if we recollect rightly, has placed man's original habitation further northward in Asia, where the sterner conditions of life would have compelled the fuller exertion and consequent expansion of the powers of the brain and mind, in order to obtain the means of subsistence. Mr. W. S. Duncan, in an interesting paper lately read before the Anthropological Institute, resting in part on somewhat similar grounds, indicated as the locality a district extending across Southern Europe to Central Asia or still further east. But on the whole preference may be fairly claimed for Haeckel's continent of Lemuria; and Krao's ape-like peculiarities, such as they are, and her birth-place, at least fall in with Haeckel's view. And Mr. A. H. Keane, writing in *Nature* (January 11), hints at a possible connection between Krao's peculiarities and those of the hairy, straight-eyed Aino tribes still surviving in

Yesso and Sakhalin, and formerly widely diffused over Japan and the neighbouring mainland.

Connections such as these would, if proved, tend to show that the covering of Krao and the other hairy people of Burmah is neither to be ascribed to a freak of nature nor to be regarded as an instance of *atavism*, that is, in Krao's case, of reversion to the characteristics of an exceedingly remote ancestor, after a very extended interval, during which these characteristics had disappeared. But it may well be doubted, whether the expression "a freak of nature" is not misleading. In fact, however obscure her plan of procedure may be to us, Nature doubtless always acts in conformity with definite laws and a definite plan, knowing nothing of sudden and erratic impulses and "freaks." And, on the other hand, it cannot be admitted without question, that Krao's cheek-pouches and hairy skin *necessarily* prove her descent from animals similarly endowed. On the supposition that man was evolved, we cannot determine all the links in the chain of paternity; but it is not to be easily conceded that one of his ancestors or rather ancestral species had, for example, a hare-lip—a frequent congenital deformity—or a web uniting the fingers of the hand, as sometimes, though more rarely, occurs, or had the hand and nails shaped like the foot and claw of a rat; an example of which deformity or monstrosity the writer lately heard from the surgeon of a metropolitan prison had come under his notice. Some, indeed, might (as Haeckel apparently does) go so far as to contend for the possibility of even such an ancestry. But on the other hand it may be suggested that a sufficient explanation would be found in the hypothesis that a common plan underlies the forms of all vertebrate or backboned animals, giving a relationship and ideal affinity to all. All having this essential unity, a disturbing cause operating during the earlier stages of existence might conceivably result in a deviation towards some other form of life, without these precise forms being in the ancestral line. And thus Krao may present some ape-like characteristics without showing thereby that she was descended from a simian stock. But, whatever may be true as to the ancestry of Krao and of mankind in general, certain forms of abnormality and monstrosity seem on the whole to require that the evolutionary process should be supplemented by the operation of such a law as that to which allusion has been made.

It does not appear that the hairy Burmese are *microcephalous*, that is, have exceptionally small heads. But, in relation to the connection of man with apes, too much has been made of the size of the brain and skull. Size and weight of brain alone would be a most unsatisfactory criterion of intellectual power. Otherwise the elephant must be regarded as a more highly endowed animal than man, since his skull is so much larger and his brain is also heavier. But the case is a good deal altered when the

size and weight of the brain are taken in comparison with the bulk and weight of the whole body. But, in addition, we must take into account the complexity of the convolutions and the consequent richness or deficiency of the superficial gray matter. There would seem, moreover, to be other considerations which should not be disregarded. Some fifty years ago, when the British association met at Dublin, St. Patrick's Cathedral was under repair. Rather sacrilegiously, as it would seem, not only was the coffin of the great Dean Swift opened, but his skull was handed about among the assembled *savans*. The skull gave evidence that Swift's cerebral capacity, however much greater than that of the chimpanzee or gorilla, was exceptionally small; a fact apparently out of harmony with the amazing intellectual vigour of the great author of "Gulliver." But in the deep *sulci* or furrows on the inner side of the skull, corresponding to the blood vessels supplying the brain, there was proof that Swift's brain received blood in richer abundance than usual, compensation being probably thus made for its smaller size. Of course, as a general rule, intellectual power increases with the size and development of brain. But such a notable instance as that of Swift shows that the rule is by no means without exception.

The contention cannot, therefore, be easily allowed that certain idiots on account of the small size of their brains, are to be taken as connecting links between man and the apes. This appears to have been, in the main, the view taken by the Geneva professor, Carl Vogt, in an elaborate paper published some sixteen years ago.¹ Very careful measurement was made by the learned Professor of the size of the skull and of the brain capacity of certain *microcephalous* idiots, with the view of showing that they were, in several cases, inferior in these respects to the chimpanzee or some other ape. Such an extremely small cerebral capacity as was found in these cases to exist was of course accompanied by great intellectual deficiency and by absence of the power of speech, or by its presence only to a very small extent. We must be cautious, however, how we accept such peculiarities—as showing that the idiots in question exemplify the principle of *atavism*, or reversion to the characters of the speechless ape-men, their supposed ancestors. The most remarkable, perhaps, of Carl Vogt's example was that of a girl of sixteen, Marie Sophie Wyss, who was living at the time in an hospital at Berne. In this case the Professor directs attention to the girl's muzzle-like mouth, with *prognathous* or projecting teeth; to her showing her affection by licking instead of kissing; to the oozing of saliva from her mouth; to her uneven temper; to her proneness to tear up her dress and other articles; and to her ape-like gait,

¹ Dr. E. B. Aveling, who was recently lecturing on "Ape-Man," with special reference to Carl Vogt's Paper, is understood to contemplate the translation of this paper from the French.

accompanied by bearing her arms as the gorilla does when walking. Characters such as these are certainly, taken together, very well worthy of careful attention; but at the same time it must be recollected that the careful and continued observation of any ordinary large school would probably give evidence of much ape-like behaviour in a good many of the scholars. We should be inclined to hesitate a little, therefore, before regarding even Marie Sophie Wyss as an "ape-woman," or "human-monkey."

Geologists have not yet succeeded in finding as the result of their researches any fossil which could be admitted as bridging over the chasm between man and apes. Much has been written on the celebrated Neanderthal skull, which is certainly very remarkable on account of the bony ridges over the orbits. These bony ridges present, to some extent, an ape-like character; and, so far as they are concerned, they must have tended to assimilate the Neanderthal man to the gorilla. Professor Schaaffhausen (quoted by Mr. Grant Allen in the *Fortnightly Review*, September, 1882) says:—"No other human skull presents so utterly bestial a type as the Neanderthal fragment. If one cuts a female gorilla's skull in the same fashion the resemblance is truly astonishing, and we may say that the only human feature in this skull is its size." This feature is, however, a very important one. But Mr. Grant Allen, with special reference, as it would seem, to the Neanderthal skull, has given us an ideal portrait of "the missing link." "The man-like animal," he says, "apparently took to the low-lying and open plains, perhaps hid in caves, and, though probably still in part frugivorous, eked out his livelihood by hunting. We may not unjustifiably picture him to ourselves as a tall and heavy creature, more or less erect, but with a slouching gait, black-faced and whiskered, with prominent, *prognathous* muzzle, and large pointed canine teeth, those of each jaw falling into an interspace in the opposite row. . . . His forehead was no doubt low and retreating, with bony bosses underlying the shaggy eyebrows, which gave him a fierce expression, something like that of the gorilla. But already, in all likelihood, he had learned to walk habitually erect, and had begun to develop a human pelvis, as well as to carry his head more straight upon his shoulders."

But, in the first number of *Longman's Magazine*, Professor Owen expressed his dissatisfaction with Mr. Grant Allen's fancy sketch. The Neanderthal man had, it is true, the bony ridges over the eyes a little more prominent than may be found in other examples, but this prominence does not necessarily imply fierceness, as it is "even better developed in peaceful, timid, *graminivorous* quadrupeds than in the skulls of man or of ape." There would have been much better evidence of fierceness, says the professor, if the Neanderthal skull had had on the top of it a bony crest like that of the gorilla, a crest which, serving for the attachment of the very powerful muscles of the lower jaw, would

have shown that the Neanderthal man was capable of biting in the fiercest manner. But the Neanderthal skull, instead of having a crest at the top, is as smooth as any other human cranium.

Professor Owen sums up, that we are possibly still "far from the bourne to yield hereafter trustworthy evidence of the origin of man." Fossil remains give no indication of "links" bringing us closer to the apes than we are brought by "'savages,' or the human races which are commonly so called."

But to return to Krao. Though we may be unwilling to recognise in her the desiderated "missing link," yet, from the point of view of anthropological science, she must be regarded as of great interest. Her hairy skin and cheek pouches, as well as certain other peculiarities, taken together with the country from which she comes, possibly indicate the district where, hereafter either by geological exploration or otherwise, results of the highest importance with respect to man's origin may be attained.

THOMAS TYLER.

TOLD IN THE ENGINE HOUSE.

- “WANT me to spin yer a yarn? Mebbe I will, ef you'll sit,
An' ef yer don't mind a prac-tisin' yer notions of patience a bit ;
- “Tell yer 'bout Kentucky Joe—that's him in the frame 'bove the
stove—
And the trick Soldier Bill went an' played him, by runnin' away
with his love.
- “Pretty young gel, that she war, and I recomember her well,
Raised down in Arkansaw, where she was considered a belle ;
- “Which it means, so I'm told, she war straight ; blue eyes, chest-
nut hair, and all that,
And dressed up real elegant, too, from her boots to the plume in
her hat.
- “Kentucky Joe he war smit, for the very fust time, too, you bet,
I dunno exactly the truth, but I'm told t'war in church that they
met ;
- “Told her he loved her, and she, in her down-townish, elegant way,
Gave him to know if he axed, that she wasn't the gel to say nay.
- “So Joe he goes prancin' around in his devil-may-care sort o' style,
And she, well, she blushed up in course, and started to snigger
an' smile ;
- “And Joe, when he sees she war fixed, he ketches her hand up
jest so,
And sez he, ‘Will you be my wife?’—and you bet that she didn't
say No.
- “Then Kentuck he comes out a swell, in claw-hammer coat an'
noo boots,
With a stove-pipe hat on his head, and his hair greased up to
the roots ;
- “An' gives it out over the township as he warn't no more ‘To Let,’
For Kentuck was that sort o' cuss that the gels went right after,
you bet.
- “He stood six foot two in his stockin's, an' clean an' well built as
a tree,
With a jolly brown face as 'ud do you a sight o' real pleasure to see.
- “The day for the weddin' war fixed, an' Kentuck his presents had
bought ;
You may bet anything that you like he war one to do things as
they ought.

- “ Well, he was a takin’ his last bach’ler drink in the ‘ Lick House’ saloon,
When in comes a nigger an’ sez, with a face like a proper skeered coon :
- “ ‘She’s gone right away!’ ‘Who?’ sez Joe. ‘Why, the leddy who’s fixed for your wife!’
And Kentuck he staggered, you might have a’most knocked him down with a knife.
- “ ‘Gone off with a man?’ then he sez. ‘That’s so,’ sez the nigger, ‘a man
With a down-east goatee, and a face which is all o’ same culler as tan.’
- “ I know who the cur is,’ sez he ; ‘ Soldier Bill, or my name it ain’t Joe ;
Him and I we once hed a free shootin’ at Frisco, ’bout two year ago.
- “ I’ve never clapped eyes on him since, but he swore that if fix me he could,
No matter a dern in what way, or what time, or where, but he would.’
- “ An’ so it turned out. Soldier Bill had sawdered Joe’s sweetheart with lies,
An’ told her that Joe was a blackguard, and said that with his very eyes
- “ He’d seen him a loafin’ around with some other gel all the time, That Joe was a two-faced deceiver, an’ didn’t love her worth a dime.
- “ Poor Kentuck, he takes it real bad, an’ a kinder mad reckless he grows,
And drinks like a fish, and at euchre his bottom-most dollar he throws,
- “ Then comes down to Frisco an’ jines us, as Left Hose of Company Three ;
Real glad, you bet, was the inspector, to get bully boys sich as he.
- “ Not a dern did Kentuck care for danger, he said he war sickened of life,
As the only one gel he had loved, had gone as another man’s wife.
- “ He seemed like a devil, he did, when he got into sight o’ the flame,
An’ larfed as the walls fell around him, as if he war playin’ a game.
- “ Well, one night there war a big blaze down there in Montgomery Street,
Kerosine oil store it war, and the flames they jumped out in a sheet ;

- "An' we was there nigh on all night, with our lives, you may say, in our hands,
Walls tumblin', smoke stiflin', and noise—we could skeerce hear our bosses' commands.
- "We'd nigh got it under, but still the flames war uncommonly wild, When we sees at a winder atop, a woman alongside a child.
- "The flames was a dancin' all round 'em, an' they was half hid in the smoke,
Which, though we was right down below, sets us coughin' a'most like to choke.
- "Kentuck he says nary a word, but busts through the boys, an' he gits A ladder, an' puts it right up, and climbs it by bits an' by bits ;
- "We can't skeerceely see him for smoke, now an' then jist a bit o' red shirt,
An' we all holds our breaths, for we reckons to see him fall back in the dirt ;
- "An' the woman was shriekin' like mad, and the kid was a cryin', poor thing,
We could hear, 'bove the roar and the rattle, their voices' on-earthly-like ring.
- "But slowly Kentuck he gits up ; more 'n once we all guessed he was down,
Then, sudden, we sends up a cheer you might a' heard in Chinese [town.
- "For right in the midst o' the smoke, an' the sparks, an' the walls cavin' in,
We sees old Kentuck with his axe, a smashin' through thick an' through thin.
- "He saved them two, woman an' kid, an' we caught 'em in blankets below,
But in savin' them got a big beam on his head, did poor Kentucky Joe.
- "He fell down kerslap in a heap, an' we reckoned he warn't for much more,
■ But the boys set to work, an' they got him, an' took him away on a door.
- "An' as he was dyin', he sez, with a bit o' his old-fashioned smile,
'I've got, boys, what I've been a lookin' an' prayin' for, so long a while ;
- "'Tis a sort of a circumstance, too, that I hev been savin' the life Of the woman I reckoned was fixed to make herself my little wife.'
- "Nary more did poor Kentucky speak ; an' you bet every eye there was dim,
But we give him a Fireman's Funeral, and that picter up there, sir, that's him."

FRANK ABELL.

❖ TIME. ❖

❖❖❖❖❖
MAY, 1883.
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SILVERMEAD.

CHAPTER I.

“TO-NIGHT I shall see him! To-night! No, surely it can hardly be. What? In one, two, three, in seven hours, he will walk into dinner.”

This to herself, at sweet seventeen, spoke Camilla Harding, of a young fellow she had met but once before. To be sure, it had been at a county ball, and though they had only danced together twice, there had been a good deal of sitting about, and ice hunting; in short, she and Horace Brudenell had been—well, mutually well impressed, and had “got on,” as his friend Jack Forbes expressed it, “like wild fire.” She is up in her room now, her thoughts on her first love, as she already calls him to herself, her eyes on—her glass.

It is so dreadfully tiresome to love a man you know nothing about, for you cannot tell what to be at to please him. In attire, does he like the simple or the elaborate? In complexion, does he affect paleness or a glowing flush? In manner, is it the interesting or the jolly that he will deem the most winsome? Oh, it is dreadful not to know!

Poor little Lilla, as she had christened herself at the age of three, was quite in a quondary. She was not in a humour to do anything but prepare for half-past seven, and her ignorance of young Brudenell’s tastes took all the direction, so to speak, out of her enthusiasm.

“He seemed to like me wonderfully,” she reflects, “at the ball last week, and I was simple enough then.”

Lilla had little confidence in her own judgment in dress. In fact she never really cared for herself, except in all black or all white. At the ball she had worn white *tulle illusion*, with daisy

chains and a double row of the same unconceited flower around her pretty head.

Lilla is *petite*, and slightly, very slightly, mind, plump for her years. Men call her a little duck. Her flesh is more beautiful than her features, which are pretty enough all the same, though still inferior in shape to the marvellous material of which they are formed. The highest possible degree of health without the most distant approach to coarseness, that describes her best. A low dress with short sleeves is especially becoming to her, and she wants no velvet about her round throat to point out its creaminess. Her fluffy hair of light, light brown, always looks as if it were going to be blown away, and while you like it for dancing up, you long to smooth it down. Her blue-grey eyes and her full little mouth have a delightful expression of—what shall I say?—of asking for protection, which to the male heart, at least, is very touching.

"You have no real beauty, child," old Lady Prendergast, her grandmother, with whom she lives at Silvermead Park, had often said to her, "and so I shall bring you out young. A girl must make the most of her freshness when she has nothing else. I didn't come out till I was twenty, and looked more, but—well I was different. There is nothing of the Juno about you," and the proud old woman would give her fine old head a little shake and sit more bolt upright than ever.

I was forgetting Lilla's little nose. That would never do. It is small, of course, and slightly aspiring, but it is a very important little nose, all the same. It speaks to one of ideas and an alluring wilfulness; does away with any impression of milk and water, or, if you are a stickler for words, I will say cream and water, which the rest of her sweet person may have suggested, and, with its narrow, ever-moving nostrils, is just the comedian of her face, in which the mouth and eyes play the sentimental business.

Altogether Camilla Harding is what I should call rather an exasperating girl for women to contemplate; and, as a matter of fact, such few of them as happen to be not quite angelic delight in running her down to men.

Mrs. Routley said the other night to Jack Forbes (the three Miss Routleys are not attractive and don't seem to marry):

"But, seriously, you can see nothing much in that little dot?"

"No, not now," he replied, "but when I put up my glass—there, so—I see a great deal."

Jack, though a good-hearted fellow in the main, is cruel to some people.

"Well, to be sure—what will men admire next!"

"You are right, after looking at Miss Harding, probably nothing for some time."

"But—but," went on the old woman waxing warm at Jack's rude answer, "she has an insignificant figure."

"Small, I own." Jack is a bit of an artist, and etches delightfully, while he has the sense not to paint; "but there is magnificent length from her hip to the ground."

"You mean she is dreadfully short waisted. Just look, her waist is right under her arms." The three Routley girls have no legs. "Come, you must own her waist is very short."

"Yes, yes," Jack drawled, "about as short as the Venus de Medicis."

Here Mrs. Routley turned her back upon Jack Forbes, and mentally set him down as a very ill-bred young man.

When you look at Lilla, she sets you wondering. You would like to be inside her head for a span. Has she ever heard of murders, disease, and death? She is so brimming with life and hope that somehow she carries you into a new region, and you find yourself growing to believe that all dreadful things are mere appearances and deceptions—that she, she and her girlish views, in their unspeakable health and strength are the only realities. You conclude her to be sensitive, unselfish, tender hearted to man and beast; then how can she, in this afflicting and afflicted world, be that sheer embodiment of Spring and Joy which beams before you. You mature ones, who have been grovelling along for years, cogitating, weighing, splitting hairs, what has it all come to?

Look there! Would you not barter decades of an existence like yours to be Lilla Harding for one hour? See, she has only drunk some water, but buckets of champagne could never give you a taste of the intoxication she enjoys. Can she live in a house, buy boots and shoes, be scolded by her grandmother, and yet be there fluttering before you with bloom as untouched of soul and body as a butterfly's at its emancipation?

You feel at such a question that

"There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy,"

and probably do not care to pursue the theme any farther.

The luncheon bell summoned the young girl from her reveries, and dashing down a Gloire de Dijon rose she had been holding at one side of her head as an experiment, she tripped and bounded down the gloomy black oak staircase like a sunbeam in a cavern, and carolling away as she went.

Prompt as she had been, Lady Prendergast was already seated in the great dining-room, which was almost as severe as herself and the staircase.

"Lilla, where have you been?" said the old lady. "I sought you in the library, where you ought to have been at your history; I heard you not in the music-room, when your hour for practice struck; and now I am kept waiting for luncheon. Where have you been?"

"Gran'ma, I have been arranging some things in my room."

I am not going to describe Lady Prendergast's appearance, because I am so tired *in novels* of grand old ladies in dark silk with snowy hair and ancient lace, "like an old picture." They are of two kinds: the brightly amiable, and the redoubtable. Well, let us say that Lady Prendergast was one of the latter, and have done with it.

"Camilla, when I gave you the option of coming out at seventeen, I made a compact with you, that your education was to continue as if you had not left the schoolroom."

"I know, gran' ma, but——"

"I will not be interrupted thus," helping herself to stewed rabbit, which a powdered footman handed—for there is much state at Silvermead. The butler and another splendid menial are in the room.

Lady Prendergast is not an ill-bred woman, but she chooses at times purposely to do ill-bred things. She knows it is bad taste to lecture this great come-out girl before the servants, but her motive is to put her back in her place, and teach her not to give herself airs. She pursues:

"A compact is, between honourable people, as binding on one side as the other. I brought you out, as I promised, thus performing my part of the bargain. Of course you do not intend to fulfil yours; only, mark this, and do not hope you have made a fool of me. I never for a moment supposed that you would fulfil it." Then, breaking into French for the final dig, she adds:

"Tu es par trop la fille de ton père, pour cela."

Think not because Lilla continued to eat her roast chicken without the slightest sign of emotion that she is lacking in pride, sensibility, or love for her absent father. It is only that she has grown accustomed to these taunts. Then, she knows that, as to this particular morning, her septuagenarian relative is right. Lilla has been idle. I fancy too that the presence of the servants has something to do with her success in controlling her usually too high temper. Perhaps Lady Prendergast did not quite relish this utterly undemonstrative way of meeting her reproof. At any rate, as soon as the exigencies of the table permitted it, she said, "Bates, you needn't wait," and, lo, like unto shadows, the three powerful and beer-primed men departed.

The joyousness of Lilla's nature at this period of her existence must have been a perfectly inexhaustible fund. To say that she was sanguine conveys a very faint idea of her almost absurd hopefulness on all subjects. As her beauty irritated other women, so this imperturbable talent for happiness often provoked her grandmother's somewhat soured nature; and had, farther, the effect of divesting in her own eyes the harshest acts or words, with which she chose to visit Lilla, of any taint of cruelty. How can you be cruel if you do not inflict pain? And, really, unless this merry girl knocked her foot against some grass-hidden stone in one of her

mad courses with Rolfe, the deerhound—when she would cry like a baby for ten seconds, and then laugh at herself for having cried—she never showed that she suffered.

Here were these two close relations living together for years, and the strange thing was that the old lady, who was always saying unkind words, hid beneath all her harshness a passionate love for the girl; while Lilla, who never, or scarcely ever, forgot to be polite and respectful, had no spark of gratitude or affection for Lady Prendergast. I may say at once that this was the old lady's grand cross in life, for she was under no illusion on the subject. She hoped, of course, for love of any kind must hope or die; but she knew that all the conscientious severity, and all the indulgence, for she had tried both, which she so lavishly bestowed on her dead daughter's child, had hitherto been as seed flung upon a rock.

This thought was present in all its bitterness as the two sat sucking their hot-house grapes this April afternoon.

"Of course," said the grandmother, "I know I might as well talk to a wall as to you."

"Oh, gran'ma, don't say that; you know I do study, and play the piano some mornings."

"Yes, as your father was a good husband to my daughter—sometimes."

"Well, he can never have been very bad, for you say she worshipped him to the end."

"But, you poor, silly thing, that was out of the wealth of her goodness, not from his deserts. She loved him once and for ever, as a mother loves her prodigal; poor sainted Agatha!" and the old lady wiped away a genuine tear. "Oh, that you would imitate her!"

"You know, gran'ma, I was only two when she died."

"Yes, and her death was a curse of Heaven upon your father for his incorrigible gambling, and—and worse."

This was a little beyond even Lilla's endurance, and she cried—

"It is no use your abusing papa, because it only makes me love him, if possible, more and more every time you blame him," and she looked the old lady full in the face, and the latter could not bear the glance.

"Hear, hear him speak for himself," and Lady Prendergast pulled a foreign letter from her pocket, and, adjusting her spectacles, prepared to read. Lilla's face changed in an instant.

"A letter from papa! And you never told me!"

"It is always time enough to hear what *he* has to say."

Lilla had half risen, but resumed her seat upon the other's severe, "Sit down."

"Always time enough to hear what he has to say," and there was smouldering rage as well as open contempt in the ring of the aged voice. Then she read:

"You will be glad, or, by-the-bye, I suppose I should say sorry, to hear that I have, at last, had a turn of luck. At the Vienna races I cleared six hundred pounds, so I write to say I will not trouble you for my monthly dividend this time. Also, that I feel confident that this little win is the turn in the tide of my fate. It is what I have long wanted in order to try a system at Monaco, which has never yet *failed*, but which so few besides myself have the self command seriously to test."

"*His* self command!" scoffed her ladyship.

"Go on, go on!"

"You know I am not fond of in-door work. I shall, therefore, limit my plundering of Blanc and Co. to ten thousand pounds, and then set up a racing establishment once more at dear old Newmarket, where my unrivalled knowledge of the craft must, if I have only the barest modicum of luck, rapidly make me one of the richest men in England. To your severe mind, no doubt, these views are, to say the least, chimerical. You are like the rest of the world, and only judge by results. You have never done any justice to my abilities. But time will show. To me my future is clear and bright, and, this being so, my first thought is my darling Lilla."

"My own papa!" said the girl, almost to herself.

"You have taken advantage of my misfortunes to part us, but I warn you to prepare for a change, as I shall no longer be in need of your charity. I have a right to do as I like with my own child. I will that she remain under your roof for extra safety until my certain hopes are partly realised, but I command that she at once be permitted to write to me. Your forbidding our correspondence was always an unnatural abuse of the power which my cruel stars placed in your hands, and was only endured by me from sheer necessity. Your brief notes stating that Lilla is well, are poor comfort to a father's heart."

"Oh, my poor, dear, darling, handsome papa!" exclaimed his daughter. "Gran'ma, you will let me write."

"Never," said the old lady. "Think for one moment, if you *can* think; if you love him, reclaim him. You are his only stay, his only safeguard. He loves you and yearns every day, more and more, for your letters, for your company, but he loves his passion more."

"It is false!"

"Is it though? He proves it. He can have you to-morrow, live with you in decent comfort. I have offered seven hundred a year for his solemn word; for, wretched as my opinion of him is in other things, I think he would keep his word."

"Think! My papa is the soul of honour!"

"Oh, vastly honourable, in good sooth! He has the honour of a gamester; enough to keep his word, not enough to care about bringing my child to the grave, and utterly disgracing his own."

When one of two disputants quits the conversational tone, it is rare indeed but that the other follows suit. It was now Lilla's turn to flare up. With flashing eyes, she rose and said :

"Grandma, I will write!"

"Will, indeed!"

"Yes, will; so, quick, the address."

"I am not wicked enough to give it to you."

"Then," and the girl snatched the letter, but the next moment burst into tears of rage.

The address had been neatly cut out from the head of the paper.

CHAPTER II.

LADY PRENDERGAST's dinner party took place that evening as blithely as though no painful family scene had preceded it.

Female tears are among the most attractive things imaginable, but their traces are certainly not becoming; and Lilla was especially glad on this occasion that they left no more lasting sign upon her dainty cheeks than a shower of rain does on a gravel walk. When she met her "ancestor," as she now jokingly to herself, and formerly to her father, termed her aged relation, at five o'clock tea, the two exchanged the usual civil common places as if nothing had happened. Lady Prendergast felt that she had checkmated her headstrong girl, and the latter wished to show that she was not permanently upset by it. The only effect of the luncheon scene was that Lilla would not condescend to ask several leading questions about Mr. Brudenell, which, ever since the eventful ball at which she lost her heart, as she put it to herself, she had been from day to day deferring to ask, she hardly knew why.

At present she knows not at all how the old lady would look on the match, if to matching her flirtation with the young man should ever come. She is only aware that Horace is heir presumptive to his uncle, Sir Howard Brudenell, a magistrate of the Midland county, where these events are passing; which uncle, although seeming to adopt him as his son, is yet himself a youngish man, a widower without family, and who has never said but what he might marry again. That Horace, now two and twenty, has been for many years an orphan, Camilla knows; but she is in total ignorance of what his means may be, independently of his rich uncle.

The first of the dinner party to arrive was Miss Laffinch, a spiteful, even poisonous old maid, who lived in the village, and who held her own with all the people of note round about, by what can only be described as the secret terror she inspired.

She had the most wonderful way of making you understand her without ever saying in set terms what she meant. She contrived to convey the impression on first meeting you that she was wholly

unprincipled, and would surely, sooner or later, stab you in the dark, unless you made it worth her while to pat you on the back. All that can be said in palliation of this policy is that she had no other means of being what she lived to be—a power. She was very clever, but told herself that “good cleverness” was comparatively a sorry weapon for a lone, needy, and ill-favoured woman to wield.

To-day, for instance, the party was much too good for her. There were the Marquis of Caulfield and his handsome daughter, Lady Susan Graye; the County Member and the Hon. Mrs. de Basle, Lord and Lady Fouroaks, who keep the merriest and most open house for twenty miles round, and yet Miss Laffinch was asked literally on account of the lies she would tell if left out. Lady Prendergast is quite aware that this poisonous person knows all about Cave Harding, Lilla’s gambling and much too gay father; and, until the girl is settled in life, she does not venture to brave her vindictive tongue. Besides, you meet her everywhere, often staying on visits in country houses, and, until the whole county shall combine to drop and cut her with one accord, they all elect to do like one another, and hating, still invite her.

Horace Brudenell comes in one of the last, with his chum, Jack Forbes. The object of Lilla’s infatuation is a pleasant enough object for the general eye to contemplate. Not much above the middle height, he looks taller than he is, from his erect carriage and well-proportioned figure. His dark, classic head reminds one not a little of Byron’s, with its short, close, natural curls in thick profusion around it. His manner and address are good, and very quiet. The complexion and general expression of the face speak of outdoor pursuits rather than literary ones, and prepare you to find in Brudenell less of acquired knowledge, less of the ideas of others, than natural gifts, and a pleasant fancy of his own. His boyish dream was for the army, but Sir Howard would not hear of it, and he is now studying under his uncle’s land agent. The fields are his books, and he is generally in the saddle by seven o’clock in the morning, free to sleep of an afternoon, if he likes, for Horace is not in favour of early closing of his eyes, and when there is a ball or other night revel toward, he often sallies forth to his work with no more restful invigorators than a bath and a biscuit.

After shaking hands with his hostess, he does so with Camilla, who is surprised to note more of marked grave deference than of any more cordial quality in his greeting. Lovers never see clearly, and, therefore, the young girl can hardly be expected to guess that the true reading of Brudenell’s manner is that he would not have her think that any *prévenance* with which she may have honoured him the other night has left aught in his mind to justify a more familiar footing. Yet without rightly analysing the motive, she is still pleased with the courtly way in which he accosts her.

The women who have not a passion for respect are very few and far between, and if there were none at all devoid of it the world would be all the better off. How often has a man lost in the one instant of greeting all the ground he so laboriously won at the last interview, by coming up to a woman with a familiar smile that says, "Well, we did get on the other night, didn't we?" On the contrary, what draws a woman on to intimacy is that you should never appear aware of your progress. Thus a witty Frenchman has said—

"A woman is like your shadow; follow her, and she flies; but run away, and she pursues you."

It was then with the merest commonplace that Horace opened conversation with the young lady of the house.

"I hope you were not very tired the other night, Miss Harding, it is a long drive," and he added to himself:

"Well, you are a beauty, even prettier than I thought you were."

While she: "Tired! That is a thing I scarcely ever am, and never when I am happy."

And to herself: "Oh! his eyes and his voice are too charming, and will distract me so I shall hardly hear what he says, sufficiently to answer him."

And she kept her own eyes down, not from affected modesty, but for fear they should speak too plainly, and too soon.

"Shall you be at the Hasham dance on Monday?"

"I do not see how it can be managed."

"Oh, but it must be."

"Must it! Why?"

"Because — because, in the first place, you are fond of dancing, and then it will be a great pleasure to me to meet you there."

"Will it?"

"I am sure you know it will."

"I am very glad."

"Are you? That I want to meet you there? Oh, why?"

"It is always pleasant to be appreciated."

How long they would have gone on revelling in such nothings, like very lovers as they already were, I cannot say; for the announcement of dinner now came to interrupt their prattle. Brudenell was told to take in Lady Susan Graye, whereon Lilla suddenly found herself speculating upon that tall young beauty's attractiveness in a way she had never done before.

"Well," she thinks, "the same man could hardly admire us both, so if he cares for me at all, she will not distract him from me."

The next best thing to sitting beside the person you care for at table is to be opposite, and to-day Lilla's innocent little manœuvres with Mr. de Basle to effect this end proved quite successful.

The county member is a cheery old fellow of sixty, and while he delights in a pretty girl, is a model to too many men of his years in his way of showing it. It is thoroughly paternal—

“Old as I am, for ladies’ love unfit,
The power of beauty I acknowledge yet.”

That is all very well, but the whole question lies in the way of acknowledging it. Mr. de Basle’s manly, honest way, which has no ogling and sighing about it, is, unhappily, the rare exception; the rule being that old fellows either don’t bother their heads at all about the young beauties they meet in society, or they annoy and disgust them by perpetually implying their sentiments by their words and their looks.

Mr. de Basle and Lilla had met several times before, so they now embarked merrily in discussion on various topics of the hour, chiefly local. But the old gentleman was not one of the most popular banterers in the House of Commons for nothing, nor could he sit so near the electric telegraph of our young couples’ eyes across the table without finding out the best way of interesting his fair neighbour.

“Handsome boy that,” he said, “isn’t he?”

“What, Mr. Brudenell? Yes, he is good-looking, certainly.”

“And not a bit spoiled—yet.”

“Yet!”

“It will be a wonder if he isn’t as conceited as the rest of them very soon. All the women at our side of the country rave about him.”

“Do they indeed?”

“Every one of them. As I say, the young fellow is well enough, but to hear them talk, and see them go on ——”

“Well?”

“Well, it doesn’t say much for our other young men—poor things.”

This was becoming something more than highly interesting, it was alarming. Lilla said to herself, “after all, I might have known it! If I can see that there is no one like him, why should not others? He is nice to me, no doubt, but, oh, is he not so to many more? With all women at his feet—and it is no woman, but this hard man of the world that says it—will he not buy wealth and freedom by marrying some great heiress? Lady Susan, perhaps? Yes, she is an only child. See how she smiles on him! Oh, how I wish Jack Forbes, as they call him, had taken her in; he is so delightfully ugly.”

“You don’t see much of the hunting, I think,” said the M.P.
“I never meet you in the field.”

“We drive to the meet when it is near, but there is a great fault in my education. You smile! you think there are many——”

“Nothing of the sort.”

"Oh, yes, and there are; but I mean I was never taught to ride."

And Lilla's thoughts cast back to her nomadic existence with her father, when no time was ever found for anything but the winning of money or losing it. Yes, thorough Bohemians they had been; and it took all Camilla's gentle blood to have retained her high breeding in spite of the strange experiences of her young life. By fits and starts she had lived with Lady Prendergast, both in London and at Silvermead, for uncertain periods ever since her childhood; but the course of her education had been too often checked for it to bear much of the desired fruit, and had she not been both singularly apt, and, as girls go, decidedly fond of her lessons, the result must have proved disastrous.

"Ah! I admit now," said the old gentleman, "that in the hunting field young Brudenell deserves all the credit he wins; and I think his fondness for the sport will save him, in spite of his curls and his eyelashes. I don't ride hard myself, and am a sixteen stone man, but I know every gate and gap in the country, and can tell pretty well what men and hounds are about on four days out of five."

Of course, Lilla was very glad to hear that Horace was a good man and true to hounds. What girl would not be pleased with such intelligence?

Having struck so harmonious a chord, Lilla and her mature cavalier chatted along so briskly through dinner, that it was quite an effort to her politeness to address herself now and then—and as the young lady of the house she was bound to do so—to a lady-like young man on her right, a fair, in fact, colourless, beardless, and pretty near everything-less youth, who said he was reading for the Church.

"Poor Church," was on her lips in an instant, and she hardly avoided breathing the word.

At the lower end of the table the dreadful Laffinch is telling Mrs. de Basle all that has occurred, and much that has not, during the latter's temporary absence in London. She is doing this across a stout gentleman who attends to nothing but his dinner, and who rather likes to be talked through as saving him trouble and helping digestion.

To Miss Laffinch, moreover, it has the advantage of keeping up her reputation for reckless assertion with all the by-sitters. "I tell you when she married him," insists Miss Laffinch, "he had nothing left, and had long been living on handfuls of silver he got out of his mother. My cousin's footman told my maid he often caught him eating at luncheon bars and public-houses—case of two hot sausages, threepence—and now he's got so fine he can scarcely see the ground," and evidently not Miss Laffinch.

And a little later you caught such detached pieces of rashness, as :

"They've all got it—all, to the youngest child—quite incurable!" or, "The mother was a servant maid; know it for a fact, a dirty under housemaid;" or, "Eldest boy an idiot, oh, yes, I've seen him—eleven years old, and dribbles like an infant, made me quite sick;" or, "They declare she buried her first husband before he was cold."

You may wonder how the woman can have been tolerated in this polite circle on any terms or conditions; but the fact was, it had become a mere case of nobody daring to "bell the cat."

I forgot to explain too, that Miss Laffinch was a great player at cards, and as such, made herself a kind of necessity to many of those great people who had a difficulty in getting a fourth for whist, or finding an opponent at piquet, ecarte, or backgammon. Some said, indeed, that when not living on others, she well-nigh kept herself by her profits in such kind. Too clever to cheat, in the common acceptation of the word, her mode of proceeding was unfair in the extreme; and although her utter want of principle on this head made her a standing joke wherever her arts were known, most of her victims were too rich and too indolent to be anything but contemptuously amused by what they called her "little ways." She would, for instance, always try to begin without a word being said as to stakes. If cards went against her, *she thought they were playing for nothing*; if in her favour:

"Oh the usual thing; half-crowns of course." If this failed, she would exact every penalty of the game with the utmost rigour where the offence was against her, declaring that strict law was the soul of play; while, if *she* broke any of the rules, it was a case of "a mere *little friendly game*, and nothing mattered." On the rare occasions when, spite of all, she lost, her purse was either forgotten or empty, and she would say to her host in the most winning way:

"I fear I must make you my banker for a few hours," so getting him to settle for her those few hours ran into weeks and years, but they never brought back the borrowed losings.

The head of Lady Prendergast's table monopolises most of the dignity and dullness present. Her ladyship and the marquis have been friends and neighbours for forty years, so they find plenty to talk about; only, as most of the people they mutually knew in their best days have departed this life, the conversation has a constant tendency to the mournful and indeed the prosy.

"Is Camilla to stay with you for any length of time?" asks Lord Caulfield.

"I hope always," is the answer, uttered with the fervour of a prayer; "always, till she marries, as I suppose she will some day."

"Is there anything on the tapis?"

"Oh, dear no, she is only just seventeen, and went to her first ball the other night."

"Where she was out and out the belle of the room."

"You think her so pretty? She is the image of my poor child."

"I do indeed. There are, of course, more beautiful faces, but her animation and freshness carry all before them. And how about presenting her? How about the London season?"

"I have thought of it all," said the old lady, with a sudden uneasy look in her eyes, "and do not see how it can be managed. I am really too old. I am perhaps strong enough, but I have not spirits for the gay world now, and—well—there are reasons. I do not think it can be expected of me now."

Then, smiling, she added:

"No, Lilla must take her chance in the county. There is enough going on, I am sure, from September till May."

"You know," pursued the Marquis, kindly, "both Lady Caulfield and my daughter already like Camilla exceedingly, and if you would entrust her to us for a few weeks—we go up on the 30th——"

The same frightened look again shot up into Lady Prendergast's eyes as she said:

"Quite impossible—quite out of the question—but, oh! how can I thank you enough, my dear, dear friend. Such offers are rare indeed," and so real was her emotion that she had to stop for a moment.

"It was my wife's idea, I assure you," pursued the old gentleman.

"Indeed? Well, I shall never forget it. Pray express to Lady Caulfield—but, no, I must speak to her myself."

"I am sure it would have been a great pleasure to us; and Susan having no sister——"

"You are much too good; you would make out you were doing no favour; but I should have esteemed it a very, very great one. There are reasons which I cannot—which, at least, I would so much rather not explain."

"Oh, not another word, dear Lady Prendergast, I entreat."

"But you deserve my fullest confidence, and were it not that certain details would, I know, give you as much pain to hear as they would me to set forth, I am sure I would tell you the whole sad story."

"Only if my advice or assistance can serve you; until then, I will not agree to be your confessor," Lord Caulfield concluded, smiling a sort of full stop to the subject.

The fact is, that such an offer would have been all that Lady Prendergast's most sanguine hopes could desire, were it not for her terror of her son-in-law. That Cave Harding—this worst of fathers, as she considered him—would some day rob her old age of Camilla as no husband would do, was the constant dread of her

life; that, but for money considerations, he would now take her away, and separate them for ever, she well knew, and also that Cave, with all the undying sanguineness of a gamester, would, at the first few turns of the wheel of fortune in his favour, no longer be governed even by these. I have said that the grandmother deeply loved the girl, and she did so in a way that went far beyond the mere selfish joy of seeing and touching and listening to her. She was no fool, was not this old lady, and indulged in no false dreams of living for ever. A few, a very few more years of Lilla's company, that was the most she could expect, as far as her own interests were concerned. Nor was it the fear of losing these that mainly roused her alarm. No, she was haunted by the thought that Cave Harding would not only take away Lilla from her and the high circles to which by birth they all belonged, but that he would blast her whole future by associating her with his own discreditable life, and, in a word, disgrace her for ever through his debts, his expedients, and, worst of all, his companions, always, as he would no doubt declare *upon his honour*, with the very best intentions, which would of course not improve matters by so much as one single iota. It was these themes, which ever and anon brooded upon until they became more real than the actual circumstances of her life, that day by day stole away the old lady's stock of vitality, and which, coming to her like phantoms in the night, robbed her of sleep and sent her down o' mornings looking as though the hours which should belong to peaceful rest had been spent at some of her detested son-in-law's orgies of dice, cards, and wasting excitement.

CHAPTER III.

It was such a precocious evening for April, that when the gentlemen joined the ladies after dinner they found them sitting with the glass doors of the drawing-room wide open, and one or two of the younger ones had even thrown something over their heads and shoulders, and ventured forth upon the moonlit lawn. The conservatory at Silvermead was a regular lounge, and much of its spaciousness was devoted to a wide walk, where, contrary to the fashion of most flower-houses, you could saunter three abreast. Seats were conveniently scattered about, there was an iron table or two, and, in short, you saw at a glance that it was not quite a place where the *pancratia* and orchids were to have it all their own way. To this spot did Camilia and Brudenell presently repair, having contrived the move with so much tact that they got there without ever seeming to go; besides, they found three of the party already ensconced at one end, to break any awfulness they might have felt in the measure; these were Jack Forbes and another young man, revelling in the fumes of Turkish

cigarettes, and a young lady who declared that she loved the blue vapour, but who, in truth, only meant that she would rather endure it than forego the society of the smokers.

"Have a cigarette, Horace?" said Jack, as they passed.

"Do you mind?" this, most respectfully, to Lilla, who, as she answered, "Not in the least," smiled unconsciously as she thought, "Why, it is my native atmosphere."

She really liked it, but was especially pleased that her cavalier should smoke now, because she was a little nervous lest any stiffness should mar their coming *tête-à-tête*. Nor was this a mere fancy of hers; a young couple can, undoubtedly, get on more smoothly when the lover has something besides soft words between his lips; it is something to do when there is not exactly anything else to do, and, moreover, serves as a delightful obstacle to the lady saying, "Shall we go back to the others?" until the little glow-worm be quite consumed.

This time the artful Horace had taken two favoritas from Jack's proffered case. Lilla was in considerable, albeit delightful, trepidation, all impatience and curiosity. How she wished she knew just a little more of the customs of the world as regards young men who have recently fallen in love. How soon and how much may they show it? What is the very shortest number of meetings after which it is respectful for a wooer to declare himself? You see, she had a great idea of respect, had our Lilla. And then, was Horace one of those whom the least coldness would discourage and dismiss for ever, or rather, a lover—she thinks, she is almost sure, he does love her—who would hold cheaply one too lightly won, preferring great modesty and coyness, doubt, suspense, and a whole novel in three volumes of delicious tantalisation, before his prayers are granted, his goddess clasped to his heart.

As for Camilla herself, she has quite made up her mind. She is quite sure Horace is perfection. If he chooses to ask her for her heart and hand to-night, she will give them to him. Not that she in the least expects he will do so. She has thought him well over since they met at the ball a week ago, and has decided, with all a woman's logic, that a man with those eyes must be the soul of honour, a model lover and husband, and all the rest of it. She asks herself how on earth other poor girls can put up with such gods of clay as are most other men, and inwardly declares that if Horace Brudenell does not woo and win her, or, winning, should prove false—well, she will be a nun or an old maid, or an old man's darling, or anything else that is dreadful and uncomfortable, but that love—sweet, holy, enchanting love—shall be a closed book for her evermore.

"I am thinking about Monday, Miss Harding," says Horace, taking his first puff as they stroll off from the others; "ever since last week I have been wondering when I shall have another dance with you."

"Not really?"

"Oh, yes. I don't think I ever enjoyed a dance so much before."

"No!"

"I mean, nothing like so much. Can it not be managed that you go to the Hasham ball? Do try. Come and make it like the last."

"Oh," she says, "I am quite as anxious for it as you are." Then she thinks that sounds forward and means "quite as anxious to meet you as you are to meet me," so she adds, "I am already so fond of dancing, after one ball, I would do anything to go to a second."

Then she reflects that it is ~~made~~ made to him to put it all on the dancing, and rather regrets the addition.

"Do you think," he says, "is there no plan—no hope?"

"Well, I think there is—just a gleam. Since you asked me about it before dinner something has happened. Lady Fouroaks, who, you must know, is a great favourite of grandma's, came, of her own accord, and said she had been thinking how it could be arranged."

"Well done! I was always fond of Lady Fouroaks," quoth Horace, emphatically.

"Yes, but it all depends on grandma, and I fear she will never consent. You see I am very young," this deprecatingly, as though it were a serious drawback to all agreeable things.

"That can't be denied," put in Horace, amusedly.

"And grandma doesn't like my staying at Fouroaks, or anywhere, merely chaperoned by the lady of the house. She says it is done, but she does not like it for me, and—and I am nearly sure she won't consent," and the poor child looked so really sorry that Horace began to grieve for her disappointment as well as his own. They walked on a few steps in silence, then stopped at a spot where the moon shone in with daylight brightness, and the young man indulged in a quiet gaze at the girl's soft beauty.

Presently he said:

"Forgive the suggestion, I am only anxious this thing should be accomplished in some way. You told me the other night you lost your mother when quite a little thing, but why do you not write and make your father come and escort you to the ball?"

Needless to say that Horace had never heard one syllable of any kind regarding him. It was one of those stray shots which sometimes tell with such killing effect. The girl's face instantly grew purple. She evidently knew that it did so, and this added tenfold to her confusion. Unhappily, too, as they were standing, Brudenell could not pretend that he had not seen this deep, troubled blush of hers, so that for him as well as for her, the situation was nothing short of very painful. It was all very well for Camilla to tell Lady Prendergast that "her darling papa" was the soul of honour and that she worshipped him with her whole soul; she must have known very well that her father's ways were not such as the great world look upon with favour—and that is putting it in the mildest form—or whence her present embarrassment? It was very difficult

for Horace to know what to do. He was one of those who believe in the maxim, "Least said, soonest mended." Yet he could not stand there, a witness of the pain his suggestion had caused, and, the poor girl being speechless, remain silent too. There being nothing straightforward to do that was of any use, he took refuge in a little harmless deceit, saying :

"Oh, pray forgive me, Miss Harding. I quite see how it is; you think me impertinent for dictating in your affairs, and you are deeply annoyed with me for the liberty I have so thoughtlessly taken."

Camilla saw through the *ruse*, and was grateful to him.

"Oh, no," she faltered, "you are wrong——"

"I would rather offend the whole world than you—if you only knew."

But I am not offended. I think your suggestion very kind, but—well my dear father is very far off—abroad; I love him so dearly, and the sudden thought that circumstances part us for the present——

"I see, I see—quite so," said Horace, vaguely.

They had resumed their walk. Lilla bent her head, for she discovered, after the words were uttered, that she had given a false explanation of her confusion. There is nothing more difficult than to be always truthful, even when we make it the chief object of our lives, which few of us do. She would gladly have confided utterly in Horace, told him :

"The bitter-sweet befallings of her youth ;"

but, besides many other obvious reasons, the newness of their acquaintance made such a course impossible.

"I wonder what the deuce it all means," said Brudenell to himself; "wonder if my uncle can enlighten me! Screw loose with her father, I fancy!"

And now Lilla looked up at him with something of her usual brightness in her eyes, and said :

"Perhaps I shall tell you a great deal about papa, when—when I know you better."

"Then I will make haste and know you better as fast as ever I can."

"You would not be too much bored with my story?"

"You try me."

"But how do you know?"

"The great point of a story, I always think, is to like the heroine."

"You see," she went on, without noticing this little compliment, "gran'ma and my father don't—well, they are not such friends as I wish they were. I think—I suppose that must be rather well known, and so there is no harm in my telling you that much, although I have only known you a week."

"A week and two days," corrected Horace.

"So it is. Do you know, I don't think the days people don't meet count, do they?"

"I do not quite understand."

"In the growth of friendship."

"I never thought of it before; but, yes, time gives a sort of venerableness of respectability, and justifies things that nothing else can do!"

"I suppose it does——"

"Yes, one might decently ask a favour of a man one had associated with for, say forty hours, if that amount of actual intercourse was cut up and spread over a space of six months."

"While, if it was all in a lump," she said, laughing, "you would rather astonish him."

"Well, probably; and then"—this Horace spoke in a softened voice—"there is another reason. Do you not think that when two people, especially a man and a woman—well—like each other"—

"Yes"—

"That their friendship or affection grows and strengthens between each time they meet, by both having thought of one another—I mean long and fervently—in the interval."

"I am quite sure it does," murmured Lilla, carried away. "Oh how much easier it is, as well as more pleasant, to think out anything two together than by oneself!"

"Yes, I am sure it is; but for that there must be sympathy."

"Of course. Why, with an unsympathetic companion all my little stock of ideas would evaporate directly."

"I hope you will let me think out lots of subjects with you, Miss Harding. I assure you, with the slightest encouragement, I shall become quite a philosopher."

"Oh, not yet," she laughed; "I thought philosophers were always old men."

"No, for sometimes they are young women."

"And will you teach me to be one?"

He laughed.

"Yes, if I may be the two other things which old Pope joins with it."

"And they are"—

"Guide and friend."

"You *know* I will let you be these."

"Then I am happy—for the present."

A rapid heavy female step was now heard, and Miss Laffinch approached them. The ungainly spinster hated all young men of all periods, because those of her youth had failed to appreciate her angular charms. To be sure, she did not bloom in the days of æstheticism.

"Mr. Brudenell," she snapped out, "we all want to know what

you have done with Miss Harding, for we have wanted her to play and sing, and a thousand things?"

"Does gran'ma want me?" cried Lilla, whose conscience now told her that she had been away rather long.

"Most certainly she does, and I fancy I've caught my death of cold coming to fetch you."

The trio whom our lovers had found in the conservatory must long since have departed unobserved. On now reaching the drawing-room, Camilla was relieved to find the formality of her *rentrée* broken and unnoticed, owing to the general break up that was going on.

"I have carried my point," said Lady Fouroaks, kissing her; "you come to me on Tuesday for the Hasham ball."

"No! Oh, you *are* good, dear Lady Fouroaks"—and there was a depth of feeling in those few words which struck her ladyship's sharp ear, as having something more than mere gratitude about them.

"Then we shall meet on Wednesday after all," said Brudenell, as he wished Lilla good night, and pressed her hand as much and as long as ever he dared. She could not forego returning that welcome pressure, and with a mutual glance, which kept them both awake half the night, they parted. How much and how little does a squeeze of the hand imply! I believe it is constitutional with some people. Many very well-bred women squeeze everybody's hand; others seem afraid to squeeze anyone's whatever, especially if they care for them. I do not think you can tell anything from a hand shake, unless you know the shaker well, and watch her with others. It is with some a conscious, but, probably with most people a generally unconscious, act. We may, however, assume that with lovers it is never performed absently, and that its chief characteristic is appreciation.

Another moment, and Lady Prendergast and her granddaughter are alone. Whether the old lady was too tired with her exertions, or had not at all responded to Miss Laffinch's efforts to make her angry at Lilla's prolonged absence, certain it is that the kiss of peace, on wishing "good-night," was exchanged with neither more nor less affection than usual, and unaccompanied by any reprimand whatever.

(To be continued.)

SAVAGE ADORNMENT.

BEFORE proceeding to discuss the various modes of adornment adopted by savage people, it may not here be out of place to offer a few observations as to the difference between "black and white."

In all warm countries we see the skin has a tendency to a darker colour; the French are browner than the Swedes, Danes, English, and Germans; the inhabitants of the southern parts of Spain are darker than the French; and the Portuguese in complexion differ but a few shades from the mulatto. As we approach the equator the skin assumes in general a darker colour, and the complexion of the inhabitants, for the most part, bears a relative proportion to the heat of the climate. Exceptions, however, occur; local circumstances, such as the elevation of the land, its vicinity to the sea, the nature of the soil, the state of cultivation and civilization, the course of winds, &c., have a great power in counteracting climate, and we even find that the skin assumes a darker hue in the high latitudes, as is shown in the Laplander and Esquimaux. An alteration of complexion also often follows a change in the habit of body, and thin people of a dark complexion appear to turn fairer on becoming more plump. Professor Zimmerman supposes, that if a certain number of generations be requisite to change a European into a negro, a much greater number will be necessary to change the African into a white; for, he adds, a dark-coloured spot is easily produced upon the skin by burning, but a long time is required to efface it; and porous bodies receive a tinge more readily than they part with it. In order to know, he continues, how long a time and how many generations would be required to make a race of Senegal negroes as white as the northern races of Europe, they ought to be placed, not in Pennsylvania, nor even in France, but in Denmark or in Sweden. There they should be exposed as much as possible to the open air, and be nourished with food adapted to such a northern climate. Were this done, the changes, he thinks, would certainly be brought about, though perhaps slowly. From this cause negroes carried from their own hot country into other warm climates suffer no change. If, as an intelligent writer observes, the human race be divided into species merely from their colour, it must necessarily follow that, if the negroes form a specific class because they are black, those of an olive and tawny complexion must form another class, because they are not white, and from the same cause the Spaniards and Swedes would form two distinct species of men.

Children of the same family in Europe very frequently are of different complexions, some being fair and others brown; the same variety occurs in Africa, independently of any admixture of white blood, and while some are of a jet black, others are sometimes only a dark brown. In a family of six persons, seen by Winterbottom, one-half were almost as high-coloured as mulattoes, while the other were jet black. The father of these people was of a deep black, but the mother was a mulatto. The offspring of the darkest coloured African and fairest European, successively intermarrying with Europeans, become white in the fourth generation; and in the West India Islands they are allowed to enjoy the same privileges as whites. The reverse takes place in intermarriages with blacks. The child of a European and African is called a "mulatto;" the European and mulatto produce a "quadroon;" this last, with the European, produces the "mestee," which in the succeeding generations becomes white. The offspring of the black and mulatto is called a "sambo," which is the only gradation marked between them, though there appears to be as much reason to distinguish a shade between the sambo and black as between the quadroon and white. A distinction of this kind is probably used by the Dutch, as Captain Stedman places the "mongroo," as it is called, between the black and sambo. These gradations of colour are chiefly characterised by the hair, which retains more or less of its woolly nature, for some mulattos are nearly as fair as brown people in Europe; and it is well known that some of the mestees in the West Indies have as fair complexions as many even fair people in England.

The very striking difference of colour between the African and European is merely superficial, and resides in a part so extremely delicate as to require the skill of the anatomist to detect it. The skin, or that part which corresponds to the hide of animals, is covered by two thin membranes or skins; the outermost is called the cuticle, or scarf skin, which we daily see broken by accidents, raised by blisters, and renewed without any trouble; it is devoid of sensibility, and in the African, as well as the European, is nearly colourless and transparent. Immediately below the cuticle, or between it and the true skin, is a delicate membrane called the *rea mucosum*, in which the whole distinction of colour exists in the European; but it is white or brown, according to his complexion; in the African it is of a firmer texture than in fair people. When this middle membrane is destroyed by extensive wounds, burns, &c., it is never reproduced; and the cicatrix, or scar, remains white through life. It is worthy of remark that negro children are of a light colour. The palms of the hands and soles of the feet are nearly as white as in Europeans; and continue so through life.

Among what people or at what period of the world's history personal adornment became an institution is a question involved in the completest obscurity. Did it originate in vanity, caprice,

accident, necessity, or what? Did the custom which has at length become bone of humanity's bone and flesh of its flesh, owe its birth to Fashion's most humble servant, flunkeyism? It is possible some renowned though rude and barbaric chief, in the pursuit of war or the chase, may have been gored by a horned beast, or have received from a club or a stone-headed javelin a gash of a curious pattern across his visage, and which in healing left a cicatrix, conspicuously red, or purple, or crimson. To show how they gloried in the scars of their lord, his household may have heroically resolved to bark their loyal countenances to the same figure; and equally loyal, and with an eye to future favours, the chief men of the land may have followed suit—at least to the extent of a decent imitation of the pattern in coloured clay. Perhaps—at least as regards face painting, which in all probability was the precursor of tattooing—our savage forefathers found it convenient to give their bare hides a coating for the same reason that the buffalo mixes for himself a huge bath of mud, and rolling therein creeps out and stands in the sun till the paste bakes, forming a clay coat invulnerable to bites and stings. More likely than all, the first human “decorator” was a woman, perhaps a middle-aged and fading squaw—an ancient savage of the Madam Rachael sort—who essayed to conceal the ravages of time by aid of a little fancy mortar; or, perhaps again, some blooming maiden, the pearl of the tribe, seeing how beautiful were the flowers and how dazzling the crimson and orange plumage of birds, sought to add their beauties to her own. Perhaps it was among ourselves that painting and tattooing originated: indeed the latter practice is not altogether extinct in England at the present day; if anyone doubts it, let him take a trip to the nearest sea-port, and it might be safely wagered that at least one “Jack Tar” out of every twenty could show some pretty specimens of tattooing—an anchor, a ship in full sail, or a pair of turtle doves, or possibly all these and as many more fantastic shapes as may find room from the wrist to the elbow;—mysterious enough to the beholders, but significant to “Jack,” as is his birch-bark picture-book to the North American Indian.

The custom of tattooing is observed in a greater or less degree throughout Polynesia. Mr. Taylor, in his valuable work on New Zealand, furnishes us with some curious particulars respecting tattooing as practised in that country some few years ago. The grand ornament is the moko, or tattoo. All ranks were thus ornamented; a papatea, or plain face, was a term of reproach. Some were more fully tattooed than others, but all were more or less so. The grand chiefs had their faces entirely covered with this ornamental renting of the skin. The ladies had their lips and chins operated upon, with a little curl at the corner of the eye. Frequently their persons also were covered with small strokes of tattooing; these might be called beauty-patches, such as the ladies used to wear on the face, made of a bit of court-

plaister, and which were once thought ornamental. The substance generally used as colouring matter is the resin of the kauri or rimu, which when burnt is pounded and converted to a fine powder. At Taupo, I went to see the place where this pigment was manufactured. A narrow pit was sunk at a little distance from a precipice, and from the face of the cliff a passage was cut to the bottom of it, over the mouth of which pieces of wood containing the resin were burnt, and the residuum falling within was taken away by means of the passage. The uki, or instrument used, is a small chisel made of the bone of an albatross, very narrow and sharp, which was driven by means of a little mallet quite through the skin, and sometimes completely through the cheek as well. The pain was excruciating, especially in the more tender parts, and caused dreadful swellings. Only a small piece could be done at a time. The operator held in his hand a piece of muku (flax), dipped in the pigment, which he drew over the incision immediately it was made. The blood, which flowed freely from the wound, was constantly wiped away with a little bit of flax. The pattern was first drawn, either with charcoal, or scratched in with a sharp-pointed instrument. To tattoo a person fully was therefore a work of time, and to attempt to do too much at once endangered the life.

During the time that any one was being tattooed, all persons in the *pa* were *tapu* until the termination of the work, lest any evil should befall them. To have fine tattooed faces was the great ambition of young men, both to render themselves attractive to the ladies and conspicuous in war.

Whilst the males had every part of the face tattooed, and the body as well, the females had chiefly the chin and lips, although occasionally they also had a few smaller marks on different parts of the body. There were regular rules for tattooing, and the artist always went systematically to work, beginning at one spot, and gradually proceeding to another, each particular part having its distinguishing name.

Throughout Fiji genuine tattooing is only found on the women; but not much of it is seen, as it is covered by the liku. Young women have barbed lines on their hands and fingers; and the middle-aged, patches of blue at the corners of the mouth. The custom of tattooing is said to be in conformity with the appointment of Ndengei, and its neglect punished after death. The native name is *qia*, and, as it is confined to women, so the operators are always of the same sex. An instrument called a "tooth," consisting of four or five bone teeth fixed to a light handle six inches long, is dipped in a pigment made of charcoal and candle-nut oil; the pattern having been previously marked on the body, the lines are rendered permanent by the blackened comb, which is driven through the skin in the same manner as a fleam, though with less violence. Months are often occupied in the process,

which is painful, and only submitted to from motives of pride and fear. Feasts are held also in connection with this. The command of the god affects but one part of the body, and the fingers are only marked to excite the admiration of the chief, who sees them in the act of presenting his food.

Figians account humorously for the Tongan practice of tattooing being confined to the men instead of the women. They say that the Tongan who first reported the custom to his countrymen, being anxious to state it correctly, repeated, in a sing-song tone, as he went along, "Tattoo the women, but not the men; tattoo the women, but not the men." By ill-luck he struck his foot violently against a stump in the path, and, in the confusion which followed, reversed the order of his message, singing for the rest of his journey, "Tattoo the men, but not the women." And thus the Tongan chiefs heard the report; and thus it came to pass that the smart of the *qia* tooth was inflicted on the Tongan men instead of their wives.

"The Tigrean ladies," observes a well-known Abyssinian traveller, "and some men tattoo themselves; though, as this mode of adorning the person is not common excepting among the inhabitants of the capital and persons who have passed some time there, I should judge it to be a fashion imported from the Amhara. The men seldom tattoo more than one ornament on the upper part of the arm near the shoulder, while the women cover nearly the whole of their bodies with stars, lines, and crosses often rather tastefully arranged. I may well say nearly the whole of their persons, for they mark the neck, shoulders, breasts, and arms down to the fingers, which are enriched with lines to imitate rings nearly to the nails. The feet, ankles, and calves of the legs, are similarly adorned, and even the gums are by some pricked entirely blue, while others have them striped alternately blue and the natural pink. To see some of their designs, one would give them credit for skill in the handling of their pencil, but in fact their system of drawing the pattern is purely mechanical. I had one arm adorned; a rather blind old woman was the artist. Her implements consisted of a little pot of some sort of blacking, made, she told me, of charred herbs; a large home-made iron pin, about one-fourth of an inch the end of which was ground fine; a bit or two of hollow cane, and a pile of straw—the two last-named items were her substitutes for pencils. Her circles were made by dipping the end of a piece of cane of the required size into the blacking, and making its impression on the skin, while an end of the straw bent to the proper length and likewise blackened, marked all the lines, squares, diamonds, etc., which were to be of equal size. Her design being thus completed, she worked away on it with her pin, which she dug in as far as the thin part would enter, keeping the supply of blacking sufficient, and going over the same ground repeatedly to ensure regularity and uniformity in the lines. With

some persons the first effect of this tattooing is to produce a considerable amount of fever from the irritation, caused by the punctures, especially so with the ladies, from the extent of surface thus rendered sore. To allay this irritation they are generally obliged to remain for a few days in a case of vegetable matter which is plastered all over them. When the operation is complete the marks are indelible; nay, more, the Abyssinians declare that they may be traced on the persons' bones even after death has bared them of their fleshy covering."

Face painting, although practised in several savage regions, nowhere finds such favour as among the North American Indians. Talk of the vanity of the women, what does the reader think of a grown man, a brave, and the father of a numerous family, spending several hours before a bit of looking-glass daubing his face with as many of the colours of the rainbow as he can muster, and with such fantastic devices as are seldom seen out of a kaleidoscope.

A well known Moravian missionary relates that on the occasion of his paying a visit to the tent of a chief with whom he was on friendly terms, he found him plucking out the hairs of his beard, preparatory to painting his face for a ball that was to take place the ensuing evening. Having finished his head-dress about an hour before sunset, the chief looked in at the abode of the worthy Missionary, to show him the result of the day's labour. "To my utter astonishment, I saw three different paintings, or figures, on one and the same face. He had, by his great ingenuity and judgment in laying on and shading the different colours, made his nose appear, when we stood directly in front of him, as if it were very long and narrow, with a round knob at the end like the upper part of a pair of tongs. On one cheek there was a red round spot, about the size of an apple, and the other was done in the same manner with black. The eyelids, both the upper and the lower ones, were reversed in the colouring. When we viewed him in profile, one side of his nose represented the beak of an eagle, with the bill rounded and brought to a point precisely as those birds have it, though the mouth was somewhat open. The eye was astonishingly well done, and the head upon the whole appeared tolerably well, showing a great deal of fierceness. When we turn round to the other side, the same nose now resembled the snout of a pike with the mouth so open that the teeth could be seen. He seemed much pleased with his execution and, having his looking-glass with him, he contemplated himself with great pride and exultation. He asked me how I liked it? I answered that if he had done the work on a piece of board, bark, or anything else, I should like it very well, and should often look at it; but that I would rather see his natural face than so disguised that I hardly knew him. I think he was a little huffed at my reply, for, curtly observing that if I didn't know him it was not worth while to stay any longer, he took his departure rather hurriedly."

It is satisfactory to learn, however, that face painting among the American Indians is not invariably weakness and frivolity. That such is not the case, at least among the Sioux, we have the evidence of Mr. Kohl:

"Daily, when I had the opportunity, I drew the pattern their faces displayed, and at length obtained a collection, whose variety even astonished myself. The strange combinations produced in the kaleidoscope may be termed weak when compared to what an Indian's imagination produces on his forehead, nose, and cheek. I will try to give some account of them as far as words will reach. Two things struck me most in their arrangement of colour. First, that they did not trouble themselves at all about the natural divisions of the face; and, secondly, the extraordinary mixture of the graceful and the grotesque. At times, it is true, they did observe those natural divisions produced by nose, eyes, mouth, &c. The eyes were surrounded with regular coloured circles, yellow or black stripes issued harmoniously and equidistant from the mouth; over the cheeks ran a semicircle of green dots, the ears forming the centre. At times, too, the forehead was traversed by lines running parallel to the natural contour of that feature; this always looked somewhat human, so to speak, because the fundamental character of the face was unaltered; usually, however, these regular patterns do not suit the taste of the Indians. They like contrasts, and frequently divide the face into two halves, which undergo different treatment; one will be dark—say black or blue—but the other quite light yellow, bright red, or white; one will be crossed by thick lines made by the forefingers, while the other is arabesque, with extremely fine lines, produced by the aid of a brush.

"This division is produced in two different ways. The line of demarcation sometimes runs down the nose, so that the right cheek and side are buried in gloom, while the left looks like a flower bed in the sunshine. At times, though, they draw the line across the nose, so that the eyes glisten out of the dark colour while all beneath the nose is bright and lustrous. It seems as if they wished to represent on their faces the different phases of the moon. I frequently inquired whether there was any significance in these various patterns, but was assured it was a mere matter of taste. They were simple arabesques, like their squaws' work on the mocassins, girdles, tobacco pouches, &c.

"Still, there is a certain symbolism in the use of the colours. Thus red generally typifies joy and festivity, and black, mourning. When any very melancholy death takes place they rub a handful of charcoal over the entire face. If the deceased is only a distant relative a mere trellis work of black lines is painted on the face; they have also a half mourning, and only paint half the face black. Red is not only their joy but also their favourite colour. They generally cover their face with a coating of bright red, on which

the other colours are laid; for this purpose they employ vermilion, which comes from China and is brought them by the Indian traders. However, this red is by no means *de rigueur*. Frequently the ground colour is a bright yellow, for which they employ chrome yellow, obtained from the trader.

"They are also very partial to Prussian blue, and employ this colour not only on their faces but as a type of peace on their pipes, and as the hue of the sky on their graves. It is a curious fact, by the way, that hardly any Indians can distinguish blue from green. I have seen the sky, which they represent on their graves by a round arch, as frequently of one colour as the other. In the Sioux language *toya* signifies both green and blue; and a much-travelled Jesuit father told me that among many Indian tribes the same confusion prevails. I have also been told that tribes have their favourite colours and I am inclined to believe it, although I was not able to recognise any such rule. Generally, all Indians seem to hold their own native copper skin in special affection, and heighten it with vermilion when it does not seem to them sufficiently red.

"I discovered during a journey I took among the Sioux that there is a certain national style in this face painting."

The various savage methods of wearing the hair is highly curious and interesting. The missionary, Thomas Williams, relates that most of the Figian chiefs have a hair dresser, to whose care his master's head is entrusted, often demanding daily attention, and at certain stages of progress requiring several hours' labour each day. During all this time the operator's hands are *tabu* from touching his food, but not from working in his garden. The hair is strong and often quite wiry, and so dressed that it will retain the position in which it is placed even when projecting from the head to a distance of six or eight inches. One stranger, on seeing their performance in this department, exclaims, "What astonishing wigs!" another, "Surely the *beau idéal* of hair-dressing must reside in Figi!" a third, "Their heads surpass imagination!" No wonder then that they defy description. If in anything the natives have a claim to originality and versatility of genius it is in hair dressing. Whatever may be said about the appearance being unnatural, the best coiffures have a surprising and almost geometrical accuracy of outline, combined with a round softness of surface and uniformity of dye which display extraordinary care, and merit some praise. They seem to be carved out of some solid substance, and are variously coloured. Jet black, blue black, ashy white and several shades of red prevail. Among young people bright red and flaxen are in favour. Sometimes two or more colours meet on the same head. Some heads are finished both as to style and colour nearly like an English counsellor's wig. In some the head is a spherical mass of jet black hair with a white roll in front as broad as the hand, or

in lieu of this a white oblong occupies the length of the forehead, the black passing down on either side. In each case the black projects farther than the white hair. Some heads have all the ornamentation behind, consisting of a crowd of twisted cords ending in tassels, in others the cords give place to a large red roll or a sandy projection falling on the neck. On one head all the hair is of an uniform height, but one-third in front is ashy or sandy and the rest black, a sharply defined separation dividing the two colours. Not a few are so ingeniously grotesque as to appear as if done purposely to excite laughter. One has a large knot of fiery hair on his crown, all the rest of the head being bald. Another has most of his hair cut away, leaving three or four rows of small clusters, as if his head was planted with small paint-brushes. A third has his head bare, except where a large patch projects over each temple. One, two, or three cords of twisted hair often fall from the right temple a foot or eighteen inches long. Some men wear a number of these braids, so as to form a curtain at the back of the neck reaching from one ear to the other. A mode that requires great care has the hair wrought into distinct locks radiating from the head. Each lock is a perfect cone about seven inches long, having the base outwards, so that the surface of the hair is marked out into a great number of small circles, the ends being turned in in each lock towards the centre of the cone. In another kindred style the locks are pyramidal, the sides and angles of each being as regular as though formed of wood. All round the head they look like square black blocks, the upper tier projecting horizontally from the crown, and a flat space being left at the top of the head. When the hair, however, is not more than four inches long this flat does not exist, but the surface consists of a regular succession of squares or circles. The violent motions of the dance do not disturb these elaborate preparations, but great care is taken to preserve them from the effects of the dew or rain.

Married women often wear their hair in the same style as the men, but not projecting to quite the same extent. A large woollen mop of a reddish hue falling over the eyes, will represent the hair as worn by the younger women.

A coating of jet black powder round the head is considered superlatively ornamental, but its use is forbidden to the women, who, however, in common with the men, paint themselves with vermillion, applied in spots, stripes, and patches. White and pink armlets, and others made of a black wiry root, or white cowries, ivory, and shell finger-rings, knee and ankle-bands with a rose-shape knot, are much worn. Ivory, tortoise-shells, dogs' teeth, bats' jaws, snake vertebrae, native beads ground out of shells, and foreign beads of glass are formed into necklaces, the latter being generally braided into neat bands. Breast ornaments are pearl shells, as large as a dessert plate, plain, or edged with ivory, orange, and white cowries,

and crescents or circles formed by a boar's tusk. Chiefs and priests sometimes wear across the forehead frontlets of small scarlet feathers fixed on a palm leaf, while a long black comb or tortoise-shell hair-pin, *alias* scratcher, projects several inches beyond the right temple. Ear ornaments are used by both sexes, not pendant, but passing through the lobe of the ear, and varying in size from the thickness of the finger to that of the wrist. Some insert a white cowry, and a few have the opening so distended as to admit a ring ten inches in circumference.

Turning to Abyssinia we find that in general neither sex wear any covering on the head, preferring to tress and butter that with which nature has provided them. The hair of the Abyssinian is admirably adapted for this purpose, being neither short and crisp like a negro's, nor yet of the soft elasticity of an European's, but between the two—sufficiently long to tress well, and even often to hang luxuriantly over the shoulders, but at the same time sufficiently woolly to prevent its being liable to come out of plait as soon as it is done, which ours always does.

"The operation of tressing," says Mr. Parkyns, "is a very tedious one, usually occupying an hour or two per head; therefore, of course, it is repeated as seldom as possible—by some great dandies once a fortnight; by others once a month, or even less frequently. In the interim, large supplies of fresh butter are employed, when obtainable, in order to prevent the chance of a settlement of vermin; and a piece of stick, like a skewer, is used for scratching.

"The hair is gathered in plaits close over the whole surface of the head, the lines running fore and aft, and the ends hanging down in ringlets over the neck. In both sexes the patterns chosen are various. Some will have only five or seven plaits, while others will prefer as many as thirty or more. Some again will have the whole of the head tressed backwards; others wear the front part plaited towards the sides, with the ends hanging over the temples. Formerly, young soldiers were not allowed to tress their hair until they had killed a man, when they shaved the whole of the head, leaving only a single plait. Another was added for each man killed, till they had reached the fifth, when they were privileged to wear a whole head of hair. Now-a-days, excepting in some of the remote Galla districts, the number of tresses depends on the age of the wearer rather than on his prowess. Youths and young women usually shave the crown like a priest, while mothers and full-grown men tress the hair. Some ladies have their butter daubed on nicely, and then some scent; but the great go among the dandies is to appear in the morning with a huge pat of butter (about two ounces), placed on the top of the head, which, as it gradually melts in the sun, runs over the hair, down the neck, over the forehead, and often into the eyes, thereby causing much smarting."

You can't offend an African by telling him that he squints or

that his mouth is awry; he will receive the information in the best humour and as indifferently as though—which, after all, is the fact—it were no affair of his.

"They came frequently," says Dr. Livingstone, "and asked for the looking-glass, and the remarks they made—while I was engaged in reading, and apparently not attending to them—on first seeing themselves therein were amusingly ridiculous, 'Is that me?' 'What a big mouth I have!' 'My ears are as big as pumpkin leaves!' 'I have no chin at all!' or 'I would have been pretty, but I am spoiled by these high cheek-bones!' 'See how my head shoots up in the middle!' laughing vociferously all the time at their own jokes. They readily perceive any defect in each other, and give nicknames accordingly. One man came alone to have a quiet gaze at his own features once, when he thought I was asleep; after twisting his mouth about in various directions, he remarked to himself, 'People say I am ugly, and how very ugly I am indeed.'"

Once more, a savage mode of dressing the hair—the Malagaseys—and then "no more on that head." "Their hair," says Madam Pffiefer, "is coal black, as woolly as the negro's, and much coarser and longer, sometimes attaining a length of two feet. When this hair is worn in all its native luxuriance, it has a horribly disfiguring effect. The face seems quite lost in a virgin forest of thick frizzled hair, standing out in all directions. Fortunately, few wear it in this way. The men often have their hair cut off quite short at the back of the head, and leave only a length of six or eight inches in front, which looks comical enough, as the hair stands upright, and forms a woolly topknot, but it is not so bad as the virgin forest. The women, and some of the men too, who are exceedingly proud of their hirsute ornaments, and cannot make up their minds to shorten them, plait them into a number of little tails. Some let these tails hang about their heads, while others unite them into bands or bunches, so as to cover the whole head. This kind of head-dress takes a good deal of time in preparing, particularly in the cases of the richer Malagaseys, who have their hair plaited into an infinite number of these small tails. On the head of one of these native beauties I counted above sixty plaits. The good lady's slaves must have had a good day's work in bringing them to the right pitch of perfection. On the other hand, it may be urged that such a head-dress does not require renewing continually, but will remain in all its pristine loveliness for several days."

ANDREW T. SIBBALD.



THE MONASTERY AT TROITSA. — See page 515.

A PILGRIMAGE TO TROITSA.

FOREMOST among the holy places of "Holy" Russia is the Monastery of Troitsa, and the great day for making pilgrimages to it is that dedicated to its founder, St. Sergius. Troitsa is but forty-five miles from Moscow, and as upon the last anniversary of the festival I happened to be in the ancient capital, I determined to be among the number of the pilgrims.

The Monastery of Troitsa, that is of the Trinity, stands near the railway from Moscow to Yaroslaf, and on occasions like the present there is a special early train for the accommodation of the devout. Rising at five, my friend and myself hurry, breakfastless, to the station to catch this train. We find it crowded. In something more than two hours we arrive at Sergiefskaya, which is our terminus. We are half a mile from the monastery, and after hastily breaking our fast at the station buffet, we set out to walk. We do not want for companions. The road is thronged with hundreds of pilgrims, all bound for the same shrine as ourselves. We are a motley crew. Some are decently dressed persons, and these, though probably not attracted by mere curiosity like ourselves, are but amateur devotees. The majority are professed pilgrims. Men and women alike carry long staves, and have wallets slung to their backs. They are bare-footed, or wear only rude slippers made from the bast of trees. Rags are twisted round their legs, and their costumes generally are collections of the same material ingeniously hung together. The women wear on their heads gaudily coloured handkerchiefs, or at least, fragments of what have once been such. On the whole we are rather a picturesque than a sweet or cleanly company.

The great monastery occupies a commanding position on a rising ground. Its effect is imposing. Walls of, in many places, fifty feet high, strengthened by eight towers, enclose the whole. The towers terminate in cupolas of brightly-coloured metal; and trees planted near the walls somewhat mask from the eye the fact that Troitsa has been, and still is, a great fortress as well as a great monastery. Within is a wild jumble of metal roofs, above which rise the gilded or painted pear-shaped domes of half-a-score churches, and above all soars the lofty and not ungraceful bell-tower of Rastrelli.

We draw nearer. Before the entrance lies a wide open space pitched with pebbles. It may be described as a gigantic courtyard. In Petersburg such a space would emphatically be termed

"a plain." It is now chiefly filled by hundreds of the rude carts of the peasantry. The patient little horses stand in the shafts, munching their hay, and awaiting the good pleasure of their masters to return home. The place has something the appearance of a fair, for booths are ranged beneath the convent walls and on the lower side of the plain, at which an amount of traffic is going forward, chiefly in provisions, and such articles as are manufactured by the monks.

Near the great gateway is a large covered well, one of the several holy-wells of Troitsa. We drink like the other pilgrims, and add our coppers to the small collection of copecks, accumulating under the hands of the priest in charge.

The entrance is a fine archway, and beneath its shelter are again stalls at which the handiwork of the monks is to be bought. It consists mainly of photographs, and small articles of carved wood, especially crosses and spoons. Most of the latter bear representations of St. Sergius, or incidents in his legend. The workmanship of some of these is of exquisite delicacy, and we do not fail to purchase specimens.

Passing from beneath the gateway, we see before us an avenue of limes, crossing and dividing a great part of the enclosed space. On one hand we observe a burying-ground, on the other a kind of orchard-garden, whilst over the whole area, churches and other buildings are scattered apparently at random. We make for the first church to our left, that namely of the Assumption, conspicuous by its four blue, pear-shaped domes, clustering round a larger and gilded one.

It is an August morning, bright and hot, but the church is brilliant within with lamps, and a stifling air meets us at the door. Some sort of service is going on, but we are doubtful as to its nature. There is a sound of chanting; but this is mixed with a hubbub of a less devotional character, and above all there is the screaming of innumerable babies.

We edge our way into the reeking crowd, and after a time are able to satisfy ourselves as to what is going forward. The chief objects of observation are two elderly priests, one of whom has a silver vase and a spoon, the other a red cotton handkerchief. A great part of the congregation consists of women with infants in their arms. As these come up one by one, he, of the handkerchief, tucks his red rag round the baby's throat, after which his colleague administers a spoonful from his vase, and carefully scrapes the little one's chin with his spoon, after the approved manner of feeding nurses.

The contents of the vase are the elements of the eucharist, compounded into a kind of pap. The service is an infants' celebration, for the Greek Church does not exclude even its youngest members from the rite of communion. The deafening crying heard on every side would, however, seem to indicate that these

very young Christians have but a limited appreciation of their privileges.

Characteristic and interesting as all this is, we are not sorry to make our escape to the outer air. Many persons are going in the direction of the Refectory, and we go also. Opening from the ante-chamber of the monks' dining-hall is a kind of buttery-hatch, from which two brothers are doling out to all comers big hunches of rye bread and *kulibac*, the latter a kind of pie, made chiefly of buckwheat and fish. As pilgrims of St. Sergius, we receive our dole of black bread, and pass on like the rest.

Near the middle of the great enclosure, is the most important of the Troitsa holy-wells. Surrounding it is a high square platform of stone, reached by flights of steps. This platform and its steps, as well as the flights leading to the various churches, seem the favourite places in which to discuss the pilgrim fare. The groups of diners, in their bright head-gear, are decidedly picturesque. Having found a seat, we eat, and survey the scene.

But thus far we have been merely trifling. The great object and duty of the pilgrims of St. Sergius is to visit his shrine, and that duty we have not yet fulfilled. We proceed to the church of the Holy Trinity, which is the mother church, so to speak, of all the ecclesiastical brood, ten in number, around us. Entering it is no easy matter; the crush at its door is something fearful, but as all are struggling in the same direction we are borne along by the tide.

The shrine stands on the north side of the opening of the apse, and by great good luck, just as we have reached it, we are involuntarily hustled by the crowd into a small recess behind the monk in charge. We have thus time and leisure afforded us to note the shrine itself and the proceedings of the devotees.

The shrine of St. Sergius has abundance of magnificence, if not of artistic merit. Its lower part is a sarcophagus. Rising from this, four massive pillars support a canopy. The whole is of pure silver, and weighs nearly a thousand pounds. At present the lid of the chest is thrown back, and discloses upon its under side a representation of the saint. The face is painted, the figure is of needlework, pearls and precious stones being liberally scattered among the threads of silk and gold. A covering of lace partly conceals the relics in the sarcophagus, and as the pilgrims pass by in single file, each kisses this covering. That the little children, and some that are not little, may do this the presiding priest lifts them in his arms. He finds it hard work, perspiration streams down his face, and occasionally he pauses to use his handkerchief. He has much to do. Some of the pilgrims bring little wooden crosses, which he lays upon the relics, thereby to become imbued with some of the virtue of the holy Sergius. Others persist in falling on their knees before the shrine; these

have gently to be admonished to move on. But the patience of the worthy monk never gives way.

Russian magnates have for ages past delighted to adorn the resting place of St. Sergius, and in this country such adornment has taken the form of costly materials rather than of beautiful art. From the front of the canopy hang twelve lamps, each a prince's ransom, so profusely are they bedecked with diamonds and other gems. A like display of barbaric wealth is to be seen in the silver ornaments of other parts of the church. On the stall of the Metropolitan is a representation of the Last Supper in which all the Apostles figure in solid gold—except Judas Iscariot, who expiates his sin in ordinary brass!

Hanging from the walls are two pictures of the Saint painted on portions of his coffin. One of these has a certain historical interest. It was carried to battle by both Alexis and Peter the Great, and was devoutly held to have contributed not a little to the success of the Russian arms.

"And who," the reader may perhaps ask, "was this much-venerated St. Sergius?" He was a Russian religious, of noble birth, who, about the middle of the fourteenth century, established himself in this place at the head of twelve disciples. The strictness of his life, the rigour with which he and his monks subjected themselves to manual labour, together with his superior wisdom, soon brought himself and his establishment into high repute. His counsel was sought by the princes of his nation; and when in 1380 the famous Dimitri of the Don set forth to meet the Tartar hordes in the great and bloody victory of Kulikova, he first received the blessing of Abbot Sergius. Lands and wealth were showered upon the brotherhood of Troitsa, but its founder remained simple, laborious, and self-denying to the end. If the record may be credited, his sanctity was approved by a visit from the Virgin, attended by St. Peter and St. John. His death took place in 1392.

But sad troubles were in store for his disciples. In 1408 their monastery was destroyed by the Tartars, and was not rebuilt for nearly twenty years. From this rebuilding it is that the present church of the Trinity dates. Troitsa, from that time downwards, has had abundant prosperity; and became so wealthy that before the secularization of the church lands in the last century it was the owner of 120,000 male serfs. Still it was not without its trials. In 1608 it had to withstand a sixteen months' siege by a Polish army 30,000 strong; but it withstood its besiegers successfully. Again, somewhat later in the same century, the brotherhood had to repulse a second enemy of the same nation from their walls.

Troitsa has other historical associations; in times of peril it twice gave an asylum to Peter the Great, and in the Church of the Assumption a wooden eagle commemorates the fact that the great innovator found a hiding-place under the altar of that

church from the insurgent Streltsi. Peter was afterwards a liberal benefactor to the monastery. He added much to the strength of its walls; and built a palace within its limits, which is now used as the chief seminary for priests of the Russian Church.

But this is a digression. We leave the shrine, and again make our way to the refectory, where the monks are now at dinner. The monastic dining-hall is a fine room, some one hundred and fifty feet in length, and five hundred monks are now seated in it. Their tables occupy its two sides and upper end. The walls, as well as the roof, are decorated with religious paintings, and at the upper end is a recess—a kind of apse—in which is an altar with lamps burning before it. The brotherhood wear black gowns, reaching to their heels, and a head-dress, which may best be compared to a huge, black saucepan, the handle of that utensil being represented by the veil, which falls down the back of the neck. Many of the monks are fine-looking men. All wear long, flowing hair, and most have large beards. Before each is a pewter platter of soup, and a lump of *kulibac*. A monk, standing at a lectern in the centre, reads while his fellows eat.

We next mount the campanile. It was built about the middle of last century, by Rastrelli. It is two hundred and ninety feet high, and is light in effect, as the higher stories gradually decrease in size. In the second tier is the great bell, weighing sixty-five tons. The view from the bell-tower is, perhaps, slightly less uninteresting than Russian landscapes generally, for it includes some timber, and certain undulations of the ground, which the natives call “hills.”

We have heard much of the treasures of Troitsa, and repair to the sacristy. It consists of four rooms in a building apart. It is in the custody of several monks, and, as a matter of precaution, one of these attends every four visitors.

We have seen many rich sacristies in this country. As a rule, they contain little worthy of the name of art, and much display of barbaric wealth. This holds good, only in a greater degree, with the one before us. A long succession of Russian sovereigns, together with the foremost of their subjects, have heaped offerings upon Troitsa. The result has been a display of riches which recalls the days of Solomon. We have a blaze of gems, in which gold and silver seem of no account. It is about priestly vestments and the paraphernalia of worship that these treasures have chiefly accumulated. For example, we are shown an altar-cloth of white silk, in the centre of which is a cross, a foot in length, formed of sapphires as big as black-bird's eggs, and bordered with diamonds, whilst around it are various devices in other precious stones!

This is but one among many, and description might be carried on till the reader grew as weary of hearing of these things as the spectator does of seeing. Imagine four rooms filled with such

magnificence ! And among all this wealth, and treasured with the most precious, are the worn working clothes and tools of St. Sergius !

During Napoleon's occupation of Moscow, the French not unnaturally desired to relieve the monks of the responsibility of guarding so many valuables ; but, after marching half-way to Troitsa, more urgent matters compelled their return.

Other interesting and less bewildering sights are still to be seen. We visit other churches. We walk on the massive walls. Though altered at various times, the original date of these is from 1513. They are twenty feet thick, four thousand five hundred feet in extent, and vary in height from thirty to fifty feet. We examine the workshops. The stigma of "Drones," vulgarly applied in former days to the monastic orders in Britain, by no means holds good with regard to the monks of Troitsa. They follow in the footsteps of their founder. They practice all the ordinary handicrafts for the supply of their own wants, and carry on various branches of industry for the purposes of sale. Notable among these are photography, the making and carving of small articles in wood, lithography, and the painting of religious pictures.

In looking at these things we have abundant occupation, till, with the retreating tide of pilgrims, we find it necessary to turn our backs on the shrine of St. Sergius.

F. S. P.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A LAUGHING HYÆNA.

SOME years ago my military lines were cast at Wellington, on the Nilghiri Hills of India, a station well-known, as it has been for a very considerable time the sanatorium for the European troops in the Madras Presidency. Before its barracks, hospitals, and other buildings were erected it had a good reputation among sportsmen as a happy hunting ground for sambur (elk), deer, bears, tigers, cheetahs, hyænas, and such like large game; but it need hardly be told that, with the clearing of the land and its population with soldiery, these animals have been driven to distant and more secluded coverts. Still, not unfrequently, they take a fancy to pay their old haunts a visit, and the one in particular, whose predilection in this respect seems strongest, is the laughing hyæna. The natives call him the tiger dog; to ordinary folk, he is known by the name just said—laughing hyæna—but zoologists dub him *hyæna striata*, class him in the digitigrade family of carnivorous mammals, and tell us, that he forms a sort of connecting link between the dog, the cat, and the *viverridæ* or civit tribes.

By no means is he a comely animal to look upon, nor a pleasant one to sniff at, as most of us who have seen him in menageries are aware of, with habits erratic, nocturnal and most repulsive; the public scavenger, in fact, and the resurrectionist from the grave yard, when he can get at it, of such remains as should lay and decompose in mother earth. Owing to a very marked disproportion between his fore and hind legs, the former being much longer than the latter, his back from the hips slopes downwards, and he walks with a tip-toe (digitigrade), sneaky, slouching sort of a step, as if ashamed of his disgusting calling in life, as well he may be. As to the yell from which he derives the appellation of *laughing*, once heard it is never forgotten. It is a most supernatural, jerky, harsh, hysterical kind of a *ha! ha!* emitted whilst the beast is in a state of excitement, and is accompanied by most ridiculous spasmodic movements of the body and limbs. A laugh! defend us from such joyless Mephistophelian laughter. Lastly, the ancient Egyptians worshipped him, and, according to Pliny, a certain stone supposed to be found in his large round lack-lustre eye, when placed under the tongue of the soothsayer, imparted to him the gift of prophesy.

Now one of these brutes, visiting Wellington in the summer of 186—, took a particular fancy to wander at night around the bungalow in which I and my assistant surgeon resided, though at the time of the perambulations Dr. B—— was absent on leave at Madras. I knew well enough why the hyæna favoured me with

his presence: he came either for "Gyp" or "Bob"—my chum's pet dogs—or for the mongrel pariah cur of the very lowest caste, the property of our head servant, Sam. Dog is the tit-bit of the hyæna; and for dog, especially when dead and—to put it mildly—high, he will risk much, cowardly as is his nature. He used to come, this giggling beast, under the very windows of my sleeping room, and there set up his ghoul's laugh till he almost drove me mad. Twice I tried to shoot him, but, besides being a poor shot with a rifle, I never got a fair pot at him. Once I endeavoured to tempt him with a fine large piece of odoriferous goat mutton, well seasoned with strychnine, and I thought, that as the dainty morsel was, next morning, nowhere to be found, that my friend instead of being convulsed with laughter, was being convulsed with painful muscular contractions, and that I had made his quietus. I reckoned, without mine host; lo, and behold, the following night he was back again, giggling louder than ever, thus forcing me to conclude, that either his system was proof against strychnine, or that bandicoots¹ and other small fry had eaten and were unjustly suffering in his stead. Then I set a spring gun for him. He duly came to the bungalow, burst out—it seemed to me more vociferously than at any other time before—at the bare-face "plant," avoided the wires and other dodges, and retired until the very next evening, when there he was, as usual, to the front.

And now the superstitious proclivities of my servant, which I saw had long been simmering, boiled over.

"Master," said Sam, afore told of, "master can know what for tiger dog come laugh, laugh every night in compound?" (yard).

"I suppose that he wants one or all of the dogs," I replied. "I wish to goodness that he would take them, and go and laugh elsewhere, for I am sick of him."

"Master, Saab will 'scuse (excuse) me," rejoined Sam, "he for dog not come here—master ownself he want; master, I think, going to dead."

"Indeed! I'm sorry to hear it. But how the dickens can the hyæna discover that it is I 'going to dead,' more than you, or cook, or *chokerah* (boy), or your wife, or that fat lump of a child of yours?"

"Not properer hyæna this same one, sar. Ghentoo Priest, he tell me Shitan gone make his-self same muster (like) beast; Hindoo mans not want; want Christian Feringhee. Saab can give ten rupee, priest make *poojah* (ceremonial prayers)—then, you get rid of brute."

"Bosh!" I said, "you whisper to the priest, that your master is not such an old fool as he looks. Moreover, time and opportunity offering, I shall put a two-ounce conical bullet into Shitan's body, and see whether or not he is really that evil doer."

¹ A huge sort of rat.

"Master can never kill him," observed Sam.

It came across my mind, that as my servant had witnessed my two failures with the rifle, he was becoming what Artemus Ward calls "sarkastrick," however, I merely said, "Perhaps I can't kill Shitan"—that I determined was to be the hyæna's name henceforth, in my talk of him—"but Captain Pointblanque can. He is coming here to stay with me for that special purpose."

In due course that noted *shikaree* (sportsman) arrived; so did Shitan about eleven, the same night, and lost no time in letting us know that he was about. There was his disgusting guffaws, making the welkin ring, to put it poetically.

"Sam," said Pointblanque, jokingly, "tie that wretched pariah of yours under the peach trees, he will attract the hyæna, and I will knock him over in two seconds."

"Scuse me, sar! no can do that sort thing; too much high caste dog, my dog, Saab."

"Is he? Well no matter. We can do nothing now, but it strikes me that if my plan succeeds, Shitan will not be alive this time to-morrow. Go to Coonoor, and bring back a dog."

"Live! else dead, Saab?"

"Oh, dead of course; and this being the hot season, when, according to law, ownerless curs are being destroyed to prevent hydrophobia, you won't have the slightest difficulty in procuring one. Two annas (three-pence) will buy a monster."

Next day a coolie brought a defunct pariah cur, looking more like a jackal than a hound, and tailless, that caudal appendage having been cut off and sent to the cantonment magistrate as a certificate of death, and a voucher for the Government reward. Pointblanque and I buried him a foot or two in the ground, within range of, and well commanded by the verandah of the bungalow.

"I should have preferred the canine somewhat more attractively odoriferous," said Pointblanque. "However, some good, strong-smelling bazaar meat will answer the purpose, I daresay."

It was procured of the highest flavour obtainable, and a *chokerah* sat to work to drag it up and down in all directions from certain points to the grave, and to inter it there. The boy came quite out of the usual stolid indifference of the Asiatic "nigger," and entered, *con amore*, into the spirit of the thing.

Then, at nightfall, the rifles being loaded, we sat down to await Shitan. Pointblanque's procedure for action was, that I should place myself in the verandah, and when I saw the hyæna digging, as dig he certainly would to disinter the dog, then to fire. If I missed, he would be ready with his breech-loader from another coign of advantage.

"It was moonlight—tropical moonlight—as clear as day. The whole station was in most perfect stillness, disturbed only at long intervals by the distant howls of jackals, the hoots of owls, and the croaks of bull-frogs in the few marshy spots about.

Presently we heard the undergrowth rustle, followed almost immediately by the maniacal laugh of the hyæna.

"Shitan! by all that's glorious! Shitan! I thank thee, priest, for teaching me that word," whispered I, misquoting the "Merchant of Venice."

"And upon the trail," added Pointblanque, as the laugh became louder and more spasmodic. "Don't you see him?"

"Plainly," I replied, "he is making straight for the tailless pariah's cemetery."

"Yes! Don't on any consideration fire until you see him well at work, resurrectionising. Steady your rifle upon one of the wooden posts of the verandah, and you are bound to hit him."

I did as directed, and waited nervously until I saw the beast thoroughly intent turning up the loose earth, and chuckling with delight over his treasure trove.

Then taking a long and steady aim, I pulled the trigger;—bang!

But almost before the bang sounded, there was a howl, which was not Shitan's usual one of pleasurable excitement, but one of rage and agony. He was hit; but evidently not mortally, for next instant a childish, treble voice called out,

"Uppah! uppah! my fader! my mudder! Master! Sam! Tiger dog got me! Shitan killing and eating me!"

To a small extent this was true. The *chokerah*, anxious to see the sport, had gone into an old cowshed, whither the hyæna had rushed, on being wounded; it there had seized the boy by his voluminous petticoat-like clothes, and which he was now tearing into shreds with his teeth and claws.

Pointblanque ran like a race-horse down to the shed, put the muzzle of his rifle almost close to the hyæna's head, fired, and in one second, Shitan's mission on earth was over. He let go *chokerah's* garments, rolled over, and he was "as dead as any nail that's in any door."

Upon examining the child, we found that a slight scratch or two were all the injuries he had fortunately sustained. One of Shitan's hips was broken by my shot, and his head was shattered by Pointblanque's bullet.

Then we sang a' jubilate over his remains, and my homestead was free from his laugh for ever and a day.

I had him taken to a quasi expert of a native taxidermist to get his skin cleaned, sweetened, and preserved. He kept it for many months, and then returned it as beyond his art, saying, not in the doggerel I put it, but in plain prosaic Hindustanee:

"I may scrub, I may scour
The skin as I will,
But the odour hyænic
Will cling to it still."

Then I cast it from me into the limbo of things worthless and done with.

H. L. C.

STEPHEN GOSSON,
POET, ACTOR, DRAMATIST, SATIRIST AND PREACHER.

IN the early years of Queen Elizabeth's reign a young man, who was afterwards to play many parts, was admitted to the then not very ancient foundation of Christ Church, in Oxford University. Mr. Arber, in his valuable series of English Reprints, has collected almost all that can now be known about the life of Stephen Gosson. It seems that the young student grew weary of the academic life, and after four years left the University with an incomplete degree in arts. He excuses himself in later years for the "scldernes" of his learning, saying that he had been "pulde" from the University before he was "ripe," and had "withered in the country for want of sappe." A young man, full of energy and ambition, he sought for fame by going where fame could best be had—to London.

He was then twenty-one years of age, and already had some reputation as a pastoral poet, a reputation that at least twenty-five years after was not forgotten, for Francis Meres, in his *Wits' Treasury*, mentions Gosson's name among such names as Spenser and Sir Philip Sidney. Unfortunately none of his pastorals have come down to us. Two fragments of his poetry, however, are preserved to us in other men's books. They reveal qualities of eloquent and picturesque verse in the manner of the time. Indeed, at this period, the dawn of an age of splendid literary accomplishment, it must have been hard not to catch something of a glow that was already in the air and was soon to suffuse all literature. It must be remembered that Gosson breathed the same air as Shakspeare, and, as a dramatist, was his forerunner. These lines, in modern spelling, from a poem that Gosson contributed to *The Mirror of Man's Life*, may serve as a specimen of his fervid, luxuriant style:—

"The wreathed hair of perfect golden wire,
The crystal eyes, the shining angel's face
That kindles coals to set the heart on fire,
When we do think to run a royal race,
Shall suddenly be galled with disgrace.
Our goods, our beauty and our brave array,
That seem to set our heart on high for aye:
Much like the tender flower in fragrant fields,
Whose sugred sap sweet-smelling savour yields:
Though we therein do daily lay our lust,
By dint of death shall vanish unto dust.

* * * * *

"Thou God therefore that rules the rolling sky,
Thou Lord that lends the props whereon we stay,

And turns the spheres and tempers all on high,
 Come, come in haste to take us hence away :
 Thy goodness shall we then engrave for aye,
 And sing a song of endless thanks to Thee,
 That deignest so from death to set us free,
 Redeeming us from depth of dark decay,
 With four-and-twenty elders shall we say,
 To him be glory, power and praise alone,
 That with the Lamb doth sit in lofty throne."

A deep strain of religious feeling is apparent in these verses, and this was a side of Gosson's character that was, later in life, to become predominant.

About this time he went on the stage, as we should say. Thomas Lodge, who was afterwards his opponent, says of him : " I should blush from a player to become an envious preacher," a sentence that seems conclusive evidence of the fact. About his acting neither history nor tradition has anything to say. The stage was then in its cradle in this country. It was not looked upon as the high profession, one of the avenues of fame, it has since, in spite of lingering opposition, become. According to the best authorities, it was about the year 1576 that public theatres for the representation of plays were first introduced into England. This was the signal for a controversy about the moral tendency of the play which is only now beginning to subside. The establishment of settled theatres dealt a great blow to the strolling actors, called "common players." Classed together with fencers, bearwards and minstrels, they were in the eyes of the law nothing better than "roges, vacabounds and sturdye beggars." The first offence against this law was punished by mutilation, the second was adjudged felony, the third entailed sentence of death ! We have changed all that now ! The strolling players were thus to a large extent suppressed, but the regular companies grew in prosperity. They were supported by the court and opposed by the city, which expelled them from the walls. This being the case, they erected two theatres outside the "liberties." One was called the *Curtain*, the other the *Theatre*, and both were erected about the year 1576.

By comparing the dates it will appear that Gosson was a witness of the inception of the regular stage in England, and even, besides acting himself, supplied it with material for its first representations. The names only of several of his plays have come down to us ; these, with slight descriptions, are preserved in his own writings. The most important was *Catiline's Conspiracy*, an historical play, of which he observes—"The whole mark I shot at in that work, was to show the reward of traitors in Catiline and the necessary government of learned men in the person of Cicero, which foresees every danger that is likely to happen, and forestalls it continually ere it take effect." But he goes on to say, in a strong flavoured metaphor, that as it is a pig of his own sow he will say the less of its merits. His ever-active opponent caught at the expression and

would not even admit the legitimate paternity of the pig, and, in effect, to drop the metaphor, charges Gosson with plagiarism. *Captain Mario*, according to Gosson, "a cast of Italian devises," and in the opinion of Mr. Collier, a play founded on a foreign novel; and a moral, *Praise at Parting*, are the other two whose names we know. From Antony Wood we learn that his plays were never printed. These plays, again *judice* Mr. Collier, were probably in verse, as Gosson distinguishes them from his *prose* works. And if in verse they were in rhyme, for blank verse did not come in use till twelve years afterwards.

But we are reaching a turning-point in Gosson's life. Whatever of the Puritan was in his nature now came uppermost. His career hitherto had been one of strenuous exertion, and he had tasted something of fame. His activity between the age of twenty-one and twenty-four had been something almost prodigious. He had been a writer of pastorals worthy to be compared with the best of the time; he had been a comedian, with what success we cannot tell, and he had been the author of plays that were conspicuous on the contemporary stage. Here was the opening of a career that promised great things for the versatile young Oxonian. But a change came over the spirit of his dream. He conceived a deep and ineradicable disgust for the stage. As a comedian, he may have been first drawn to the stage by a sincere love for histrionics, but it seems more likely that, as a student, he had been attracted by the bright, careless life of the players, and then proportionately disgusted with it, when the novelty had worn off.

But what is his own explanation of the change? From a writer of pastorals, tragedies and comedies he had come to be the embittered enemy of all poets, actors and playwrights. He explains his change of front by saying that after some experience of the life of the theatre and its results, "perceiving such a Gordian's knot of disorder in every playhouse as would never be loosed without extremity, I thought it better, with Alexander, to draw the sword that should knap it asunder, than to seek over-nicely or gingerly to undo it with the loss of my time and want of success." That from which he revolted, in Mr. Arber's words, was the disorder imported into the social life of London by the public representation of plays at these new theatres. He did not contravene the drama written, but the drama acted:

"Whatsoever such plays as contain good matter, are set out in print, may be read with profit, but cannot be played without a manifest breach of God's commandment. . . .

"Action, pronunciation, apparel, agility, music, severally considered, are the good blessings of God, nothing hurtful of their own nature, yet being bound up together in a bundle, to set out the pomp, the plays, the inventions of the devil, it is abominable in the sight of God and not to be suffered among Christians."

Gosson's view is not altogether without representatives in our

time. Those who affect the invertebrate productions called closet dramas, dramas that are to be read only and not acted—as if acting were not of the essence of all good drama—inherit some of the spirit of Gosson.

With much of Mr. Arber's eulogistic "character" of Gosson all will agree. We cannot help, as he says, admiring his talents and respecting him as a man. His works show him to have been "genial in disposition; discriminating and good-tempered, even in his satire; pithy and witty, after the fashion of his day, in his style; varied and extensive in his reading, and not unskilled in poetry." But surely "consistent" does not seem the best epithet to apply to a man who played such various parts and whose earlier and later developments of thought differ entirely from each other.

Returning to Gosson's change of views, it is not improbable that pulpit polemics against the stage induced him to turn his back upon it. The London divines were busily engaged in decrying the new-born English drama. "The abominable practices of plays in London," says Gosson, in his *Plays Confuted*, "have been by godly preachers, both at Paul's Cross and elsewhere, so zealously, so learnedly, so loudly cried out upon to small redress, that I may well report of them, as the philosophers report the moving of the heavens, we never hear them because we ever hear them." The case is one easily imagined. We can imagine the young Oxford student eager for fame in the great city. We can imagine his being captivated by the glamour and romance which the early stage had probably as much of as it still has. We can imagine his discovering what he thought to be the hollowness and triviality of these pursuits, and then turning with the zeal of a convert against his old occupation.

All the extant works of Stephen Gosson are invectives against the stage and its concomitants. The first of these has been made easily accessible in Mr. Arber's series of *English Reprints*. It was published in 1579, when Gosson was twenty-four years of age, and is called the *School of Abuse*. The full title runs: "The Schoole of Abuse, Containing a pleasaunt invective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters and such like Caterpillars of a Commonwelth; Setting up the Flagge of Defiance to their mischievous exercise, and overthrowing their Bulwarkes by Prophane Writers, Naturall Reason and Common Experience: A discourse as pleasaunt for Gentlemen that favour learning, as profitable for all that will follow vertue. By Stephan Gosson, Stud. Oxon. Printed at London for Thomas Woodcocke, 1579." He dedicated his *brochure* "To the right noble Gentleman, Master Philip Sidney Esquier:" and this dedication makes an interesting point of contact between Gosson and two poets whose reputation is so much greater, Sidney and Spenser. Considered in itself, the dedication was a strange freak of fancy. It certainly would not have occurred to most people to confound poets with "pipers, players, jesters and such like cater-

pillars of a community," to address a "pleasant invective" against them, and then to dedicate the composition to one of the leading poets of the time. It is true that Gosson may have had some sincere idea of converting Sidney from his infatuation for poetry, for the zeal of the convert is great. But in this instance it was unsuccessful, for we learn indirectly from the poet Spenser "that one writing a certain book (the poet is disdainful!) called the *School of Abuse* and dedicating it to Master Sidney was for his labour scorned, if it be in the goodness of that nature to scorn." Mr. Arber supposes that to Gosson's pamphlet we owe Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie*, in which plain reference to Gosson is made.

If we look into the little tract itself, we shall find that it begins by discharging the promised volley of "prophane writers" against Poetry and Music. It then passes to the stage, where Gosson is more at home, and where his powers of invective are seen at their best. "*Experto crede*," he says, using the old bit of Horace that is doing duty to-day and must be almost worn out, "*Experto crede*, I have seen somewhat, and therefore, I think, may say the more." And what was it that this comedian, with the sharp eye for abuses of his art saw, when he had time to give a glance at his audience? He saw, he tells us, "such heaving and shoving, such itching and shouldering to sit by women; such care for their garments, that they be not trode on; such eyes to their laps that no chips light in them; such pillows to their backs that they take no hurt; such masking in their ears I know not what; such giving them pippins to pass the time; such playing at foot Saunt without cards; such ticking, such toying, such smiling, such winking and such manning them home, when the sports are ended, that it is a right comedy to mark their behaviour, to watch their conceits." But he dares not trust himself to say anything more about these abuses lest we should conceive the unworthy suspicion that he is "more wilful to teach them than willing to forbid them."

But he cannot forbear from breaking a lance with the players for the luxuriance of their dress. At the same time he is good enough to admit that "some are modest, if he be not deceived," and it is valuable evidence in their favour when their arch-enemy says, that "it is well known that some of them are sober and discreet, properly learned honest householders, and citizens well thought of among their neighbours at home." He also admits that as some of the players are far from rebuke, so "some plays"—in his own quaint phrase—"are tolerable at some time," and he instances, among others, his own *Cataline's Conspiracy*, to which reference has been already made, and the *Jew and Ptolome*, "shown at the Bull, the one representing the greediness of worldly choosers and bloody minds of usurers; the other very lively describing how seditious estates with their own devices, false friends, with their own swords, and rebellious commons in their own snares are over-

thrown : neither with amorous gesture wounding the eye nor with slovenly talk hurting the ears of the chaste hearers."

Yet though such plays as these are good plays and sweet, they are not every man's diet, says Mr. Gosson, and must not be commonly shown. And when the question : Why did you, who spend your strength in decrying plays, ever write them?—when this question is put, the contrite dramatist makes no equivocal answers, but replies meekly : "*Semel insanimus omnes*,"—surely the playwright never had a harder thing said of his art—"I have sinned, and am sorry for my fault; he runs far that never turns, better late than never. I gave myself to that exercise in hope to thrive, but I burnt one candle to seek another and lost both my time and trouble when I had done."

The publication of this brisk little pamphlet caused a considerable stir among those interested in literature and the drama. A fellow student of Gosson's at Oxford, Thomas Lodge, immediately set to work to prepare a reply, which he called *Honest Excuses*. This was suppressed on its appearance, and only two copies are known to exist. The players, also, angry at the defection of their old comrade, and more angry at his animadversions on themselves, turned the tables against him by bringing out two of his own plays. These were *The Comedie of Captain Mario* and *Praise at Parting*. The activity of his opponents called for some reply from the author of *The School of Abuse*. This took the form of a small tractate, called *An Apologie for the Schoole of Abuse*. He there returns to the attack on the players and expresses scorn for the people who support them by their presence at the play, saying, that "we which carry our money to players to feed their pride may well be compared to the bathkeeper's ass, which bringeth him wood to make his fire and contenteth himself with the smell of the smoke." He also makes great capital out of the fact that the players went to the Universities for a defence of plays, but were refused. He ridicules their large offers for a diatribe against himself. He compares them to Penelope's suitors who, failing the mistress, took up with the maids : which is intended as a cruel stroke for Mr. Thomas Lodge. He then goes on to talk about Lodge's work, the *Honest Excuses*, which, as beggars who must not be choosers, they have procured in reply to his exposition of their dishonest abuses.

But what had most stirred Gosson's bile was the charge that he had written two plays for the stage since the publication of the *School of Abuse*. This he indignantly denies, saying that, though he cannot disown the authorship, "they were penned two years at the least before I forsook them, as by their own friends I am able to prove; but they have got such a counterfeiting upon the stage, that it is grown to be a habit and will not be left. God knoweth, before Whom to you all I do protest, since the first printing of my invective to this day, I never made play for them nor any other."

Previous to this time Gosson had been living a retired life as a tutor in the country, but now his notoriety, it may be supposed, had become so great, that he was presented to the crown living of Great Wigborough, in Essex. To purge himself of the slander, as he expresses it, of having written plays since the publication of the invective, he left London and spent his time in teaching the sons of country gentlemen. It must have been during this time that he took orders and devoted himself to better studies, to quote his own words, which he trusted to follow as long as he lived.

The converted actor kept his word. He continued rector of Great Wigborough during nine years, and then exchanged the living for that of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate. A town life, the society of his old friends—in one case, at least, a player—the fear of rusting in the country, may all have been reasons for this step. And if the conjecture is not profane, Gosson was never so happy as when he was in the midst of his “abuses,” and actively engaged in inveighing against them. It appears that during his stay in Essex he must needs come up to London and preach a sermon, quite in his old polemical manner, entitled *The Trumpet of Warre*. For twenty-four years he was rector of St. Botolph, and in that capacity seems to have spent a peaceful old age. In the words of the register of St. Botolph's, quoted by Mr. Arber: “Mister Stephen Gosson, rector of this parish for twenty odd yeare; who departed this mortall lyfe about 5 of the clocke on Friday in the afternoone, being the thirteenth of the monthe, and buried in the nighte, 17th February, 1623, aged 69.” And so a long life ended, a life that commands respect for its earnestness, if not for its consistency, of purpose. Gosson was a man whom we cannot afford to despise. He did, according to the manner of his time, many things well. In the history of the origin of the stage, he has a place as one of the earliest writers of romantic drama, and a forerunner of Shakspeare. The works of men like Gosson, considering him in his character of playwright, made the work of Shakspeare more easy. It whetted the taste of playgoers, and prepared them for something better. And, looking at Gosson in his later rôle as the great antagonist of plays and players, here, too, he has claims on one's respect. His protest against the abuses of the stage was a manly and noble one; the great defect in it was that he saw the abuses only. But even granting this, honest criticism of admitted abuses is often salutary, and whether we consider Gosson in his earlier or later characters, he was a man who played a prominent part in the early history of the English Drama, and will always have an interest for the students of it.

A. C. MANSTON.

WAS SWIFT EVER IN LOVE?

OURS is pre-eminently an age of analysis, research, and decipherment. The latter half of the nineteenth century can scarcely deem any problem impracticable, any knot too complicated and involved for disentanglement. Under these circumstances, it is not at all wonderful that much interest should have been lately displayed in relation to Swift, since his character, his conduct, and his literary works present many enigmas, some of which are only partially solved, while others seem almost to defy solution. Indeed, one of Swift's earliest biographers, writing shortly after his death, observed: "The character of Swift is, upon the whole, so exceedingly strange, various, and perplexed, that I am afraid it can never be drawn up with any degree of accuracy." If such was the case then, within some nine years of his death, it is not wonderful that the enigma should appear dark and obscure now, after an interval of nearly one hundred and forty years. But this very darkness and obscurity is attractive and inviting. During the last year there were published at least three noteworthy contributions to the biography and criticism of Swift, the volumes of Mr. Henry Craik and Mr. Leslie Stephen, and an important article in the *Quarterly Review*, attributed to Mr. Churton Collins. All three of these writers deal with what has been regarded by some as the most interesting of all the Swiftian problems, namely, that relating to the so-called "amours of Swift," and it is this problem which we propose now to consider. We have preferred, however, for several reasons, not to employ the expression just cited, but to give, as the title of this article, the question—Was Swift ever in Love? The *Quarterly* reviewer follows some earlier writers in the opinion that, after a certain youthful attachment came to an end, he never loved again. Swift's own words, in his *Cadenus and Vanessa*, imply however, that he was not really in love even then:

"Cadenus,¹ common forms apart,
In every scene had kept his heart,
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
For pastime, or to show his wit."

But, whatever may be said, and truly said, of Swift's hatred of shams and dissimulation, and of his love of directness, sincerity, and candour, we shall probably see valid reasons for refusing to accept the explanation he thus gives of his conduct.

The first glimpses that we gain of any incidents in Swift's

¹ *Cadenus* is an anagram of *Decanus*, "the Dean."

career which can be regarded as amours or love-affairs are derived from two letters written by him to the Rev. John Kendall and the Rev. Mr. Worrall, though, singularly enough, there is an interval of nearly forty years between the one letter and the other. At the period to which these letters refer Swift was between twenty-one and twenty-four years of age. The Revolution of 1688 was accompanied in Ireland by a rising against the English Protestants, which threatened them with massacre and extermination. Among those who sought refuge in England was Swift, who, after seven years spent at the University at Dublin, now proceeded to his mother at Leicester, where she was living with no assured income beyond twenty pounds a year. Of Swift's mother we should like to know more than has come down to us, but there are grounds for thinking that she was a woman of a somewhat superior type; and it is probable that Swift derived from her those splendid endowments which have made him immortal. Mrs. Swift had at Leicester a relation whom, her son says, she called "cousin," a certain Elizabeth Jones, or Betty Jones, between whom and Swift relations of an apparently amatory character speedily arose. Swift says, in the second of the letters above referred to, "My prudent mother was afraid I should be in love with her;" and as the affair was not brought to an end even after he had left Leicester, Mrs. Swift probably induced the Rev. John Kendall (whom Swift also addresses as "cousin") to write to her son on the matter. Swift replied that there was no fear of any entanglement which would prevent his advancement; that his fortune was far too unsettled to allow him to think of marriage; that he was very hard to please, and too wary to be easily caught; that his only object was to divert his restless mind, which was prone to turn all to speculation and thought, so that he had been writing and burning and re-writing more perhaps than any other man in England. He could name twenty other women to whom he had acted in precisely the same way, when he had been very idle, or something had gone wrong in his affairs—a kind of love-making with regard to which, by the way, some of the twenty women would probably have said, like the frogs in the fable, "If this diverts you, it's death to us." There was, however, one very noteworthy circumstance which seems to have been decisive against Betty Jones. A report had been spread abroad in Leicester, and had come to Swift's ears, to the effect apparently that the lady had another admirer. This was very probably only a *ruse* adopted in order to make Swift bite the harder. If, however, the rival was a sham—for this we take to be the probable import of the letter—Swift is not going to be cheated, though "the cunning sharper of the town may have a cheat put upon him." He is, nevertheless, inclined to believe the report, though indeed the people is "a lying sort of beast," an expression which almost foreshadows the odious Yahoo, destined to make his appearance in *Gulliver* thirty-five years later. But

rivalry will not have on young Swift the effect which it sometimes has on the common herd of humanity. No, he declares that he is "so unpardonably jealous" that it is "a sufficient reason for him to hate any woman any farther than a bare acquaintance." Besides, he is too "metaphysical that way" to commit matrimony with Betty Jones. And so she lost her great "cousin" for ever. After a time she married an innkeeper of Loughborough, had a family of several children, of whom all died except one daughter, who, some forty years after her mother's affair with Swift, wrote to him to ask for three guineas. He says that, upon due enquiry, he would be ready to sacrifice five pounds for the sake of old acquaintance—a somewhat prosaic and unromantic ending for a love-story.

But was Swift ever really in love with Betty Jones? In reply it may be said that his mother would seem to have been a shrewd woman, not very likely to be mistaken. We take it that at the age of twenty-one he did fall in love, but that love was overborne by the activity of his powerful and restless intellect, and by the pride which could not for a moment brook the idea of a rival, or to be "put upon" by tricks and dissimulation. Besides, he tells his correspondent, he was so "metaphysical that way"—a mode of expression which probably implies not merely that he could not be the slave of mere unreflecting passion, but that those unfavourable or pessimistic views of the condition of mankind, which afterwards characterised him so strongly, were already beginning to assert their existence. We shall soon see traces of evidence looking pretty clearly in this direction. And with regard to his self-conscious pride, it may be observed that it was not long after the time when the affair with Betty Jones came to an end that he wrote the lines :

"My hate, whose lash just heaven has long decreed,
Shall on a day make sin and folly bleed ;"

lines prophetic of his vocation as a great satirist.

Swift had said in the first of the two letters to which reference has been already made, that he should probably put off matrimony to the other world ; but, in little more than four years, we find him deep in another love-affair, and pressing an offer of marriage. Swift had had at Dublin a fellow-student, named Waryng, who had shared his apartments. Thus, it would seem, he became acquainted with young Waryng's sister, a Miss Jane Waryng ; and this acquaintance resulted in a warm attachment. Miss Waryng's name was changed by Swift into the more poetical Varina ; and under this designation a letter was addressed to her, bearing date, April 29, 1696. This letter begins with the very fervid sentiment that "Impatience is the most inseparable quality of a lover. . . . I find myself hugely infected with this malady, and am easily vain enough to believe it has some very

good reasons to excuse it. For indeed, in my case, there are some circumstances which will admit pardon for more than ordinary disquiets. That dearest object upon which all my prospect of happiness entirely depends, is in perpetual danger to be removed for ever from my sight. Varina's life is daily wasting; and though one just and honourable action would furnish health to her, and unspeakable happiness to us both, yet some power that repines at human felicity has that influence to hold her continually doating upon her cruelty, and me on the cause of it. This fully convinces me of what we are told, that the miseries of man's life are all beaten out on his own anvil. Why was I so foolish to put my hopes and fears into the power or management of another?" Then follows a very pessimistic statement (especially from so warm a lover) as to the character of woman: "*Liberty is doubtless the most valuable blessing of life; yet we are fond to fling it away on those who have been these 5,000 years using us ill.*" Philosophy advises to keep our desires and prospects of happiness as much as we can in our own breasts, and independent of anything without. He that sends them abroad is likely to have as little quiet as a merchant whose stock depends upon winds, and waves, and pirates, or upon the words and faith of creditors, every whit as dangerous and inconstant as the other." It is scarcely wonderful that, after this, he came, as he says, to a dead pause for half-an-hour, not knowing what to write. But he resumes with a story about a poet and a beggar, who had had a fight the day before, the poet coming off conqueror. This gives Swift occasion to resume his pessimistic vein about women. The bellicose poet had proved that he was "dunce enough to be worth five thousand pounds a year. It is a pity he has not also the qualifications to recommend himself to your sex. I dare engage no ladies will hold him long in suspense with their unkindness: one settlement of separate maintenance, well engrossed, would have more charms than all the wit or passion of a thousand letters. And I will maintain it, any man had better have a poor angel to his rival, than the devil himself if he were rich."

He presses for a definite answer, telling her that she had already had time enough to consider his last letter—from which it would appear that the correspondence had been going on for some time. He desires nothing of her fortune. He has excellent prospects in England, which he is willing to forego for her sake. Any arrangement she wishes shall be made till his affairs are as prosperous as she desires. She is, it is true, somewhat of an invalid, and was so even before she had become acquainted with Swift, a fact, by the way, affording some evidence of the genuineness of his passion. Perhaps she prizes her indisposition more than she does her lover. If so, he will leave the kingdom, and "endure the utmost indignities of fortune, rather than ever return again." Formerly she had pitied him; and it was this pity which

opened the way to his misfortune. Now his love for her is finishing his ruin. Can she be insensible to the prospect of a rapture and delight so innocent and so exalted as the joy which undoubtedly accompanies "a true, honourable, unlimited love?" She must be more experienced than her lover, and be "hugely skilled in all the little politic methods of intrigue." Dissimulation and coyness, however usual, are particularly distasteful to him: "The little disguises and affected contradictions of your sex, were all (to say the truth) infinitely beneath persons of your pride and mine; paltry maxims that they are, filled for the rabble of humanity. . . . Farewell, madam; and may love make you a while forget your temper to do me justice. Only remember, that if you still refuse to be mine, you will quickly lose, for ever lose, him that has resolved to die as he has lived, all yours.—JON. SWIFT."

A perusal of this letter will scarcely leave any doubt as to the answer which must be given to our question: Was Swift ever in love? It is impossible to believe that it is a letter written merely

"For pastime, or to show his wit."

But, if indeed it were possible to believe this, what conclusion should we have forced upon us with respect to the character of the man who could so write?

We do not know precisely the answer which Swift received. Possibly the state of Miss Waryng's health did not allow of the definite reply which he sought. But, however this may have been, the correspondence did not cease; neither was an end put, as it would seem, to those "little disguises and affected contradictions," which Swift so much disliked. It is worthy of remark, too, that, whether *bonâ fide* or not, a rival, as in the affair with Betty Jones, appears on the scene. But Swift regards the matter with tolerable equanimity. In writing to the Rev. Mr. Winder, on January 13, 1699, he says, "You mention a dangerous rival for an absent lover; but I must take my fortune: if the report proceeds pray inform me; and when you have leisure and humour, give me the pleasure of a letter from you." In the year 1700, that is, four years from the time of that passionate letter to Miss Waryng, which we have already considered, was written Swift's second extant letter to this lady, which, as seems likely, brought the engagement to a close. But it may throw some additional light on this second letter, if we take into account some things that Swift was doing in the interval. It would certainly appear that he was, at this very time, engaged on one of his two greatest works, the *Tale of a Tub*. The dedication to Prince Posterity, prefixed to that work, is dated December, 1697. It would not be very wonderful if, as he became increasingly conscious of his own true greatness, and that his name was one which posterity would

not suffer to die, he began to care a little less for a somewhat exacting young lady, who was a good deal out of health, and who had no very great fortune. Mr. Albert D. Vandam, in his *Amours of Great Men* (1878), considers that pessimism exerted at this time a great influence on Swift; that he began to regard life as "a mistake," adding however, the reflection, "but I am here and must make the best of a bad bargain, only I must not be instrumental in bringing other people here; in other words, I must not marry." "Desire shall be combated by asceticism, virtually he shall remain a bachelor all his life. This is the index to the views with which henceforth he frequents female society, but female society knows nothing of these views." Certainly such a conclusion would derive no slight confirmation from some passages in the *Tale of a Tub*, as, for example, where Swift speaks of human nature as a foul and putrid carcase: "I have some time since, with a world of pains and art, dissected the carcase of human nature, and read many useful lectures upon the several parts, both containing and contained; till at last it smelt so strong I could preserve it no longer." Equally pessimistic, though in a somewhat different style, are the following: "How fading and insipid do all objects accost us that are not conveyed in the vehicle of delusion! How shrunk is everything, as it appears in the glass of nature! So that if it were not for the assistance of artificial mediums, false lights, refracted angles, varnish and tinsel, there would be a mighty level in the felicity and enjoyment of mortal men." And again, "This is the sublime and refined point of felicity, called the possession of being well deceived; the serene peaceful state of being a fool among knaves." It would not be very wonderful, if a man who could thus look on the world and mankind was not very solicitous about marrying and perpetuating the race.

But there is another document of perhaps still greater importance. It consists of a series of resolutions written in the year 1699, and which were to be observed, when Swift came to be old. The first five of these resolutions are the following:—

"WHEN I COME TO BE OLD:

"Not to marry a young woman:

Not to keep young company, unless they really desire it:

Not to be peevish, or morose, or suspicious:

Not to scorn present ways, or wits, or fashions, or men, or war, &c.:

Not to be fond of children, or let them come near me hardly."

It has been said that Swift could not have written this last resolution, unless he had felt an innate fondness for children which required to be checked and repressed. Very possibly this may have been the case; but if so, this would only show how strong must have been the pessimistic tendency which came into conflict with his natural affection. Mankind are so bad and corrupt that children who are to continue the race cannot be tolerated. Under

these circumstances Swift could scarcely look forward with ardour to domestic felicity.

But it seems to us that there were other causes which had exerted, and continued to exert, a strong influence on Swift's relations with women. Let us, however, now turn to the second extant letter to Miss Waryng—to which allusion has already been made—a letter with regard to which very diverse opinions have been expressed. It was written from Dublin, May 4, 1700. Swift has frequently read Miss Waryng's last letter. She wants an explanation of his change of tone. In reply, he tells her that all his efforts to induce her to abandon surroundings which he disapproves have been in vain. The only answer he could get from her was "a great deal of arguing," and that sometimes in a very imperious style. She asks whether he had not been entertaining thoughts of a new mistress; but this he solemnly denies. Then the "little disguises and affected contradictions," spoken of in the first letter, are again referred to: "I had ever an opinion that you had a great sweetness of nature and humour; and, whatever appeared to the contrary, I looked upon it only as a thing put on as necessary before a lover; but I have since observed in abundance of your letters such marks of a severe indifference, that I begin to think it is hardly possible for one of my few good qualities to please you. I never knew any so hard to be worked upon, even in matters where the interest and concern are entirely your own; all which, I say, passed easily while we were in the state of formalities and ceremony; but, since that, there is no other way of accounting for this intractable behaviour in you, but by imputing it to a want of common esteem and friendship for me." As to her fortune, it would be quite easy to get a wife with a larger one in England. He had given a dismal account of his livings. This account, he assures her, is true. He would like to have a large income; but he would rather that it should be his own than derived from his wife's property. He was sorry to hear that her health was in so bad a state that the doctors had advised her not to marry. Is she now better, and will she consent to housekeeping on, perhaps, less than £300 a year? Will she comply with his desires, and conform to his way of living? Will she adopt his methods for improving her mind? Can she follow him in love, esteem, and indifference to others? Will she be good humoured on his approach, though provoked? Will the place where her husband is be more welcome than courts or cities without him? &c. If so he would be proud to try to make her happy.

Of this letter Mr. Leslie Stephen says, that it is one to which he "can apply no other epithet than brutal." There is, however, just at the close of it a very significant statement, which must certainly not be passed over: "I singled you out at first from the rest of women: and I expect not to be used like a common

lover." We have here a cause which was probably quite as influential as Swift's pessimism. Miss Waryng did not know how great an honour had been conferred upon her in "being singled out" by him "from the rest of women." "Little disguises," "affected contradictions," and "imperious arguing" might do well enough for "a common lover," but not for the great Jonathan Swift. He was himself far too proud to tolerate a display of that pride which Launce says was "Eve's legacy" to her daughters, and cannot be taken from them. "Common lovers" may

"chase the flying game,
But pass with coldness the self-offering dame ;"

and with regard to such lovers Miss Waryng might have successfully adopted the policy commonly pursued by women, who, as Hudibras says,—

"... wound, like Parthians, while they fly,
And kill with a retreating eye ;
Retire the more, the more we press,
To draw us into ambushes."

But this kind of dissimulation and trickery was not at all to Swift's taste. Rather than that the attempt should be made to "draw him into an ambush" by a coy retreat, he preferred, it would seem, that the lady should openly advance.

Vanessa, when some dozen or fourteen years later, she frankly confessed her love, told him she was only obeying his own precepts. Swift, indeed, issued "a decree" that, on account of his vast superiority to men of common mould, women should make the first advances to him. When he was approaching seventy years of age, he wrote to a lady, "When I lived in England, once every year I issued out an edict, commanding that all ladies of wit, sense, merit, quality, who had an ambition to be acquainted with me, should make the first advances at their peril ; which edict you may believe was universally obeyed." And in the *Journal to Stella* we read, "The Duke of Ormond's daughter was to visit me to-day at a third place by way of advance, and I am to return it to-morrow." But the most curious document relating to this "decree," or "edict," is a treaty with Mrs. or, as we should say, Miss Anne Long, a famous beauty, to whom Swift was warmly attached, and who was so popular that her health was a common toast. The "treaty" sets forth that "Doctor Swift, upon the score of his merit and extraordinary qualities, doth claim the sole and undoubted right, that all persons whatsoever shall make such advances to him as he pleases to demand, any law, claim, custom, privilege of sex, beauty, fortune, or quality to the contrary notwithstanding." Mrs. Long claims certain privileges and exemptions as being a "Lady of the Toast ;" but it is provided that she shall, nevertheless, "without essoine or demur, in two hours after the publishing of this our decree, make all advances

to the said doctor that he shall demand; and that the said advances shall not be made to the said doctor as *un homme sans consequence*, but purely upon account of his great merit." There is humour, no doubt, in all this; but, as Mr. Leslie Stephen remarks, "all Swift's humour has a strong element of downright earnest. He gives whimsical prominence to a genuine feeling. He is always acting the part of despot, and acting it very gravely."

But to return to Miss Waryng. The *Quarterly* reviewer remarks, with regard to her engagement with Swift, that "he had, it is easy to see, acted in every way honourably and straightforwardly. He offered to make great sacrifices; he expresses himself in terms of chivalrous devotion. Miss Waryng, on the other hand, appears to have been a sensual but politic coquette, who held out just so much hope as sufficed to keep her lover in expectancy, and just so much encouragement as sufficed to make him impatient. For a while he submitted to all the indignities which female caprice can devise for the torture of men in his unhappy condition. At last the spell was broken; he grew first languid and then indifferent. What followed was what usually does follow in such cases. As the lover cooled, the mistress melted; as he wished to dissolve the tie, she wished to draw it closer. Their correspondence terminated with a letter on which we forbear to comment, but which we would recommend to the perusal of any of our fair readers who may, like Varina, be tempted to abuse the prerogatives of wit and beauty. It would not be true to say that Swift ever became a misogynist; but nothing is more certain than that from this time the poetry of the affections ceased to appeal to him. Henceforth, love lost all its glamour. . . . He never afterwards sought to marry; he never afterwards permitted woman to be more to him than a sister or a friend."

Though the reviewer assents to the conclusion that Swift was really in love with Miss Waryng, we are of opinion that the passage in the Review, from which we have quoted, suggests in several respects an incorrect view of the affair. No account is taken of Miss Waryng's indisposition, which may have been, for aught we know to the contrary, a serious impediment to marriage; and we cannot easily discern the indications that she was a "sensual coquette." That her coyness was much in excess of what is common with women, it would be rash to conclude from the statements of Swift's letters. The two causes which seem to us to have been very influential, Swift's growing pride and darkening pessimism, the reviewer takes here no account of. And we are convinced that it was not the blight of Swift's affection toward Miss Waryng which led to his subsequent conduct towards Miss Johnson and Miss Vanhomrigh, the Stella and Vanessa, whose unhappy fate has become renowned throughout the world. Still, it is quite probable

that these ladies would, perhaps to their great advantage, never have attained to literary immortality if Miss Waryng had accepted Swift's offer at once in a very definite manner.

Having treated with some fulness Swift's earlier and, in certain respects, more obscure love-affairs, we do not propose to treat the history of Stella and Vanessa with equal fulness. This history has been often discussed, and information is easily accessible to the general reader. It is quite possible that there may have reached Miss Waryng's ears some hint concerning Esther Johnson, who had been Swift's pupil when a child, and who in the year 1700 had become a beautiful maiden of nineteen. Such a hint may have suggested the question whether Swift had been entertaining some thought of another mistress. However this may be, not very long after the date of Swift's second letter to Miss Waryng, Esther Johnson, at his request, came to reside near him in Ireland. Her feelings towards the tutor of her childhood were put to the test some three or four years later by a friend of Swift's, a clergyman named Tisdall, who made her an offer of marriage. The matter was referred to Swift, whose views on the subject were expressed in two letters, of which only one has been preserved. Tisdall, it would seem, had charged Swift with "obstructing his inclination" and with being a rival. To this charge Swift replied that if his "fortunes and humour" had allowed him to think of matrimony, he should most certainly have selected Miss Johnson; there was no other whose "conversation he entirely valued;" but that was the "utmost he ever gave way to." He never intended to be in any way an impediment to Tisdall. He had offered no discouragement, so soon as he found Tisdall's worldly position was satisfactory. In fact he doubted whether the affair could now be decently broken off. Probably, however, Swift knew very well the direction of Miss Johnson's wishes. At any rate, she never became Mrs. Tisdall.

Seven years later we come to the *Journal to Stella*, in which Swift describes minutely to Miss Johnson, or Stella, his proceedings in London. In this journal Swift employs the so-called "little language," a mode of speech which has been spoken of as a kind of "baby-language of endearment." With reference to this journal, Mr. Leslie Stephen remarks, "If Tisdall could have seen the journal, he would have ceased to call Swift 'unaccountable.' Did all this caressing suggest nothing to Stella? Swift does not write as an avowed lover; . . . and yet a word or two escapes which certainly reads like something more than fraternal affection. He apologizes (May 23, 1711) for not returning; 'I will say no more, but beg you to be easy till fortune takes her course, and to believe that M. D.'s (probably *My Dear's*, i.e. Stella's) felicity is the great goal I aim at in all my pursuits.' If such words, addressed under such circumstances, did not mean, 'I hope to make you my wife as soon as I get a deanery,' there must have been some distinct understanding to limit their force."

It is alleged, however, that there was such a distinct understanding, an understanding, moreover, which continued virtually in force even after Stella had become, according to the opinion of some, the nominal wife of Swift. But here we have presented to us the very difficult question whether or not Swift was privately married to Stella in the year 1716, by the Bishop of Clogher. In an appendix to his recently published volume, Mr. Craik gives the evidence in favour of the marriage with some fulness. But if the marriage really took place, how comes it that Stella begins her will, "In the name of God. Amen. *I, Esther Johnson*, of the city of Dublin, *spinster*, &c." To this it is replied that it was fully understood that the marriage was to be merely nominal, though this would be sufficient to secure that Swift did not become the husband of Miss Vanhomrigh or anyone else. And it was only as a spinster that Stella could make a will. If she had avowed her marriage, her testamentary rights would have been transferred to her husband. All was done in accordance with previous agreement, and it was quite understood that Swift would not interfere with her property. The question of the marriage is, however, one of great difficulty, and, notwithstanding recent discussion, cannot be by any means regarded as solved.

That Swift was deeply attached to Esther Johnson is abundantly clear; and it is not at all easy to admit that the attachment was what is called "Platonic." But if it was not such, what reason can be assigned for his conduct? In his letter to Tisdall, Swift speaks of the deficiency of his fortune and of his "humour." The first of these impediments can scarcely be allowed as existing during the last dozen or fourteen years of Stella's life; and it would be difficult perhaps to admit that it could have been an insuperable obstacle for a good while before. As to his "humour," however, the case is very different. The difficulty thence arising probably increased as years rolled on. As to what was implied in this expression, we need not add much to what has been already said with regard to Swift's pride and his pessimism. In his letter to Varina he had spoken of the folly of man throwing away liberty, "the most valuable blessing of life." And in his later years his proud and imperious nature was probably less disposed than ever to part in any degree with this "valuable blessing." Besides, when it had become known that he was married, he would have been regarded as much less eligible for that admiration and attention on the part of the ladies, which he so highly valued. When approaching seventy years of age he wrote to Pope, "What vexes me most is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen years ago, have now forsaken me, although I am not so old in proportion to them as I formerly was, which I can prove by arithmetic; for then I was double their age, which now I am not."

We do not wish to press hardly upon Swift. In some respects

we look upon him almost with reverence; but we fear that vanity of the kind just alluded to had much influence on that painful chapter in his history which is concerned with Miss Vanhomrigh, or, to use her poetical name, Vanessa. While he was in London, writing the *Journal to Stella*, he became acquainted with the Vanhomrigh family, and, indeed, at one time lived very near to them. He frequently dined with them, and became in some sort the tutor of Miss Vanhomrigh. She forthwith fell in love with her tutor, a feeling which, however, he says in his *Cadenus and Vanessa* he in no way reciprocated:—

“That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book
Was but the master's secret joy,
In school to hear the finest boy.”

The true state of affairs does not seem to have escaped the notice of Miss Anne Long, already alluded to, who was a friend of the Vanhomrighs. In November, 1711, she wrote to Swift, “If Miss Hussy keeps company with the eldest Hatton, and is still a politician, she is not the girl I took her for; *but to me she seems melancholy.*”

It has been said that Swift must have been quite aware that his relations with his new and promising pupil would be distasteful to Esther Johnson, and that on this account the “Vans” are mentioned in the *Journal to Stella* in a general manner, and Miss Vanhomrigh in a somewhat distant and cursory fashion, with no allusion to the lessons she was receiving. Thus: “Her eldest daughter is come of age, and going to Ireland to look after her fortune, and get it in her own hands.” And again, though this reference is of a different character, “And when I had got home, Mrs. Vanhomrigh sent me word her eldest daughter was taken suddenly very ill, and desired I would come and see her. I went and found it was a silly trick of Mrs. Armstrong, Lady Lucy's sister, who, with Moll Stanhope, was visiting there; however, I rattled off the daughter.” Such an incident as the last might possibly have aroused a shade of suspicion in a very jealous mind.

Miss Vanhomrigh's impassioned letters to Swift have been often commented on. To give but two extracts:—In 1713 she wrote: “Mr. Lewis has given me *Les Dialogues des Morts*, and I am so charmed with them that I am resolved to quit my [body], let the consequence be what it will, except you will talk to me, for I find no conversation on earth comparable but [with?] yours; so, if you care I should stay, do but talk, and you will keep me with pleasure.” And seven years later, in 1720: “I was born with violent passions, which terminate all in one—that inexpressible passion I have for you. . . . What marks are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by? You are present everywhere; your dear image is always before my eyes.”

We shall not now inquire into the truth of the well-known story that this unfortunate woman wrote to Esther Johnson asking for an explanation of her relations with Swift; that the letter was placed in Swift's hands; that he, in a fit of rage, rode off to Miss Vanhomrigh's residence, laid the letter on the table, and went off without saying a word. Neither shall we examine the possibly legendary incident of Swift's visit to Archbishop King, which is said to have occurred during the correspondence with Miss Vanhomrigh, or while it was for a time suspended. Swift is said to have rushed out of the archbishop's library; to have met his friend Delany, and to have passed him without speaking. Delany, according to the story, found the archbishop in tears, who told him that he had just met the most miserable of mankind, but as to the cause of Swift's wretchedness not a question must be asked. The story presents more than one enigma not yet solved, and probably altogether insoluble.

How far the death of Miss Vanhomrigh is to be attributed to her hopeless passion for Swift is very difficult to say. It has been asserted that her premature end was in no way remarkable, taking into account what had occurred with regard to other members of the family. That Swift was ever really in love with her may well be doubted, though the poet does say that he found it quite possible to be in love with two women at once. Swift may have shrunk from inflicting pain by a sudden termination of the acquaintance, but—especially with what he himself says of making love for “pastime, or to show his wit” before us—it is difficult to exculpate him from a desire to gratify his vanity by the continuance of such anomalous relations.

To conclude: in opposition to the opinion that Swift was “constitutionally indisposed to the passion of love,” the evidence would rather seem to point to his being specially susceptible of that passion. Yet love did not become dominant, on account of his towering pride and restless intellectual activity. He might seem, indeed, of a “cold temper.” Like Shakespeare's *Cassius*, he “thought too much,” or, as Swift himself expressed it, he was too “metaphysical that way.” The reader may recollect how *Gulliver* tells, at the end of the *Travels*, that five years after his return from Houyhnhnm-land, he had begun last week to allow his wife to sit at dinner with him at the farthest end of a long table, and with what “shame, confusion, and horror,” he had regarded his position as the head of a family. With what is thus said should be compared the resolution previously quoted, which was written twenty-seven years before the publication of *Gulliver*, “Not to be fond of children, or to let them come near me hardly.” It is scarcely wonderful that, under the influence of pessimism of this kind, Swift shrunk back from family life, notwithstanding his strong feelings of admiration and attachment for the gentler sex.

THOMAS TYLER

BYE-GONE DAYS.

Who loves not, on a winter's night,
To watch with drowsy eyes
The burning faggots' flickering light
Alternate fall and rise?
Who loves not, by the fitful gleam,
Deep-lost in memory's trance to lie
And dreaming wake, and waking dream
Of happy days gone by?

Anon the fickle flame hath died,
Yet still the embers glow;
And now in fuller clearer tide
The streams of memory flow;
And back to childhood's distant shore
We fondly gaze with longing eye,
And, gazing, can discern once more
The happy days gone by.

Yet wherefore? if the Past be bright,
Bright too the Future's smile;
And present pleasures, counted light,
Are fleeting far the while:
Time's ever-rolling orb displays
New joys; and yet, we know not why,
They charm us not, as did the days,
The happy days gone by.

H. S. S.

A REAL QUEEN.

Part II.

CHAPTER I.

When misers make their florins fly,
And gamesters bid the dice good-bye—
Is't *you*, madame, who ask them why?

But if the answer still be far,
Ask why the toper breaks his jar,
And hind with tiger waxeth war:

Or why (if still the lesson's lost)
Should calmest pools grow tempest tosst,
Or what unfreezeth hearts of frost—

Why I, struck through the heart by thee,
Yet bless the hand that slayeth me—
'Tis Love, madame, or Lunacy.

It is quite possible to pass through a long life without finding occasion to make personal acquaintance with the name of Derwent. On the other hand, it is not altogether so uncommon as to make it inevitable that any respectable people who happened to bear it should feel disgraced by learning that their distinction is shared by an inmate of one of Her Majesty's gaols. At any rate, the Derwents of Longwood and of Wilton Square were the last people in the world likely to be troubled by more or less kind enquiries, behind their backs, if anything happened to a namesake in Low-moor. At any rate, no such enquiries would be conducted in Town and in the season, when and where the world has a short memory, whatever might be the case round their country seat, where memories are too often uncomfortably long, and never forget if there has been a hanging matter in any family, even a century ago.

The Derwents—at least such of them as were in town for a season of no ancient date—were four: Horace Derwent, his mother, and his two sisters, Catherine and Anne. Horace was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. Such a description, however, though absolutely true, only shows how misleading truth may be. Pity would be entirely wasted on an only son with some eight thousand a year of his own and with his sisters well provided for, or upon a rich widow, whose loss—according to those who had known the late Colonel Derwent best—had been in every respect

clear gain. Liberty for oneself, power over others, plenty of money, and the removal of a husband whom one regrets three hundred and sixty-five times a year ever having married, are not matters that call for any excessive sympathy.

No doubt the Derwents kept their family skeleton, being human. But, whatever he was, he was an exceptional accommodating and unobtrusive skeleton, and gave marvellously little trouble, keeping himself well out of the way. He was certainly not visibly present in the morning room where Kate and Anne Derwent were busily engaged together over some all-absorbing and mysterious, but laughter-provoking, occupation—his place was occupied by the sunshine, who knows how to make himself at home in a big house in Wilton Square quite as well as in a poor man's country cottage. Despite romantic belief, all the good things of this life are not engrossed by the poor, comparatively well off though they unquestionably are. Kate and Anne were fine, fair girls of a good and healthy sort—girls who, at first sight, obviously knew how to ride, walk, dance, talk, laugh, and to suit themselves comfortably and gracefully to their position in life, whatever it might be. Kate was the elder, livelier, and smaller: Anne the younger, graver, and statelier. But their difference was much more apparent to their relations and their intimate friends than to the outside world.

"I don't believe," said Kate, "there ever was such a muddle of a visiting list like ours. Every year we hoe up the weeds and sow salt, and roll the grass, and every year the weeds come up worse than ever. Oh dear!"

"Come," said Anne, in her more placid manner, "I don't think it's quite so bad as that, after all. There are some very amusing people, I'm sure——"

"Oh, yes—amusing. But it's such a mixture—that's what I mean. Cabbages are useful, and green peas are delicious, but one doesn't plant them among the geraniums——"

"Nor geraniums among the cabbages—that's true. But because we don't, that's no reason why we shouldn't, is it, dear? I'll have my garden mixed, if ever I have one of my own. I'll put all my seeds and bulbs and things into one basket and have it shaken out all over the ground anyhow——"

"Do let's stick to work," said Kate, "or it'll be lunch time before we're half done. The question is, *shall* we send cards to the Coles?"

"Well—*they're* not amusing, certainly. They're neither geraniums nor green peas, neither delicious nor beautiful. But they may be cabbages. I wonder if they are."

"Cabbages, Anne?"

"Yes—useful, you know; and some people are passionately fond of cabbages. How did we come to know the Coles?"

"Let me see—I didn't pick them up: nor you. It must have been Horace——"

"Oh no, Kate—they're not at all in his line. The girls are rich, and are not pretty; and Horace never looks at a girl unless she's very pretty and very poor. It must have been mamma."

"Ah—that's just the worst of it; we all go on making our own friends, and then nobody ever knows who belongs to who. It's my firm belief, Anne, that people come here that none of us know, because they've found out that each of us will think they belong to the other. Horace is bad enough that way, but mamma's the worst of us all. She has no criterion at all. Something must really be done to restrain mamma. Some day we shall find ourselves introducing a bishop to his own tailor, or some other terrible thing. My dear Anne—who *are* the Coles?"

"Well, put a big M against the Coles—meaning, ask mamma. Who comes next?"

"The Pitcairns."

"Good gracious—P doesn't come next to C?"

"Well, it didn't use to; but I said this list is a muddle. Perhaps the name's Cairn, not Pitcairn, and Pit's the christian name."

"My dear, dear, dear Kate, have we come to this then, that we don't know of our friends so much as even their names?"

"Yes, Anne, that *is* what it is coming to indeed—thanks to Horace, and mamma, and a little bit to you. But as to the Cairns, or the Pitcairns, or the Pit's, things aren't quite so far gone—I know *them*."

"So it seems, dear—name and all! Who are they? Did we know them last year?"

"I think so; anyhow, we knew them very well the year before—very intimately indeed. They were here three afternoons. I met them at the—somebody or other's. He's a clergyman, in the country—an Irishman: and she was a Miss Somebody, who had money. Have you ever noticed, Anne, that the wives of Irish clergymen were mostly Miss Somebodys, with money? She isn't very nice, but he is, and they're all right, in every way. Yes, we'll have the Pits—I mean the Cairns. Write them a card. After all, I dare say they're not in Town this year, and won't come."

"There. I've made it Pitcairn or Pit Cairn—they may read it just as they please. Craven—Carrington—Deane: they're all right. Dash—good gracious, Kate, what human being of our acquaintance answers to the name of Dash?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I shall go off my head, if this sort of thing goes on much longer. We've got to get to the Z's, and we've only just begun the D's—oh, dear! No—I can't remember one single, solitary Dash. By the way, isn't there a Countess Dash, or somebody?"

"Not that I know of. Well—mark Dash with H, for ask Horace. It doesn't sound like one of mamma's people."

"And what do you want to ask Horace, if you please?" asked a good-looking, easy-going young man as he lounged in, with his hands deep down in the pockets of his shooting coat. "Here he stands to answer for himself, if he can."

"Oh, Horace!" cried Kate the impulsive, "I was never half so glad to see you before! Who is Dash? If you can't tell us, I shall go wild."

"Dash? *Horatius sum—non Ædipus*, my dear child. Why do you want to know?"

"Because we're going to be 'at home,' you know, for the season, and are letting the world know. *The world?* Four worlds—mamma's, Anne's, yours, and mine. *Do the Dashes belong to yours?*"

"The Dashes? Then there's more than one Dash, is there?"

"I suppose so. There's only one Dash down, but when nobody knows people, there's sure to be any number of them. Do you know Dash, Horace?"

"No, Kate. On second thoughts—well: no, again."

"Then there is nothing left me but to go wild."

"She thinks we are getting rather mixed," said Anne.

"Rather, indeed!" said Kate, tossing back her curls.

"Perhaps I can help you," said the head of the house, the squire of Longwood, with his pleasant smile. He was quite a young man, coming between Kate and Anne, in point of age, unmistakably their brother, but without either Kate's briskness or Anne's dignity. He was big, but of the lazy, good-humoured type—at home in the fields and on the moors, where he showed plenty of staying power if little energy, but when at home scarcely taking the trouble to hold himself upright, and contriving to do rather less than any other living man of his age, weight, and size.

"*You help, Horace?*" asked Anne, calmly. "Do you know what you would have to do? No, dear. This is work for strong women—not for weak men."

"All the better, Nan. I'm always glad to hear of woman's work—it means a good time coming for the likes of me. So you're at that old visiting list, are you? I suppose you've got everybody down?"

"Everybody, Horace," said Kate. "That wouldn't so much matter, only that we've got nobody too—and which is which——"

"I bet you," said Horace Derwent, with a little extra laziness of manner, "that you haven't got everybody down."

"Horace," said Kate, solemnly, "if you will kindly take the Post Office Directory—no, not the Court Guide, but the Post Office Directory—and find me out of it one single, solitary name that isn't in our visiting list, I'll——"

"Have you sent a card to the Fanes?"

"No. We're only in the D's. We've been pulled up by Dash. Who are the Fanes? Do I know them?"

"Well, Kate," said Horace, colouring ever so little, "I don't know that you do—indeed, if it comes to that, I'm sure you don't. Fact is, I didn't know them myself till the other day. But you'd like them, awfully—you and Anne, I mean. Yes—send him a card, by all manner of means."

"Oh—*him*?"

"Yes; we certainly do want young men," said Anne, reflectively. "There are always girls; but young men are becoming an extinct species, it seems to me. Any of your friends, Horace, are sure to be useful, if it's only to let themselves be seen in the doorway. Yes—I vote decidedly for Mr. Fane."

"H'm—not that he's exactly young."

"Well, middle-aged will do. What is he—captain—colonel? What's his address? I must enter him properly, you know."

"Oh—Mr. Not that he's exactly middle-aged——"

"It seems to me," said Anne, with the air of a judge, and holding her pen suspended over the place for entry, "it seems to me that this begins to call for further enquiry, sir. What claims has an unknown Mr. Fane, who cannot even be called exactly elderly, to a place in our doorway, which is already too narrow for half our friends?"

"I tell you what it is, young woman," said Horace, beginning a tour of the room, and examining every article it contained as if it were new to him: "our fault is that we have everybody through that doorway—which means nobody. Fane is neither everybody nor nobody—he's somebody, which is quite another pair of shoes. He's old enough to be my father—but we've got a taste in common——"

"Oh, Horace! Horses?" asked Kate.

"Cigars?" asked Anne.

"No. Books—*old* books!" said Horace, without the ghost of a smile.

There are some assertions which, however ludicrous from their associations, are so outrageous, so utterly monstrous, as to deprive the quickest-witted hearers of the faculty of laughter—nay, of faculties, save that of an amazed stare. So it was with Catherine and Anne Derwent, who were quick enough at laughter, as a rule, but who knew their brother, and fancied they knew how far a taste for books could prove a bond of sympathy between him and his fellow creatures. For, so far as they were aware, Horace had never read a real book in his life, and that he should recognize the distinction between old books and new books was, in itself, an incomprehensible marvel. The girls looked at one another to read the jest, if they could, in each other's eyes; but failed.

"Good gracious! *Books*, Horace!" exclaimed Kate.

"Heavenly powers, Horace! *Books*!" cried Anne.

"Yes," said their brother, coolly, as he let himself fall into a chair. "They really are most interesting things—especially first

editions, and tall copies, and all that sort of thing. Fane could show you some books that would make you stare. I'm going to make a library myself, all of black letter, and Fane can give me hints at starting. The only thing I'm sorry about is that I've lost so much time; but Fane must have been double my age when he began. Yes—book-hunting's just the finest sport in the world: and you must send a card to Fane."

It was as if a bishop had suddenly launched out in praise of cock-fighting. Neither at school, nor at college, nor since he entered the world, had Horace Derwent shown the faintest tendency towards the most compulsory kinds of scholarship. Nobody had expected it from him, and indeed his attitude towards bookishness had been too indifferent even to amount to contempt—it had been identical with that of a Polynesian cannibal towards the music of the future: that is to say, no attitude at all. Saul among the prophets was nothing to Horace Derwent among the folios. His sisters were tinged with as much literature as the rulers of the novel-market considered necessary for young ladies, and on the strength of this took credit for being as well read as the majority of their fellow creatures, as indeed they were: but such terms as first editions and tall copies made them feel that their brother, their unlettered brother, had passed beyond them at a single flight and—well, they stared once more.

"No," said Kate, emphatically, after a long pause. "No, Horace. Those sort of people belong to mamma. *We* don't want elderly book-worms. I know the kind. I saw one once at the Cravens. He was introduced to me; and the only thing he said was to ask me if I didn't think the room was very warm. I said no: and that finished him, poor man. I can see Mr. Fane in my mind's eye—a little old gentleman, with his clothes put on no-how, and a wig, and a snuff-box; and, oh, Horace! to think of your being some day like that—buying books that you can't read, and that nobody else wants to. Horace—I put down my slipper. I'll have nothing of the kind. You shall not take snuff. You shall not wear a wig. I am your elder sister; and I'll have nothing of the kind—so there!"

"Nonsense, Kate," said her brother, stretching out his legs, thrusting his hands deeper into his pockets, and languidly contemplating his toes; "book-hunters are the jolliest fellows going. Besides, its intellectual, and all that sort of thing. I'm tired of being stupid—I am indeed. I must have a rational pursuit: and it's time I began. It isn't as if one had to read the books you know. I don't believe Fane ever reads—he hasn't the time. The great thing is to get hold of something that nobody else ever had, and for which all the other fellows would give their ears. I'm beginning to make the Derwent collection; and I've found a fellow who's a wonderful hand at finding bargains—for, you see, it's a point of honour to get things as cheaply as one can, so that

ruining oneself's impossible. You can get a dozen big things in books for the rent of a moor."

"Where did you pick up this Mr. Fane?" asked Anne. "If he has converted you to books, even their outsides—well, he must be a very extraordinary man."

"He is," said Horace. "Don't be afraid—he's a gentleman. As my guide, philosopher, and friend, you must send him a card."

"Must?" asked Kate. "Well—see what slaves we sisters are. His initial, if you please?"

"A—E.—diphthong, you know."

"Good gracious, Horace! I hardly know how to write such a thing! Hasn't the man got even an honest Christian name? Well. There: Mr. A—E. diphthong Fane. Address?"

"Oh—let me see—28, Richmond Place. That's enough. And, by the way——"

"Well?"

"You may as well put in Miss Fane, too. There's a Miss Fane. There—I suppose it's about lunch time: I feel so, anyhow."

He rose. But the uncomprehending look had, before he left his chair, already passed out of both his sister's eyes. Those two pair of eyes met, and the lips below them shared the same smile.

"Yes, Horace," said Annie, demurely, "Mr.—and Miss—Fane shall receive a card."

Horace nodded, and lounged out of the room whistling, as if nothing had happened.

"Annie, dear?" asked Kate.

"Kate, dear?" answered Annie.

"Is this number thirty-one or thirty-two?"

"Miss Fane? Let me see—I think it's number thirty-three."

"All very pretty, and all very poor. Yes, Annie—book-hunting is a delightful sport, after all. I wonder how the book will be bound."

"Yes, Kate—and what there'll be to read inside. With most of Horace's books it's been, I'm afraid, Longwood—written on the heart. Oh, what geese we were not to guess what Horace's taste for books means! And the great Derwent collection! And to think that he thinks that *we* don't understand!"

"Well, Annie—anyhow a weight's off *my* mind. I was afraid Horace was going mad; but I'm not now. If ever he takes to conchology, or tatting, or the use of the globes, I shan't be troubled any more. If it's conchology, I shall remember that there's a lady in the lobster-shell, and understand."

"Hush!" whispered Kate. "Here's mamma."

CHAPTER II.

What means such talk to me? My wings, I trow,
Are over-wide and strong for peddling trips
That sparrows practise on the housetops—mine
Are as the eagle's, sir, that toward the sun
Take flight: and mine the eagle's cosmic eyes
That take the parish for a paddock: prove
The shire as but a blot of random ink,
And all your England but a hank of wool.
My eyes are all too large to see in small,
Yea, to perceive aught meaner than the world:
And e'en the world is petty—for I need
A mirror vast and deep enough to hold
Mine own pervading image. Bring me straight
The solar disc—'tis broad enough to serve.

EVERY family has its own peculiar forms of humour, unless indeed it is so unfortunate as to have no sort of humour at all. The Derwents were, in reality, very amiable people who, being conscious that they were a trifle commonplace and too much like their neighbours, habitually, and unconsciously, developed certain harmless eccentricities, which the ill-natured might call affectations. Herein I speak of the ladies of the household: for Horace was as absolutely unaffected and as content with his commonplaceness, as an able-bodied young man can be in these self-conscious and self-contemplating days.

These characteristics of her son were completely acceptable to Mrs. Derwent, who, having been allowed no will of her own during the colonel's life was, since his death, all the more bent upon making up for lost time. She loved management, and her easy-tempered son was only too willing to be managed—it saved him all the trouble of life, and left him all the pleasure, for his mother's despotism was entirely of the indulgent and benevolent order. That he was not without a will of his own Mrs. Derwent had occasionally suspected: but there had never been the least occasion as yet for a collision, and possible an instinctive prudence warned her to postpone the occasion as long as possible. Of course she, as a woman and a mother, did not know that ready and habitual submission on the part of a man is the worst possible security for his subjection, because it only shows him to be too strong-minded to waste his self-assertion upon trifles, while occasions that are not trifles are necessarily few and far between. Nothing as yet had seemed to Horace Derwent important enough to demand the infinite discomfort and worry of a domestic battle—not even the most temporarily exciting of those thirty-two or thirty-three love affairs that his sisters had ascribed to him. Still his mother, being his mother, foresaw that, though it might be the three hundred and thirty-third, his fate must come at last: and she also had observed his remarkable preference for poverty as an element in a woman's attraction. Nor had she any the

more sympathy with her son's taste for having herself been both pretty and poor before the colonel came.

She was still a good-looking woman of her years—partly perhaps because she had been no longer poor. In this, her later middle age she had exchanged gracefulness for graciousness, brilliancy for dignity, and represented what her Anne might hope to become. It is sometimes dangerous for a mother to be very like her daughter, by thus setting present beauty side by side with the picture of its doom. This was not the case here. Rather, seeing the mother and daughter together, a man meditating marriage would feel assured that the girl came of a good, staying stock, and that she would only cease to be pretty in order to become handsome. And, as to that matter, Mrs. Derwent, looking scarcely more than forty, with her fine features, her gracious presence, her fresh complexion, her bright eyes, her amiable smile, and her exceedingly handsome life interest in her son's estate, enjoyed without any sort of restriction, was not unlikely in some quarters to prove even her daughters' rival. She had not the faintest thought of marrying again—liberty, sprung from the colonel's grave, was too precious a plant to be thrown away. But, during the more recent years of her widowhood, she had received more than one offer, though she had kept that fact from her children : and, not only so, she had so contrived to refuse her offers as in every case to retain the would-be lover as a firm and devoted friend. Indeed, Mrs. Derwent had an altogether extraordinary faculty for making many friends, and keeping them all. She was certainly not a brilliant woman, either in thought or in speech : but, just as certainly, she was no fool.

"Well, dears," she said, as she made her first appearance that day—for she was a very late riser, not out of laziness, but as a believer in plenty of sleep and ease as the most effectual of youth-preservers—"how are you getting on with our friends?"

"Not much better than the hare," said Kate, "I'm afraid—he couldn't have had many more than we ; or more like the tortoise, in the other fable. We haven't finished C."

"Then I must help you, I suppose."

"If you can't, mamma, nobody can. Are we to send cards to the Coles?"

"Are you, Kate? Why, good gracious, child—why who should you send them to if you were to leave out the Coles? Why, they're among the very best people we know. I don't exactly know who they are, but they're always at the best houses, and—why don't you remember their garden party last year? No—I remember now we weren't able to go: I was thinking of the Deanes. The Coles, let me see, I think old Cole has something to do with business, in a very big way, or else he's a Royal Academician, or an Indian judge—I'm not quite sure, but he's certainly one of the three, or anyhow something of the same kind.

At any rate he's a very great man: and his daughters are most charming girls—not pretty, of course, but just as good as gold.”

“And Dash. Who's Dash, mamma?” asked Anne.

“Dash, my dear?”

“Yes—Dash. I asked Horace: but he didn't know.”

“Give me the book. Yes—there's Dash, to be sure: and at the same address as the Deanes'. It must be Mrs. Deane's sister: she has a sister very often with her, I know. You had better send a card to Miss Dash, as she's down—it can't do any harm, and might give offence: and I wouldn't hurt Lady Deane's feelings for the world. The book seems all right,” said Mrs. Derwent, as she turned over the pages, and read a name at random here and there. “Fane—let me see: who are the Fanes?”

“Some of Horace's people,” said Anne. “He made us enter them just before you came down.”

“Indeed? Horace doesn't often trouble himself about such things—or indeed much about anything, indoors. I don't know any Fanes: but it's a good name. The Marchioness of Horchester was a Fane. Richmond Place. . . . Did he tell you who they are?”

“Oh, yes,” said Anne. “Horace has turned book-worm, it seems—and Mr. Fane is a very big book-worm, indeed. They're kindred souls.”

“Horace—Book-worm! My dear, what *do* you mean?”

“He says book hunting is better than fox hunting; and he is going to make a Derwent collection, all in black letter——”

“My dear!” exclaimed her mother, “do you know what you're saying? Of course it's quite right to have Mr. Fane at our house, if he's a distinguished man. A great many people do take an interest in books, I know—but Horace! It doesn't seem natural—why, he was over seven years old before he could read. And his father never read anything either, except the *Times*, and the *Army and Navy Gazette*, and *Hoyle's Games*, and now and then the cookery book when his liver was particularly troublesome. I hope Horace isn't going to be crotchety. I must see to this—I must indeed. If he begins with books, he may go on to pictures, and then to diamonds: and it's not as if he were a rich man.”

Mrs. Derwent fell into a brown study: for this new departure on the part of her son was fully as inexplicable to her as to Kate and Anne. Indeed it was more so, for she had studied Horace through and through, and believed that she knew him by heart, with no more than that slight, concealed misgiving that he was capable of a certain obstinacy, hitherto unexercised and ever invisible. Kate and Anne, having their suspicions of how the land lay, nevertheless felt bound in honour not to spoil sport, and, besides, were caught by a very natural and wholesome spirit of curiosity to see and judge this Miss Fane for themselves, before deciding whether she was to be suppressed or no. So they went

on with their work, or rather with their chat about their work, until they had spent long enough over doing nothing to feel their consciences at ease, and to be justified in considering that something attempted, something done, had earned the right to spend the afternoon as they pleased.

On this occasion, their pleasure was to order the carriage, to make some calls, while that of Mrs. Derwent was to stay at home. Indeed it had been at her own suggestion that she and her daughters parted company, on the score that she had some letters to write, and also wanted a long day's rest before beginning the evening's dissipation. But, when left alone in the morning room, she did not begin to write letters: indeed, she did not attempt to occupy herself in any way, beyond strolling leisurely up and down the room, and taking an occasional glance at the mirror in passing. She had every reason to be satisfied with what she saw there: and, when a loud double knock at the street door was followed by the announcement of "Mr. Rackstraw," she was as ready for the reception of a visitor as if she had been expecting a duke for hours.

"Tell Mr. Rackstraw that I will see him here," said she.

Mr. Rackstraw was a striking and even interesting-looking man, and not the less so for not being stamped with any of the conventional signs of the English gentleman, such as might be expected on the part of anybody admitted as a matter of course into the room where the ladies of Longwood received only their most intimate and particular friends. It is the reverse of disrespectful to the British colonies to say that their gentlemen are not of any conventional pattern: and there was in this sense a decidedly colonial cut about Mr. Rackstraw. But there was something more: or rather colonialism intensified. He was nearly, if not fully, six feet high, and lean to gauntness, something after the accepted model of a North-Western trapper—all steel and whipcord. His face was completely and carefully shaved, and his complexion had been tanned into what, both in colour and texture, resembled leather, so that it was not easy to tell his age. As to that matter, he had obviously done and seen too much to be young; but, on the other hand, any point beyond the first stage of middle age was inconsistent with the almost child-like curve of his singularly handsome lips, his clear blue eyes and his perfectly unwrinkled skin. His hair, also, worn rather affectedly long, was still thick and soft. But, despite these almost feminine attributes, emphasised by the Greek style of his features generally, Mr. Rackstraw's prevalent expression was that of alertness and thoroughly masculine vigour and energy. Yet, he was grave, even melancholy, in his expression and bearing: so that altogether a physiognomist would have found him a singularly interesting, because inconsistent and even self-contradictory, study. He was

dressed in the deepest of black and the whitest of linen—a bad choice, because his long black frock coat, besides being too new and too glossy, emphasised the lean angularity of his six feet of stature, and somehow seemed to bring out the points of manner and carriage least consistent with the position of being perfectly at home in Mrs. Derwent's morning room that he appeared to assume.

On the whole, what with his long brown hair, his long black coat, the cherubic curl of his lips, and the frosty steel of his deep-set blue eyes, he was not a man to whom his fellow men were likely all at once to take kindly. Women, however, judge men by a very different code of signals, and, above all, are indifferent, or rather blind, to those details which classify a man as Gentleman, or as the contrary, or as of merely neutral colour. Men are often amazed at the paste that women take for diamond—but then, to be sure, there is no reason that they are always right about one another and women always wrong. As may have been always gathered, Mrs. Derwent was an exceedingly large-minded woman in the matter of acquaintances—her heart was as wide as her doors, and admitted more than the laws of mechanics allow.

“You got my note, then, dear Mrs. Derwent?” asked Mr. Rackstraw, in a hard, rather high, but clear and not unmusical voice, with a slight twang about it—not American, or Continental, but still not wholly English: a voice that would alone suffice to call attention to its owner, so inspired was it with marked individuality. “It was good of you to remain in this beautiful afternoon.”

“Oh, no—there was no goodness about it at all,” said she. “Indeed, I am in want of your advice about a hundred things—but they’ll keep. In fact, now, when I come to think of them, I hardly remember what they are. I got so into the way of coming to you for advice in poor Colonel Derwent’s time that whenever any little thing troubles me I want to send for you—and then they’re really so small that, when you do come, they’re gone. Not that it’s altogether like that, to-day.”

“There would be no trouble at all, dear Mrs. Derwent, dear friend,” said he, “if you would only see things in their proper light: if you could only see how it is a law of nature that man is nothing without woman, and woman nothing, nay, less than nothing, without man——”

“Hush! No more of that, if you please,” said Mrs. Derwent, hastily, and colouring quickly. But she found means to glance in the mirror as she blushed, and the sight of her own colour made her smile. “We are to be friends, you know, like we’ve always been. How shall I ever be able to ask your advice again, if you *will* forget that I’m an old lady with a grown-up son?”

“I can’t forget what I never knew,” said he, solemnly. “There are some women—and some men, too—that never grow old; you are one of those women—I am one of those men. Do you know

that I'm younger now than I was at twenty-one? The secret's easy—it comes of merging my own existence in that of others. There are times, my dear friend, when I forget the very existence of Hermon Rackstraw, almost his very name, so absorbed am I in the realisation of myself as a mere atom in the progress of the universe and of humanity. That is a terrible thought at times."

"It must be!" said Mrs. Derwent: for one of her charms was her readiness and completeness of sympathy, quite independently of her comprehension. She could at the same moment sympathise, quite honestly, with the artist and with his rival, with the fox and with the hounds: a point to which the loftiest intelligence can never hope to attain, so much more catholic are hearts than minds. It must be terrible indeed?"

"Yes, dear friend. But it is not so terrible as when the atom wakes to discover that it also is an entity, and—Alone! Dear friend, have you realised what it means to be alone?"

"I'm not sure I have, since the colonel died. You see, I have Kate, and Anne, and Horace now: and you and all my friends."

"True. You are a happy woman. And I have—my fellow creatures. I ought not to complain. Only there is so much to be done, and so little time to do it in: so much and so little means. However, I didn't come to talk of my own troubles. And you said you have some of your own."

"Well, I have. At least, not *exactly* troubles, but——But you have something to say to me?"

"Something—but, whatever it is, it can wait for what *you* have to say to *me*. My something is only a request for a very small favour. What is yours?"

"Oh, I'm afraid it will seem very small to a man like you, with the business of all the world on your hands——"

He looked quickly at her for a moment, as if to see whether her words were not a trifle tainted with sarcasm. But, finding no sign of such a thing, he corrected her. "No, not the business—the welfare," said he. "The welfare of those dark regions where the torch of civilisation has never yet beamed: As Agassiz said, when a thing begins to pay, it has nothing more to do with me. I am a pioneer."

"It's about Horace—my son."

"Yes, my dear friend?"

"You know what a boy he is—not *exactly* learned, or clever, but still the best of boys. I thought, till to-day, there wasn't a thought in his heart that I didn't know"—

"Yes: mothers always think that, well?"—

"And to-day, the girls tell me, he has set up a crotchet for collecting books. If it had been horses, or dogs, or guns, or postage stamps—but books! What *can* it mean?"

Mr. Rackstraw considered. "Certainly," said he, "I should not

have said, off-hand, that books were much in my young friend's line. And it's an awkward sort of a craze, too : books are costly things."

"Indeed they are ! Why, the girls' novels cost a guinea and a half, I believe, when they're new."

"A guinea and a half ! Do you know that old books have often cost a thousand guineas, and more ? Why a man, dear Mrs. Derwent, had better take to gambling, right away. And there's no use in them—none. The time is coming when every book that wasn't written last week will be treated as a relic of the dark ages—as it ought to be. Old books are the petrifications of old, that is to say false, ideas. The newspaper is the literature of the future—the book that a man buys, and reads, and throws away, and that leaves his mind as open as it found it. Whenever I open up any of this world's dark corners—whether in Africa or in Polynesia—I set up a printing press the first thing, for the press is the great engine of civilisation, next to steam, and the press means the newspaper. Mr. Derwent's fancy is distinctly reactionary, and diverts money backwards, which is distinctly unnatural and wrong. Is this the first time he has been troubled with such dangerous ideas ?"

"Then it *is* dangerous ? Good gracious—a thousand guineas for one book—how big it must have been ! You alarm me, Mr. Rackstraw. I am glad I sent for you, indeed. Will you speak to him ?"

Mr. Rackstraw shook his head. "I'm afraid it would be of little use," said he. "I don't know why, but Mr. Horace Derwent distrusts me, though I am the most devoted of his friends. Perhaps he thinks me a little too near the throne—though I'm far enough from it, God knows But I mustn't speak of that. Is this the first time he has had such a craze ?"

"You agree with me that it must be stopped, then ?"

"Surely I do."

"And what do you suppose can be the cause ?"

"I cannot venture to suppose, my dear friend. I have reason to believe, I know. Here is a young man, full of health, life, and energy—and blessed with a mother such as—such as—you, dear Mrs. Derwent : dear friend ; but he has no occupation—none—worthy of such privileges as his are. If I had half his means, I would by this time have civilised the half of Africa ; I would have dressed every negro in clothes like my own, and have embraced them in the railway system of the world. It can be done—and I know how. At this very moment I have three schemes of the kind on hand. I am but a pioneer—Mr. Horace might be a field-marshal of civilisation, if he pleased. Don't be afraid : he needn't go out anywhere : he needn't leave your apron—his home, for a single day. All he need do would be to give his name to one of my—those—three companies, and serve on

the board. He wouldn't be running after old books then! Speak to him seriously, dear Mrs. Derwent. Dear friend, I don't want to revive unpleasant memories, but Laurence Derwent—his half-brother, the colonel's eldest son—he, too, was a young man with nothing to do. And see to what *he* came!"

Whether Mr. Hermon Rackstraw intended the result or not, Mrs. Derwent flushed up in another sort of fashion than when he was giving the widow to understand that, with or without hope, she was the one woman in the world to him.

"Mr. Rackstraw!" she exclaimed, with a sharpness in her voice which spoke more plainly of departed youth than all the other effects of all her years, "what, in the name of heaven, has a forger, a convict, to do with *my* son?"

"Except that they were the sons of one father—nothing: thank God, nothing, dear friend. I never knew the colonel's first wife, Lawrence's mother; but the colonel must have had strangely contradictory tastes. She must have been as unlike you as an alligator from a damask rose. But these skeletons—what household has them not?—are not meant to be forgotten. They have their use, and their use is to warn. Mr. Horace, though he don't like me, is not likely to do anything ungentelemanly, that I am the first to allow. But the same fatal idleness, which leads one man into crime will lead another into book collecting, or some other folly which, under all the circumstances of life, is also criminal in its own way. Mr. Horace has, I believe, eight thousand a year, and will have more. But what is eight thousand a year to a book hunter? A drop in the ocean. He'll be through his capital in no time, as sure as my name's Hermon Rackstraw. And all for what?—a shelf full of lumber that he can't even read. It's not forgery, but it's ruin. And, under all the circumstances, I'm hanged, dear friend, if I know which is the worst of the two. Lawrence Derwent lost Longwood by his fault; see that Mr. Horace don't lose it by his folly, that's all. There, I speak my mind, as a pioneer; but I love that boy as if he were mine as well as yours—and I wish he were!"

The case was too urgent to admit of Mrs. Derwent's noticing certain vulgarities in her adviser-general's way of putting things; and, indeed, his picture had fairly frightened her. She had not been able, without masculine help, to see things from so panoramic a point of view. He saw the state of mind into which his zeal had thrown her, and struck again.

"When I first became acquainted with Colonel Derwent," said he, "his son Lawrence was as fine a lad as you'd wish to see. But he had nothing to do, except what he fancied. Now it was yachting, now it was dicing, now it was stage-playing; but the paramount claims of humanity upon every human atom he could never be made to see. I don't believe he cared a cent whether the women of the Cactus Islands got their stuffs from Lancashire, or whether

they had no stuffs at all. His father cut him off without a shilling—I will say for the colonel that he was a just man in money matters—and very properly made Mr. Horace his heir. You know what happened—the young man, having no fixed principles, tried to set things straight by producing a later will—forged—and Lowmoor was *his* end. But what's sauce for the—the one, is sauce for the other, my dear friend. Mr. Horace couldn't do anything unbecoming an honest man and a gentleman—no, no. But he can lose Longwood as surely as his brother. Cards, my dear friend, have been called the devil's books. But, no less surely, Books—*old* Books—are the devil's cards."

"You frighten me out of my wits!" said Horace's mother, rising, and pacing the room. "I never thought of all this—it is dreadful! We must think what is to be done. . . . But I mustn't be selfish. What did *you* want to say to *me*?"

"Oh—I was half forgetting. After the sad business you have told me, it seems so small. No, I'm wrong. After all, nothing's small. And, in a way, this is really a great thing, though it won't take five minutes to tell."

"I'm thinking of my boy! But I can listen. Well?"

"It's rather a curious circumstance—if it wasn't that too many curious circumstances happen to me to be noticeable one more than the other. I needn't tell you of my old connection with the Goblin Islands: you know all about that—that's were Port Rackstraw is, which is now bidding fair to be a centre of civilization in one of the most neglected corners of the world. I am Agent-General for the Goblin Islands, and in that capacity I have received notice that I shall shortly be called upon to do the honours to a most illustrious personage—in short, to a Real Queen!"

"Good gracious!—a Queen?"

"Yes: a Real Queen. The Queen of an unknown island—think of there being an unknown island on the world's map in these days? Even I, who have reason to know how behind-hand the geographers even still are, was surprised. But there's no question about it, dear friend. It must, however, have become known, to some extent, since I was in those seas, and since the last maps were made, became obviously, if the Queen of that Island has discovered the rest of the world, some portion of the world must have discovered the Island. However, that may be, my correspondent, who is my agent at Port Rackstraw, or rather whose agent-general I am in Great Britain, writes me that Her Majesty landed recently from a large canoe at the largest of the Goblins, not far from Port Rackstraw, and managed to convey to my agent-correspondent her desire to visit this country. I don't know how she ever came to hear of this country—I hope, if it was from shipwrecked sailors, that the process of cooking them was not too painfully long——"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Derwent, starting.

"There are notorious cannibals in those seas," said Mr. Rackstraw, quietly. "I have been nearly eaten myself, more than a dozen times: no doubt, if I fattened better, I shouldn't now be sitting here. Anyhow, the desire to break through her barbaric limits shows remarkable enlightenment in a queen of unheard-of savages, whether they be cannibals or no. It is an occasion of stupendous interest—a supreme opportunity, dear friend! We have had African princes, Indian princes, kings from the Sandwich islands, Japanese embassies—but never a queen from an island absolutely unknown. Think what she will see and learn, and what a responsibility rests upon us, who will have the making or marring of that island to the end of time! I shall lose no time—she is due at Southampton the day after to-morrow. I shall lose not a day in taking her to Birmingham, and Manchester, and the Black Country, and all our really civilized districts, and make her give orders for cotton goods and hardware, and machinery, and everything that an enlightened community can want to buy, or that an enlightened Empire can want to sell. But even British commerce isn't everything. Her Majesty must learn British culture too. Would you, in the sacred name of civilization, dear friend, send one of these cards of yours to this Real Queen?"

"A Queen!"

Mrs. Derwent was impressed by the title, though borne by a savage who, probably would not have known the meaning of the word. But, after a full minute's rumination, her thoughts took another turn.

"Of course, as you put it like that."

"In the sacred name of civilization?"

"Yes—like that—I don't like to refuse. But a black woman—perhaps a cannibal! And, oh, Mr. Rackstraw—are you sure they wear enough clothes?"

"Oh—the colour's nothing, it gives distinction to a room, and excites conversation. As for cannibalism—I don't know how Her Majesty may live at home, but if she is one, all the better; there's a delight in civilizing a good, right down, square barbarian that one never gets out of your milk-and-water savage. Mark my words—she'll be converted from that by her first ice cream. As for dress—she will of course conform to the custom of the country. If you'll give me the address of your dressmaker, I'll put Her Majesty into her hands the day after she arrives. Dear friend—next to steam, and above the printing press, the foremost of all civilizing agents is a dressmaker, like yours."

"She is certainly an artist in her way. . . . Well, I suppose I must consent—though really the idea, it is so strange and eccentric, makes me almost afraid. And how in the world shall I direct the card?"

"Ah—my correspondent writes that she wishes to be incognito:

at first, at any rate. As far as I can make out, her proper title is Queen—Queen Ngahoung Qhlawu, of the Island of Apahu. But that won't do at all. There are reasons, good reasons, for her going about as a private person: queens never learn, and only see what they're shown. We must have a name and style that won't look odd in a hotel book, and that won't be out of keeping with a lady of colour. Let me see—you'd better make out your card to Senhora Miranda. That sounds Portuguese, and euphonious, and perfectly vague—distinguished, pronounceable, and telling nothing at all. She shall be Senhora Miranda while she's here."

"Perhaps you will kindly write the name on the card," said Mrs. Derwent, seeking among the chaos of cards, filled and unfilled, that had been left unsorted by her daughters for one that would serve: "I'm not good at foreign names." Evidently Mr. Rackstraw's recommendation of a new acquaintance was all-sufficient for her, though to everybody who knew him less intimately his account of the real queen whom he professed to have caught in the interests of civilization might seem to require a little judicious shifting before his faith in the report of his correspondent in the Goblin Islands could be cordially shared. "Here is a card," said Mrs. Derwent, at last, taking one from the heap. "No—that is for Mr. Fane. What's this? Mr. and Miss Fane!"

A light seemed all at once to break upon her—a ray of the same light that had broken upon the girls when they first heard of a Miss Fane. "Mr. Rackstraw!" said she.

"Yes, dear friend?"

"Do you know any people of the name of Fane?"

"No. I never knew anybody named Fane."

"They live at 28, Richmond Place. And"—

"Well?"—

"I want you to find out for me who they are."

CHAPTER III.

While wearily I wandered round,
I heard a whispered song—
"In seven years are all things found,
If they be lost so long.
There's magic on that number set:
And they that part in tears,
Yet cannot in one hour forget,
May meet—in Seven years."

HERMON RACKSTRAW, the self-appointed agent-general for the civilization of savages, and reported by those who did not like him to make a very fair commercial profit out of his calling, might easily have executed the behest of the well-looking and well-left widow if, instead of conversing with the mother, he had followed the son. Sure enough, Horace Derwent's newly awakened passion for old black letter, which had sown such a

harvest of dismay in the family bosom, carried him straight to the house in Richmond Place where it was to be indulged.

Not many such houses are to be seen: though probably this city of all things has never been at any time without one or two. For the thing or creature that is not to be found in London is not to be found in the world.

Horace, at the street door, asked for Mr. Fane, and was admitted. But the admission apparently amounted merely to a permission to attack a series of barricades. The entrance passage was piled with books, presumably, from their exposure to all comers, of but little value; even less must have been the worth of those which served for stumbling-blocks upon the stairs. It was rather the entrance to the cave of a slovenly student than of a careful collector; and Horace, in the earlier days of his hobby, had wondered what sort of servant would consent to stay in a place where not a tray could be carried up-stairs or down without imminent risk to the neck of the bearer. But he had long ceased to wonder at such impersonal questions. He found his own way into what had no doubt been intended for the drawing-room, to find confusion ten times confounded. It was a fairly large room, but how it was furnished no mortal eyes could tell, seeing that it was the headquarters of the army of volumes whereof the landing, the staircase, and the passage, were but the outposts of the advanced guard. But, straight as an arrow, his eyes went straight to a certain corner between the fire-place and one of the windows. They lighted up by the road, and he moved eagerly forward, but at the same moment, from the side of the girl who had brought the brightness into his eyes, there rose, as if from a cave of books, the figure of a grave young man, without a coat, and with the sleeves rolled back as for labour. Horace looked vexed, and he lounged forward after his normal fashion, as if he were merely making an ordinary morning call.

"You seem busy, Miss Fane," said he, holding out his hand.

"Oh, don't touch me!" cried the girl. "Look at my hands, and touch them if you dare," she said, holding up two palms that were certainly strangely black for those of a young lady—his sisters had never dreamed of hands like these.

It is a long, long time since we have seen, or thought of Sophy. Indeed, she has grown out of all knowing; for, since we knew her when she was that high—and "that" was very little—it is going on for nine years. And yet she has neither grown so much nor changed so much as might be warranted by the difference between one and twenty and thirteen; for she is still small and vivacious, and her eyes are as much like soft lightning as ever they were. The spirit of curiosity had not, it is to be feared, been exercised by the incantations of time, and a sprite of mischief seemed to have had a finger in the twisting of every brown curl. That no

woman would have called her pretty, I am sure. That nine men out of ten would have sworn that she was pretty, I am equally sure ; at any rate, Horace Derwent swore it, as he looked, lazily indeed, but with looks of little favour, towards the strange young man without a coat and with turned up sleeves. He was evidently not a carpenter or a man from the pantechnicon—so what the devil was his business there ?

“ Mr. Hargrave—Mr. Derwent,” said Sophy, bringing two volumes together with a bang, and making their dust fly. “ Mr. Hargrave is helping me re-arrange the Library. A new folio has come in, and that obliges all the shelves to be arranged all over again. Mr. Derwent, will you take off your coat, and roll up your sleeves, and help, too ? ”

Horace bowed his acknowledgment of the introduction, and was a little surprised to notice that this Mr. Hargrave, for no apparent reason, started and changed colour on hearing his name—perhaps the fellow was shy. Altogether he was not, so Horace thought, a prepossessing person, with his set, almost sullen look, his general awkwardness, the atmosphere of dust which he appeared to exhale, and, above all, his close proximity to Sophy Fane. Horace would have given much to know how long he had been there.

“ If I could help you I’d take off twenty coats,” said Horace, “ but I don’t see why you shouldn’t rest a minute. So your uncle has been getting a new treasure, has he ? Is he better to-day ? ”

“ Yes, a little. But you won’t see him,” said Sophy, between a smile and a sigh. “ He has a new treasure, as you say—and he’s carried it off into his den, so that nobody may come between it and him. “ We’re turning the house out of windows to make a place for it, Oswald—Mr. Hargrave—and I.”

That “ Oswald and I ” almost made Horace hate Mr. Hargrave. But he was much too true a young Briton to show his feelings ; and only protested against the occupation of his silent rival by clearing a dozen volumes off the corner of the sofa, and sitting down.

“ You are sadly lazy ! ” said she.

“ Lazy—yes ! Sadly—no. The fact is, I only came to let your uncle know that I’ve been searching everywhere, all over London, for an uncut what’s-his-name—Hunsden’s *Flora*, you know, that he said he’d give his ears for ; and that at last I’ve run her down. At least, I hope so ; and I thought he might be glad to know.”

“ Glad ? Glad isn’t the word ! But don’t tell him so to-day—you’ll spoil his present pleasure. Wait till that’s in its place, which, from the look of things, I should think would be in about ten years, and then let him know that there’s something still left to live for. Thank you, indeed, Mr. Derwent ; not that I *can*. thank you for so much kindness, so much trouble—do you mind taking a *very* dusty hand ? ”

He did not mind ; he not only took the very dusty hand, but, regardless of the coatless rival among the book-heaps, touched it with his lips, and held it for an instant more. Strange to say, when this was over, and he looked up, the coatless rival had vanished from the room.

"Miss Fane," said he, "you really oughtn't to work like this. Why should one new book cause chaos to come again?"

"Oh, I don't mind. It's something to do. And you know my uncle. If it wasn't for the books, arranging, and the disarranging, and the re-arranging—but no; nobody could quite know, but Oswald and me."

"Oswald?" asked Horace, his lips, just now made warm by the dusty little hand, all at once struck cold again.

"Yes, Mr. Hargrave, the gentleman who was here just now."

"And who is Mr. Hargrave? I didn't know you had any friends I hadn't seen. Is he a *great* friend of yours?"

"Only the oldest friend we have in the world. We don't see much of him, I wish we saw more, but he's a good deal abroad. He—he wanted to marry my poor sister, Rosamond, who died. He's never forgotten her, and he never will—no, though he's a man."

"*Though* he's a man! Because he's a man, you mean. As if I could forget—a woman I loved," said Horace, unmindful of numbers one to thirty-two, but feeling that his prejudice against Oswald Hargrave had been at any rate hasty and premature. "Poor fellow! I can understand it, though, if she was anything like you."

"But she was not the least bit like me! She was the most beautiful, the cleverest, the very best girl that ever was born, or that ever will be. Talk of me beside Rosamond—me! She would have died for me, and I would have died for her; and when she did die—well, there was the end of life, of everything but old books, for us all. Everything broke to pieces after that; poor Oswald's heart, and uncle's antiquities, that turned out to be frauds, and our old country life—and—but, well, I can't do in a stress what she would have done, but I do what I can. I can dust books; so—here goes again!"

The bang of the two dusty volumes went hard to Horace Derwent's heart this time.

"Sophy," began he, unconscious that for the first time he had spoken her Christian name aloud.

But she was, or seemed to be, intent upon other things. She was punishing the books heavily, and her eyes were filling with tears. Horace knew something about the story of the Fanes, and had guessed, wrongly enough, a great deal more than he could possibly know; but at this moment he felt that all his guessing had all been wrong. But he had long guessed that he loved her; and he knew it now.

"I *will* help you with those books," said he, looking at the tears in her eyes.

But his very look must have dried them. "You help?" she asked, with a bright little laugh, as natural as the sunshine in the heart of an April shower. "Why, I don't believe you could work if you tried. But I forgot—to have got that *Flora* you must have worked and walked indeed——"

"And you gave me your fingers for it. Will you give them again?"

But, alas for his hope to keep those blackened fingers for at least one instant longer than before; at that most promising of moments Oswald Hargrave came back into the room, clothed this time, and like a common Christian man; and two more easy mannered people than Horace and Sophy no interrupter of a *tête-à-tête* could possibly have found.

"Then shall I bring the *Flora*?" asked Horace, carelessly enough, "the next time I call?"

"Please—if you can. I needn't give it him all at once——"

"Then I will go now," he said, almost with a sigh; for there was little pleasure in remaining with this silent Oswald to make a third.

The visit had not been what he had hoped—nay, it had been much less, for nine times out of ten, except when her uncle was present, he had found her alone, and her uncle was deep in some new old book every tenth time. Still he had fallen more deeply in love, and that was something to make his few minutes in Wilton Place not wholly in vain. For it is the loving (I speak subject to correction) that is the great thing in love, after all. Sophy had not said much, but what she had said about her dead sister had seemed to him full of heart, and her readiness to laugh through her tears and to cry through her laughter had touched him with the whole secret of the spring. It was a real disappointment to him, however, when, being inclined to go home in company with his own thoughts the longest way, for the sake of such solitude as the streets alone can give a man, he was overtaken by Oswald Hargrave a very few yards from the door.

So Hargrave had been delaying to obtain the priceless privilege of last words; and Horace might have finished his visit in peace if he had only had the patience to stay on. Unquestionably Hargrave was a bore. But still the man who had broken his heart for the dead sister was to be pitied and borne with, for Horace was a good-natured fellow, even when crossed, and he fancied he knew how he would feel if Sophy should suddenly walk over a cliff into the sea, as poor Rosamond had done. Thank God that it had been Rosamond and not Sophy! So he thrust his hands into his pockets, and asked, quite good-humouredly:

"Are you going my way? I'm after that *Flora*. Are you a book-worm, too?"

"Not I," said Oswald: and, for the first time heard to speak, it was wonderful how the whole manner and expression of this grave young man seemed to improve; "but I'll help you angle for the *Flora*, if you don't mind." Horace felt as if the eyes of his companion were seeking to penetrate him—it was an odd feeling, and not an agreeable one, callous as Horace was to the fancies with which sensitive people are troubled.

If he could only have guessed what his name, the name of Derwent, meant to Oswald Hargrave; but what need is there to speculate on what might have happened had he known what he could not know? For Oswald, and Oswald alone, had clung to the hope, so passionate as to amount to the faith which scorns reason, that Rosamond might not have perished; that her incredible romance was no dream of fever, but simply and literally true, and that Derwent, the escaped forger from Lowmoor, might be forced to unravel the mystery could he be found anywhere within the circle of the world. He knew how to keep his faith to himself, as sane men know how to keep secret what others would take for a craze. But he had changed the life of a farmer for that of a man as devoted to a craze as if he had been named Æneas Fane. Derwent is at any rate uncommon enough to serve for a way-mark to a pursuer who had hitherto sought for the slightest sign of a trail in vain.

Assuredly this frank-looking, easy-going young gentleman was no escaped convict: that was too absurd a notion even to serve as a straw for a drowning man. But, according to all accounts, the convict himself had been a gentleman, or at least in the position of one: he must therefore have had connections in the same condition of life, and this casual meeting with one Derwent might possibly lead to the discovery of another. Men with fixed ideas are prone to see the finger of fate in all things. So he strove to unbend, not unsuccessfully, while the two young men strolled on, talking of this thing and that, first of books, of which neither knew anything; then of the same thing in relation to Æneas Fane; then a little, but not much, of Sophy; then of more masculine matters, and at last drifting into horses and guns, where they found a common ground.

"He isn't half a bad fellow after all," thought Horace, after a while. "And, if he's almost Sophy's brother, I must cultivate him; but, if I had been he, and Sophy had been Rosamond, I shouldn't have had the heart to talk of such things as he can. I don't half believe the fellow's as heart-broken as Sophy thinks, after all. Here's the place where I'm told the *Flora* hangs out, said he. "A queer enough shop, by Jove! but then these places where they breed book-worms mostly are. Do you mind coming in?"

"Not a bit," said Oswald, who had not yet contrived to get in a question that could bear upon so awkward a business as the

discovery whether a Derwent like this had ever had the most distant cousin in Lowmoor.

Horace, who, as a collector, was studying the fine art of bargaining, did not announce his errand at once, but chose to put the raw lad, who kept the dark, out-of-the-way shop, or rather cross between a shop and stall, off the scent by taking down volumes at random from the shelves, chaffing a little meanwhile in a very un-bookworm like way. Oswald lounged farther into the premises, also looking at volumes in the same random manner, until he nearly reached a desk separated from the shop by a ground glass door. And, while standing here, he distinctly heard these words spoken, in a certain north-country accent which he had not heard since Silver Moldwarp had been detected in forging Phœnician Dials, nine years ago—

“I’m never mistook, Mister. Instinc’s a sure guide. And if the villain that nigh did for me in Pix Knoll’s named Lawrence Derwent, then Lawrence Derwent, with these very eyes, I saw Tuesday morning, as plain as I see——”

“Shop!” cried the lad. “Here’s a gentleman ’quiring after that there *Floorer*——”

It was Silver Moldwarp, with his ragged jacket exchanged for an almost professional suit of black, and with gilt spectacles on nose, who emerged from the den behind the glass door. Oswald rapidly turned his back, and affected to be absorbed in the nearest shelves. His companion had evidently heard nothing. But, though thus quick-witted enough to conceal himself from the rascal who seemed to know so much, Oswald’s heart was literally standing still. After nine long years of search to light upon this accident after all! The finger of fate, indeed?—Say rather fate’s open hand. “To him who waits, all things come.”

(*To be continued.*)

THREE WORTHIES— WALTON, WHITE, AND WATERTON.

“SACRED TO ANGLERS.” So Walton willed; so Cotton wrote; so each man thinks that has read the *Compleat Angler*. For he may now say, “Why, then, I perceive that I have some title here; for I am one of them, though one of the worst.” Then enters he into the temple of the gentle art, consults the oracle for wind and water, splices his tackle, braces his rod, sorts his dubbing and whips on his flies.

Many, however, there are, who have never crossed the threshold of this piscatorial guild-house, content to feed their gaze upon the rustic simplicity and idyllic grace of the poetical structure. Even if such an one have essayed further knowledge of the master's lore, the venture has been hazardous, and the enthusiasm short-lived; the summer day's merry-making of genial wits and pleasant moralists.

Yet, in imagination at least, we have all of us followed the path of Walton and his disciple in the pursuit of their picturesque recreation. This has led us along historic highways, and through lanes embowered with ivy and honeysuckle; across meadows, decked with lady-smocks and cowslips; down to the margin of pebbly, silver streams, whose gliding surfaces are broken by countless speckled fishes, leaping up at painted, gauze-winged wonders of insect life. We have tarried beside them, stretched upon the soft, green sward, watching the happy results of their primitive angling in virgin waters. The lazy stillness of the summer air is broken by wise and stately discourses upon the folk-lore, habits and varieties of the finny tribe, the miraculous pro-creation of its members, their growth and numbers, their friends and foes, the haunts which they affect, the wiles which they resort to, with what lures they may be beguiled, and (by anticipation) with what rich sauces they shall be dressed and served to the “honest” angler. Then, when the summer shower has spent its tiny strength, we rise and proceed with them by balmy upland pastures and springing cornfields, through homesteads, plantations and paddocks echoing with the artless carols of fresh-faced milkmaids to the village ale-house, with its parlour whitewashed and garnished with sprigs of lavender, and a-many ballads of war, and love, and rural felicity. There enter to us other jovial anglers, kindred spirits, and with them we dispatch an honest meal and wile away the short evening with harmless merriment and singing

of catches, and so to bed betimes and astir with sunrise for another glorious day.

But this is not all that Walton has done, to charm our senses with the delightful melody of a prose which stands alone in the history of English literature. He was the first to popularize his sport-craft, the first to place it on a level with other branches of the chase, already admitted as worthy themes for courtly bards. He was the true patron of his art because himself the worthiest exponent, as all but later-day patrons have been and should be; and he was also its law-giver. Now angling affords unflinching sport for the million, and anglers of British extraction, numbered by hundreds of thousands, find in the pursuit of this gentle pastime the only tonic for mind and body that civilization admits within reach of slender purses.

A practical artist indeed was our pastoral angler, in spite of the agreeable fictions which he had drunk in from Gesner, Du Bartas, and Geoffrey of Monmouth. He has some wisdom to deliver upon most questions of ways and means that still agitate the breasts of the piscatorial community. Whether it be concerning the subtlety of a line stained to blend with the glass-green hues of the sub-aqueous horizon; of a rod painted to simulate the ashen dye of the extended heron's neck; of a well-spent outlay in ground-baiting for barbel; or the necessity for a proper conservation of our rivers in the maintenance of close seasons, the prevention of illegal netting, and the removal of incroachments upon the public rights, in these and most other matters he is beforehand with us all.

It is not often that a scientific writer, even when adopting intentionally a popular style, succeeds in winning the applause of thousands, who can neither realize the nature of his work, nor sympathize with the difficulties which he has encountered in its execution. Yet, though he lived in an age in which the path of science was beset by a quagmire of error and uncertainty; though the plan of his work is close and scientific; its style dry and quaint, and its scope exceedingly limited, Gilbert White may be considered as much the founder of a new epoch in science as Bacon, and as much the father of a new branch of literature as Defoe.

Everybody has read White's *Natural History of Selborne*. Children have read it for amusement, students for instruction, and naturalists, themselves famous in their own day, have turned its pages lovingly, as the great work of a revered master, and one which, *sui generis*, will probably never be excelled.

What is the secret of this success? How has the author of a series of letters describing the natural curiosities of an obscure country parish attained the rank of a classical author? The answers to these questions will, we think, be found by an examination of the circumstances under which this work was written. It is well known that poetry flourishes best in a rude and unlettered

state of society; and it is equally certain that the same rule holds good of all other imitations of nature. If the pastorals of Theocritus had been written in the Augustan age of Rome, they would assuredly have been as stilted and unreal as those of Virgil. Let anyone compare the Dorset idyl of the *Owl and Nightingale*, written 600 years ago, with the pastorals of Pope or Philips, and these again with the true glimpses of rustic life contained in the *Poems in the Dorset Dialect*, and the *Gamekeeper at Home*, and he will see that, to depict nature with faithfulness, and therefore with success, two things are necessary. The writer must be either before his times, or behind them. That is, he must either be amongst the first to regard nature with the eyes of a lover; or, if he live in the days of "Elegant Extracts," and compiled "Natural Histories," must treat all such "aids to genius" with the neglect they merit, and bury himself in some lonely spot where he will be dependent upon his own observations for the materials of his works. This is a rule which admits of no exception, and it is by the observance of the latter part of it alone that the genius of Barnes has been able to live with the memory of Burns, or the works of Richard Jeffreys to be read with pleasure by students of the *Natural History of Selborne*.

It has been common to compare Gilbert White and Izaak Walton as two writers united by the common bond of an unselfish love of nature. We must be careful, however, to distinguish between the enthusiast for art in angling, and the enthusiast for truth in Natural History.

Walton is nothing if not an artist, in the purest sense. He is fierce and zealous for his pastime; but, beyond its province he originates nothing. Its natural history is but a compendium of the knowledge of his age—or rather of its ignorance. On the other hand, the author of the *Natural History of Selborne* is by no means a propagandist. The story of his life—such as we know it—would re-assure us on this point. The information which he has been at such pains to collect is freely communicated to others: but he himself lies outside the world of science—limited as it then was. He has no scientific rivalries or partizanships; he is a member of no school or sect. Such a fact is of a piece with his whole work, and stands in marked contrast to the surroundings of an age in which the treatment of science was scarcely yet free from the party spirit of scholasticism, and when the exaggerations and petty bickerings of the Royal Society had already furnished matter of ridicule to three generations of poets.

An integrity of criticism, if we may so call it (since it arose as much from a love of justice as from an inclination to retirement), is also seen in his remarks upon a contemporary work, of the merits of which there could have been few better judges than himself.

One Scopoli had written a learned and pedantic book, which, as

White admitted, illustrated sufficiently well the characters of the birds of the Carniola and neighbouring parts. Nevertheless, the work contained blemishes, which must have keenly provoked White's sensibilities as an accurate observer. Yet, we find him asking his friend's opinion of it with all the eagerness of a student; and even when he felt compelled, in the interests of science, to expose its grave defects, he did so with a kindness and delicacy unequalled in the history of scientific correspondence.

"Not," he says, "that Scopoli is so circumstantial and attentive to the life and conversation of his birds as I could wish: he advances some false facts . . . he also advances (what I was going to say) impossible facts" (as when he stated that the woodcock carried its young out of danger with its beak). "But, candour forbids me to say absolutely that any fact is false, because I have never been witness to such a fact."

The success of White's researches, a success of which he was himself fully conscious, was the result of years spent in unwearied observation of everything that grew or breathed around him. He had read nature's book, as far as it was then intelligible to any; and he had even gone further, and halted only on the brink of discoveries which were not completed till long after. This, indeed, has been the case with all the founders of an abstract science. It was so with Bacon and Adam Smith, as well as with Gilbert White. After clearing every obstacle from the path of the future investigator; after making their approaches with every regularity, and triumphantly carrying point after point, they are suddenly and inexplicably baffled just at the moment when success seemed within their grasp, and leave the mystery (now really no longer such) to be solved by far less able successors.

It is this inductive method of working up to a grand result that is so characteristic of the writings of White, and which distinguished him from the pedantic catalogue-makers of his day, as well as from natural economists, such as Kirby and Spence, and from sentimentalists, such as Charles Waterton. As it has been usual to give as an instance of the Baconian method, the formula, "given, the electric wire—the Atlantic cable;" as it might be said of White, first of modern naturalists, that, given the bill, or foot of any bird, he will conjecture accurately its form and habits.

But this is not all of the praise that is due to White as a scientist. He was, perhaps, the first to make a judicious use of arguments drawn from analogy, from the theory, that is, that what is observed in the case of one animal, may, under certain conditions, be taken to hold good of another.

Thus, wishing to account for the early migration of the swift, he compares it with this, and with its lofty range of flight, the precisely similar habits of the great bat (a species of his own discovering), and arrives at the conclusion that, as both these

creatures find their living in the higher strata of the air, it is probable that, the earliest cold being felt in these regions, the consequent death of insect life will be accompanied by the disappearance of the animals that have subsisted on it. Yet he fails not to observe that he delights "very little in analogous reasoning, knowing how fallacious it is with respect to natural history."

These are but scattered hints towards a true method of investigation, not precepts drawn up for the use of intending naturalists. The plan of his work was necessarily desultory, and he seems neither to have expressed, or held any definite hopes with regard to the foundation of a comprehensive natural system. The purpose of his own life as a naturalist is expressed in an eloquent passage. "Monographers, come from whence they may, have, I think, fair pretence to challenge some regard and approbation from the lovers of natural history; as no man can alone investigate the works of nature; these partial writers, may, each in their department, be more accurate in their discoveries, and freer from errors than more general writers; and so, by degrees, may pave the way to an universal correct natural history."

It is needless to call to mind the extent to which this doctrine has been carried in the present day, when every branch, every sub-division of natural history has its monographer.

This, then, was the favourite and valuable part of White's labours. It may be seen to the best advantage in his letters on swallows, which Pennant, the zoologist, to whom they were addressed, calls a "curious monograph."

The same plan of treatment was applied, though in a more limited degree, to every other bird or beast, which he touched on. Owls, bats, curlews, nightjars, warblers, cuckoos, ringousels; harvest mice, water-voles, he has left the materials, the rough outline at least, for a monograph of each.

But, to many, Gilbert White will seem to have been possessed of qualities fitting him for a higher work than that of naturalist, poet, or antiquary. An observer of nature so close and so unerring, could not have failed to delineate with skill and vigour the characters of men.

There are many features of his writings that point to this conclusion, and it is a pity that no such scheme was ever carried out by himself, as he once deemed capable of application to a then little-known country. "Some future faunist, a man of fortune, will, I hope, extend his visits to the kingdom Ireland. . . . The manners of the natives, their superstitions, their prejudices, their sordid way of life will extort from him many useful reflections."

A Catholic Darwin, a cosmopolitan White, a lesser Layard, a greater Stradling; devout, eccentric, indomitable, imperturbable, with much love of nature, and no fear of man; such was the second in renown of our now classical naturalists. Less familiar to our riper years, the history of Charles Waterton's life and work

has been ever dear to boyhood. It is indeed a tale of daring adventure and hardy experiment in the realms of nature peculiarly dear to the imagination. Who that has once read, does not carry for ever in his mind the picture of the mad Englishman entering a native village in triumphal procession, astride of a huge alligator, with snapping jaws and brandished tail, but helpless as a schoolboy's lizard in that fell grasp which has wrested its forefeet cross-wise upon its back! Of a piece with this is the story, in later days, of the precise and immovable naturalist accomplishing a feat from which a Hindoo snake-charmer might well have shrunk. The scene this time is in England. A club room in Leeds, where the holiday members of a natural history society are assembled. By some accident the removal of the lid from a glass show-case has permitted the escape of a tolerably large and active colony of "rattlers." There is a panic rush to the door, and a diorama of fluttering coat tails. But one member remains behind and begins composedly to gather the hissing reptiles with his naked hand and to replace them in their case. This member is Charles Waterton!

The best years of the truant naturalist's life were mainly devoted to three great scientific objects. The foremost of these was the continuous and immediate study of natural life (and, in England, this implied chiefly bird life) in his own desmesnes. The idea of a noble park abandoned as a breeding ground for rare and beautiful fowl, where the solitude was never broken by the presence of man, or disenchanted by the sound of horn or gun-shot, is indeed a fascinating conception.

Here Waterton was at home amidst his birds; tending their wants, and noting their habits with a care truly astonishing. There was no bird-note that he failed to recognise, no nest to which he could not climb with a boyish zest of danger. So absorbed was he at times in his hobby, that his abstraction seemed to ignore the commonest rules of deduction. The story is told, that being intensely eager for a colony of rooks to be added to his rarer treasures, and having at length attracted a flock of those birds into settling within his park, he dispatched a servant in hot haste to close the gates and so secure the interesting visitors within the circle of his walls!

Nothing angered Waterton like the desecration of his zoological paradise through the wanton trespass of any of his neighbours, and he would visit his displeasure upon the most contumacious offenders in a characteristic manner. Yorkshiremen keenly relished the devilry displayed in the retribution which overtook a certain bully butcher boy, who disregarding all inspired warnings that "Boggart" would have him, continued his insolent career day after day along a disused bridle road through the park. One wild evening, however, the evil one did come for the scoffer, dropping from a branch on to the saddle behind, and holding him in a relentless embrace. The horse flew like the wind; the victim yelled for

mercy; and the fiend, sticking like grim death, gibbered in his ear. At last the park gate was reached, and the avenger slipped off with a parting "hullo!" The scare was effectual!

The second of our naturalist's hobbies was the art of taxidermy, then in its very infancy. Waterton had early set his face against the angular cases stuffed with hay, like the Coverley badger, that served as replicas of natural forms. The plan adopted by himself was undoubtedly the true one. Despising the charlatanery of building up a skeleton, he reserved his energies for moulding the plastic skin into a life-like statue. To a certain degree this method has now been recognised, and in one direction a further step has been taken in the casts of fish well known to visitors at South Kensington.

The third great project of Waterton's later years was the application of the famous "Wourali" poison as a counteragent in cases of hydrophobia. His theory was that a well-timed local injection of this arrow-poison would anticipate the final convulsions of rabies by leaving nothing for the venom to work upon. Though always on the watch for an opportunity of experimenting successfully, Waterton was here doomed to disappointment. In other hands, however, the partial success, at least, of his discovery has been vindicated. To the consistency of his purpose in this as in all else, his life and death bear lasting witness.

HUBERT HALL.

SHADOWS FROM AN OLD SUN-DIAL.

By FREDERICK GALE.

SHADOW THE LAST.

WHEN the last shadow flitted across, my memory was running on grand pageants, and now I see again in the dial of the past scenes of a very different kind which occurred amongst the humbler portion of H.M.'s subjects.

And now the reader must look back to 1846, and go with me to a place which has long since been swept off the face of the earth—"the old Rookery in St. Giles," after midnight; and he may add one more to our party of six, consisting of a barrister friend, a Cambridge undergraduate, myself, and three detectives, one of whom had buried his name and himself in the police force, after a short and—as long as it lasted—brilliant career in a fast cavalry regiment, in which he lost his money. The following events happened before the Lodging-house Act was passed.

The whole affair was remarkable. My friend the barrister, who stammered tremendously, brought his cousin, the Cantab, to my rooms on his way through London, and, after introducing him to me, remarked, "Will you get a ch-h-h-ain and dog coll-l-l-ar and ch-h-h-ain this fellow up, he is m-m-m-m-ad; he has just become h-h-h-eir to eight th-h-h-h-ous-and a year." It was true enough, as a wealthy old aunt, who would not show her hand before, and never would say who should have her property, had taken a fancy to him, and had suddenly arranged everything eight-and-forty hours before, and had made the nephew her heir. It was late on Saturday evening, and of course the good fortune of one of the party made spirits run high, and it was agreed that we would take advantage of a promise which had been made to me by my friend the ex-dragoon officer, then a detective, to go over the Rookery; and shortly before midnight we started off. We had no difficulty about our escort, and our first visit was to a chandler's shop, turning out of the St. Giles's end of Drury Lane, kept by a clean, motherly old Irish woman, who was smoking a pipe, just to hear the news, for she was well known to the police, and always found bail for her customers who were in trouble over any drunken row. "Aye, sergeant, if ye are passing round, mind and be going last to Mrs. Corney's, the loft over the *ould* stables; she has a large company to-night for *shure*, and there will be a big supper at Dan Sampson's kitchen, for they came for a lot of things this evening,

and they'll be at it just now; and there's good entertainment I can tell you, and there's a fiddle there, and singing and dancing." We wandered round, and took an outside view first. Most of the houses were rambling dilapidated buildings, and it required careful walking, as all kinds of refuse were lying about, and the thoroughfare was neither clean nor savory. Many passers-by gave a friendly good-night to the police, more than one of whom were old offenders, who knew they weren't wanted that night for anything, and walked fearlessly as if they were honest citizens. It was a kind of tacit bargain with the denizens of the Rookery and the police that they would be left unmolested, unless they were "wanted;" in fact the Rookery was a kind of preserve, and existed on sufferance, and all lodging-houses were liable to be searched without any offence to the inhabitants. And, as a rule, if Tom, or Jack, or Harry was wanted, he would walk quietly away with an officer without any bother, and go to the station, for the Rookery population knew that if a policeman was injured the whole place would be condemned. The Rookery was a refuge for all law breakers except murderers: they would have turned them out at once if they knew them.

The first place of our visit was to Dan Sampson's. "There was a sound of revelry by night" in the area, which ceased when three ominous taps were given at the door, and Dan Sampson himself opened it, on hearing the word "police" given. "Do you want to look round?" was the enquiry. "Yes," answered a detective. "Ah, you will find no one here you want; but you are welcome, anyhow, for the boys are merry below."

In the kitchen, which formed one large room almost the same size as the house, were a company of about forty people, sitting round a long table which, to use a conventional expression "groaned with eatables and drinkables." The company were very merry. Amongst them I recognised more than one street character I knew, and particularly noticed two men, who sang patter songs about the streets, on political and other subjects, and a dog-collar vendor and kind of "Cheap Jack," who constantly disappeared from public gaze and came back with *very* short hair. There *was* a fiddler, as the old Irishwoman foretold, who gave us "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," to which the company beat time with their feet. The most perfect good humour prevailed, and not being a rendezvous for desperate thieves, but a kind of cadgers' home, there was no shrinking from the myrmidons of the force. It was proposed by a gentleman without a shirt, and seconded by another gentleman with a broken nose and one eye, that the visitors should leave them a crown for luck, which request was *immediately* complied with, and we parted with the best wishes of the company. It would be tedious to enumerate half the haunts we visited, and we kept Mrs. Corney's for last, and went there about 3 a.m. on Sunday morning.

Mrs. Corney's town residence was a large loft over a stable which had been "guttet," and therefore accessible only by a ladder, there being no stairs. After shouting and throwing something up, a voice was heard—if it could be called a voice at all, it seemed nothing human, a kind of croak—asking what we wanted? "Police, put the ladder down." We went up sandwich fashion, police and a visitor alternately, and never shall I forget the scene. First let me introduce Mrs. Corney, a short, bloated woman, to whom soap evidently was a stranger, clad in some slatternly parody of female habiliments, over which was a kind of hackney coachman's coat, cut in two at the waist and worn with an old-fashioned "Spencer." A very little of Mrs. Corney's company went a long way; in fact, she was an "old hag." In a loft of no very large dimensions at least sixty people, of all ages and sexes, were lying on beds—or something in the nature of a bed—on the floor and on kind of shelves like bad berths in a ship; the heat and effluvium were dreadful. One of the police took a bull's-eye out of his pocket and lit it, and examined every sleeper's face, in case there was anyone he wanted; some slept, or pretended to sleep, it out; one or two cowered and shrank away, evidently guilty of something; one, a drunken sailor, was chaffy and comic, and by no means modest or polite in his remarks. But the saddest thing to see was a poor fellow, who was in bed with a little pale girl of about eight or nine years old, asleep with her head on his breast, looking flushed and hectic: "For God's sake, gentlemen, don't wake the child, for she has the *fever* on her, and I only just got her to sleep!" Good Heavens! what a place for a child with a fever. We had had quite enough of Mrs. Corney's lodgings, and went away somewhat sadly, for the poor father's anxiety and his child's face were very melancholy to think of. They were, as the police said, evidently country people, who were strangers in London. The Cantab wanted to give the man a sovereign, but the police said it would be no good as he would be robbed directly; but one of them undertook to look after them the next morning and get them to a respectable place, and the Cantab left the money. Poor fellow! I am glad he did so—and with that kind feeling too—as a feather shows which way the wind blows, and what use he *would* have made of his fortune had he come into it. But he *never* did, as, sad to say, when I looked at the *Times* on the following Wednesday, to my horror, I read, "Awfully Sudden Death of an Undergraduate at Cambridge." It was my fellow-explorer of that night. He was chatting to some friends in his rooms and fell back dead, within three days of our parting from him. There must have been some latent disease, but it was supposed that his good fortune was the immediate cause of his death, which was owing to a rush of blood to the brain.

And now, if you please, we will sit down and discuss burglary as a science and a trade with a notorious expert in Newgate prison.

There can be no doubt about the accuracy of this reminiscence, as I wrote down the particulars at the time, and have my notes before me. Having the good fortune of an intimate acquaintance with the late Mr. Jonas, the amiable and excellent Governor of Newgate, I had the opportunity of seeing many things which the outside world do not ; and, through him, I had an interview with some of the most celebrated burglars of modern times, *inter alios* the hero of the Corn-hill burglary at Messrs. Walker, the jewellers and watch makers. It may be remembered that the case made a great sensation, as a celebrated trial took place on the question of "thief-proof" safes afterwards before Chief Justice Cockburn, and the ringleader, after his conviction, was one of the principal witnesses, and told how he and his confederates gave eighty guineas for two of the safes to experimentalize upon, and he stated that the safe was never made which he could not prise. And the Chief Justice remarked on the melancholy prostitution of genius and talent which the man possessed, and said that with his natural gifts and industry, if rightly directed, he might have been occupying the place which he, the Chief Justice, then did.

My visit to the burglar was purely of a secular character. The convict was under sentence of twenty years' penal servitude, and was picking oakum previous to his removal to Portland, and I called on him with an eye to have a social talk with a fellow man who followed a desperate and dangerous calling as a business. I always think that of the two men, a sharp practitioner who keeps just within the law, and gives up his life and all his mind day by day to get hard bargains with and overreach his neighbour, is far below a burglar in the moral scale, as he has the opportunity of getting an honest living and prefers being a rogue.

Well, here we were, burglar, visitor, and head warder, all in a cell, the former picking oakum. I was distinctly warned not to commence talking to the prisoner, but that if he began I might join in. I rather fancy that we liked one another at first sight, as he was a pleasant-spoken man with good manners, and on my picking up some oakum and smelling it, remarking to the turnkey that it was a healthy occupation, the convict burst out laughing, and said, "Ah ! sir, you would not like the smell if you had had as much of it as I have, and twenty years more before you, at my age."

"Yes, but you'll get your ticket-of-leave."

To shorten this story, let us make it dramatic dialogue ; *dram. pers.* being, *A.*, the visitor ; *B.*, the convict ; *W.*, the warder.

B.—"Not I, sir. Inspector —— has marked me, and I shall never be free again. I forgive him from the bottom of my heart for taking me, as he did it 'clever,' and I like talent ; but, so help me——, if my revolver had been at hand, I would have shot him as dead as a nail if I knew what he was going to say at my trial."

A.—"But that would have been a hanging matter ?"

B.—“What do I care for hanging? I shall be dead long before my sentence is out.” (The man was delicate.) “It is no fault of mine—society made me a thief. I was sent to prison as a child, on the charge of breaking windows (of which I was innocent) for a few days, and went into prison an honest boy, and came out a *thief*, and have been one ever since, and would be one again if I was free. A convict never can do right; and, as I stand before God, sir, I tried again and again to get honest bread, and, wherever I was, the police or some old ‘pal’ split on me, and I lost my employment.”

W.—“You were in that job at —, where the warder was murdered, weren’t you?”

B.—“I *was* there, though I had no hand in it, and was examined before the coroner; and the coroner asked me how it was that I, a strong man, stood by and saw a man murdered? And I told him that once in prison I disclosed to the governor a plot for murdering a warder, and he told me to mind my own business, and not meddle. Because I was a convict the governor could not imagine that I could have the heart to save a man from being killed in cold blood, and I told the coroner that now I would not lift a little finger to save his life, or any other man’s in the gaol, unless he had been kind to me. No, take my word for it, sir, once a convict always a convict. If Mr. —” (the warder) “will let you read this letter, you will see how the police treat us.”

It was from a woman rightly or wrongly supposed to be the convict’s wife—a woman doubtless as deep in crime as he was—but it was written with the heart-felt pathos of loving affection. The letter ran, as nearly as I can remember, in these words:

“The police have given me back my wedding ring, which I am very glad of, and I will keep it as long as I live, and the shawl what you gave me at Birmingham, which proves that what Inspector — said at the trial about that shawl robbery was false.”

B.—“Just read those words about the shawl, sir, the facts were these: when the judge was going to pass sentence on me, I knew it would be a hot one, as I was wanted for dozens of things over and over again, and this was a very big burglary, involving property to the amount of several thousand pounds; and Inspector — suggested that *probably* I was in the great shawl robbery at Birmingham; and I begged for time to prove that I bought that shawl over the counter and paid for it, as I did, and was never within a hundred miles of Birmingham at any time long before the burglary. But no, Inspector — wanted to make himself out a very clever officer, and to know everything—and here I am.”

A.—“Well this cell is a deal more comfortable to-day than outside, for the east wind is dreadful and this place is warm and airy.”

B.—“Yes, sir, all very well, and there is nothing to complain of here as regards lodgings and rations, and you” (turning to the warder good-humouredly) “are obliged to let us have all that is

paid for, as the City of London keeps their eye on *you*, Mr. —; but when we go to some of the convict depôts—and I have had *a great deal of experience*—we don't get all that is paid for, and many a bit of beef or mutton is put away; but no one listens to a convict." (Turning quickly to A. :) "Did you ever see the 'Ticket-of-Leave Man,' sir? It is every word true; and so is 'The Orange Girl of Lambeth,' which they were playing at the Marylebone, before I was run in. Take my word, sir, a convict and ticket-of-leave man have no chance."

A.—"How did you find burglary pay as a following?"

B.—"Precious bad on the whole, for people don't think how much it costs. Why, a big job, sir, costs a deal of *dead* money if it does not come off. There are some to watch, and to carry the tools, and they must all be well paid before and after, or they'll split, and if the job does not come off it is all *dead* money gone. And when we did get a good thing, like that Cornhill, there was such a lot of swag that we had to throw a quantity of it away, as it was not safe to get rid of it in England, for every fence was watched, and I was so tired of it all that I was not sorry when I knew the worst. There is no rest in the 'business' when you once take to it, for you don't know whom to trust. The only job which really pays is one which can be done single-handed, without any confederates; and if they find it out they call it shabby not to share, and they are much fonder of sharing the plunder than the danger."

A.—"If you had the chance of hard, honest work, and hard fare, would you try it?"

B.—"Try it, sir? if we had only colonies to go to, as it used to be, I would have asked for a 'lifer' and got rest somewhere, but I would not give sixpence for a ticket-of-leave in England."

I went with a friend to see "The Orange Girl of Lambeth," which was much the same as the "Ticket-of-Leave Man" in plot, and when the last scene was set—which was a view of Chisel Beach, and the convict gangs at work in the quarries—pit, boxes, and gallery (the admission was from threepence to a shilling, dress circle) rose *en masse* and cheered to the echo; and I suspect the enthusiasm was caused by the fact that not a few of the audience had swung the manly pick there.

I shook hands with my convict friend at parting, and had a long talk with the head warder about him, and the warder said that he believed that the man was speaking the truth, and he had a sneaking liking for him himself. The real vagabonds, in his opinion, were the men who tried to gammon the parson and who come the repentant dodge. As regards the police in public prosecutions, he said, as a whole they are very fair, but of course some men are over zealous and officious, and if they have gone too far they never admit themselves to be wrong. "Now," he added, "that Birmingham shawl business, about which I believe the man

spoke the truth, rankles in his heart, and he is just the kind of man, who, if he got out and met the policeman against whom he is so bitter, he would kill him and be hung for it and not care a straw, and accept his fate as the inevitable; and but for that, if he was out again and met the officer who arrested him, he would laugh over it; for in my long experience I have always observed of the criminal class that they are very sensitive about what they call 'fair play.' I have had lots of murderers here who have confessed to the murder, and have made up their minds to be hung, and have been hung, and who have gone on to the warders in charge night and day to the last about some little bit of the evidence which they denied, whether it was essential or not."

We visited the four others of the gang who were in the Cornhill robbery, but they were very different from their chief, whom I interviewed, with the exception of one young fellow, who seemed to feel his position—they were *not* a nice lot. On passing out of Newgate we went through the exercising yard, where prisoners awaiting their trial were, and saw a perfectly different kind of burglar, a regular Bill Sikes, who was in for a very bad job, with a good off-chance of being tried for murder, as his victim was in the balance between life and death from a crack with a life-preserver. The man had been a hanger-on of the prize ring, and, curiously enough, I recognised him as a man whom I had seen twelve or fifteen years before sparring at a benefit, and incurring the indignation of the spectators for foul play against a young fellow who was a novice, and I was not sorry to hear that he would probably get penal servitude for life. I may remark that my pet burglar did not believe in life-preservers as a rule: he made no secret of his reasons, which were, that work should be done neatly; and he added, "I don't want to hurt a servant or inmate who neyer hurt me, and, besides, a crack on the head aggravates a whole neighbourhood." There was one fine young cavalry soldier amongst the prisoners, who had three ribbons on his coat, who had seen good service, and who felt his position very keenly, and kept his eyes on the ground as he marched round. The warder told me that the officers in the regiment were very anxious about him, as he was a capital soldier and there was not a mark against him in the garrison books. He was in on a charge of shoplifting, his accomplice being a handsome, fashionable-looking woman, who had been convicted several times. Let us hope he got off and that the woman got her deserts, for probably he had been trapped, and was quite ignorant of his companion's calling. Let me here observe that I have studiously refrained from cumbering this article with any sensationally morbid accounts of Newgate, the arcana of which were all open to me. It always strikes me that the gushing writing about murderers and executions is just so much poison. The Lefroy and Lamson murderers, and all that every one wrote and spoke

and said became an absolute nuisance and shame. I only speak of live puppets whom I have seen on the wires, and I try to represent them just as they were, and I have not referred to any newspaper or document of any kind with the exception of some notes which I made of my conversation with the burglar at the time.

And now I am going to give a sketch of Newgate in a state of siege; it was at the time of the Clerkenwell explosion, and my old friend the Governor wrote to me, and offered me a seat during the trials. He had a kind of small pew in the dock, and I found myself seated next to Mrs. Ann Justice, the woman who was the go-between and messenger, and communicated with Burke, a prisoner in Clerkenwell who planned the blow-up, and the conspirators.

London was in great excitement. We must most of us remember the daily parade through the street of the police van on its way to and from the police office, pending the magisterial enquiry, surrounded by mounted police; and the guard which was kept over Millbank, where the prisoners were confined. And when it came to the trial, the safety of Newgate was not forgotten, and I never should have supposed, had I not seen it, the inside precaution. I called at the Governor's lodge in the morning to go into the court, and, having business in various parts of the gaol, he took me round with him. The covered yard was occupied by a very strong body of police, armed with cutlasses and revolvers, and also at every passage of each entry and exit, and no one was allowed to pass who had not an order from the Governor. We were going across a kind of flying bridge, which led into the courts, and were stopped by Policeman X, who refused us unless we could show a written pass from the Governor. "I am the Governor," said Mr. Jonas; "let me pass directly." "I don't know you, sir, and I shall not without the pass," was the answer. The Governor winked at me and repeated, "I am the Governor of Newgate." The man was inexorable, and in a minute or two a warder was in view, and the Governor beckoned to him and said, "Come here and let me through." The warder, with the impetuousness of authority, shouted, "It's Mr. Jonas, the Governor."

Policeman X instantly stood aside.

"Give me your name and number," said the Governor.

"It is very hard," answered Mr. Bobby, "I only did my duty, sir."

"Now look here, officer, I will report you at head-quarters as *sure as you are born*" (policeman X looked justly angry), "and I shall tell your superiors that if every officer in London did his duty as well as you have done, London would be quite safe; and I shall ask him to put a special mark against your name for promotion." (Policeman X and the Governor looked at one another with mutual respect.)

Now I am not going to write a lot of padding about that trial, but simply to mention a few incidents which I don't think the public knew, for no one except ourselves could see what was going on inside the dock. First as regards the "desperate" conspirators. The man who was hung, Barrett, was an Irish-American or American-Irish Fenian, a very superior, well-educated man, with nerve and courage worthy of a better cause; and there was one other man who kept aloof from the others, a handsome man of about forty years of age, with a large tawny beard, who sat at one extreme end as Barrett did at the other; and neither of them held any communication with the other five (four men and Ann Justice, who seemed a most excitable and suspicious lady, and who kept on turning round sharply and enquiringly at me, and evidently could not reckon me up). The other four men were the most miserable, contemptible lot of cowards I ever saw, in fact one, a long tailor, was such a scarecrow, and his coat and black trousers were such absolute "razor straps" from wear and grease that I told the Governor if the man was hung I would give him an old coat to be hung in, for really he was not fit to be seen on the gallows. Mrs. Ann Justice was released for want of identity on the third or fourth day, and when she knew she might go she rushed out of the dock like a rabbit bolting out of a hole. The four seedy prisoners suffered all the agonies of death, in anticipation, throughout their trial, as they had a bucket of water near them and a mug, and they drank that bucket dry without much trouble, as they kept on all day like travel-worn dogs. I had not the slightest pity for them, for I don't think they cared a straw for the numbers who were killed and died directly or indirectly from that explosion, and they were just the kind of people who would delight in cruelty and bloodshed, as all cowards do, when they do so with impunity and safety to themselves. Of course the principal witnesses were informers, one of them being the notorious Corydon, a very smart, free-and-easy, good-tempered fellow, to all appearance, who had served in the American Civil War and who had the key to all the Fenian conspiracies in America and elsewhere. He was retained by the Government in Ireland and England, and was removed from place to place by the police, and no one except the police knew where he was at any time.

The trial went on for several days, and the case was proved up to the hilt against all, except the woman, and no doubt truthfully, by the informers and circumstantial evidence, but in only one case, that of Barrett, was it confirmed by an independent witness beyond all doubt whatever. The Chief Justice took four hours in summing up, and disentangled all the story from beginning to end, and pending the summing up, it was curious to watch the faces of the prisoners, sitting close by them as I was. Barrett's face was perfectly unreadable, as he never showed any symptom of

fear or anxiety of any kind, nor did the man with the big red beard, but the other four men, doubtless miserable dupes of designing men, though utterly callous to the sufferings of others, looked at one another and moaned, the perspiration poured off them, and they drank water cup after cup at a time. There was not the *least* moral doubt of their guilt, but the Chief Justice left most impartially and fairly with the jury the fact that in only one case was the approvers' evidence confirmed beyond doubt, and that they *must* either find in Barrett's case that a woman who, according to his, the judge's, opinion, had given the fairest evidence in the world, was a perjurer, or that Barrett was "guilty." Those who remember the trial, which only occurred some fifteen years ago or so, will bear in mind that Barrett only was found guilty, and the others had the benefit of the doubt and scuttled out of the dock, as Mrs. Justice had done before. But the scene between the Chief Justice and the capital convict is not easily forgotten by those who heard and saw it. The Chief Justice Cockburn hated passing sentence of death on a prisoner, for he was a very sensitive man on many points, though as courageous as a lion, and after the prisoner had been asked to say anything why sentence of death should not be passed, he was silent, and the judge had commenced passing sentence, when the prisoner urged that he was an American citizen and did not understand that he had waived his right to speak. The judge told him that, under the circumstances, if he pleaded ignorance, he might say a few words, and Barrett began, and did not mean stopping, though several times he was told that his remarks were irrelevant and only a treasonable speech. At last he was allowed to have his own way, and he spoke well and clearly, and wandered on about American Independence being only successful rebellion, and so on for three-quarters of an hour, and appealed to heaven and his open grave against "the tyranny of England," "justice to Ireland," and so on. Whilst he was speaking, my opinion was that he expected to escape the gallows, and when he had quite finished the Chief Justice took up the running, and answered him categorically, reminding him that without the ghost of a ship or an army, or a party, or a cause for waging war for national wrong, he had most cruelly and brutally exploded a barrel of gunpowder in the heart of a great city, knowing that it must cause death to women and little children who were round it. And the words went home, and for the first time the prisoner shook from head to foot, for he clearly saw that the judge did not hold out a prospect of mercy. They were nothing more or less than a gang of hired murderers who lived on agitation, and all deserved hanging. I don't suppose a fairer trial was ever heard, especially in the midst of great national excitement. It had some result anyhow, as now we hear upon good evidence that one of the greatest authorities in England informed his constituents that the Clerkenwell explosion

"drew attention to the *wrongs* of Ireland," and I am thankful to say that the brutal murder of two Government officials, one an amiable English nobleman and another a loyal and trusted secretary, drew attention to "*justice* to England" as regards sanctity of human life.

And a parting word about the late Governor, Mr. Jonas. He was one of the kindest and truest men I ever met, and many a long talk I had with him about crime and criminals: he looked on the latter, whoever they were, as people who were unfortunate, and did all in his power to induce them to be obedient and orderly in prison. He had an aversion to punishment for prison offences, and when a man broke out and became incorrigible he was ready, on the first sign of amendment, to meet him half way, and to persuade him that he was his own enemy. Moreover, he was very particular about the diet, and had a ration extra for himself sent from the general stock at every prison meal, and, as he told me, very often made his luncheon off it, as he could not get better cooking in his own kitchen. His idea about criminals was that the only hopelessly incorrigibles were the London pick-pockets and tramps, as work of any kind was wholly foreign to their nature. There was one thing on which he and the head warder were thoroughly agreed on, which was, if capital punishment was abolished no one's life would be safe in a gaol, as there were a class of desperate ruffians who were restrained by nothing but the fear of the gallows from having their revenge.

And now about this gallows. I read very carefully every word of the Commissioners' Report on the subject, when the Duke of Richmond presided over the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment. The very first authorities in the United Kingdom were examined, and reports from most Continental countries and from America were laid before the tribunal. The reasoning on both sides was very exhaustive and critical, and the most able arguments *pro* and *con.* were used. I am quite sure of one thing, which is, that the daily and hourly writing about capital convicts and their sayings and doings after conviction, and what their solicitor says and writes, and the sensational accounts of executions are simple poison to the public mind; men like Lefroy and Lamson had a regular kind of Court Circular daily about them, and the gallows was invested with a spurious dramatic interest which was *caviare* to the million. The writers on capital punishment, with due deference to them, are notoriously not always over particular about facts; and the accuracy of their evidence, in bullying a Home Secretary, is often very doubtful. One thing we know from experience, which is, that nine times out of ten, when a capital convict at the trial calls Heaven to witness that he or she is innocent, the chances always are that the prisoner is guilty in cases when all evidence is clear to common sense; as experience has proved that earnest denial is the last chance against un-

answerable facts, and the majority of those who, and whose friends, have emphatically protested that they were innocent, have confessed. There are more lies told about hanging than most things. Half the people in past days, whom I knew, and who had been to a public execution, said, "they were passing accidentally and saw the dreadful exhibition." It was impossible to see it accidentally, as no one could have been within half-a-mile of what used to be called "Hang Fair," without knowing it, owing to the crowd going or returning. In Thackeray's *Miscellanies*, there is a republished article from "Fraser" of 1840, "Going to See a Man Hanged," which to my mind is one of the most powerful pieces of writing of that great and good author. It is perfectly true and accurate, word for word. Dickens wrote a good deal about murders and hangings, but in a very different spirit from Thackeray, and I prefer the latter's matter-of-fact writing on the subject, though I cannot agree with the finish, as it winds up as an anti-capital punishment article *in toto*. I make no scruple in admitting that with malice prepense or from morbid curiosity, if people like to call it so, when I came to London I went to a hanging at Newgate, and was some hours, from daylight onwards, in the crowd, and afterwards at a window; and my idea was, and is, that the crowd of roughs was much the same as at a Lord Mayor's show, and their behaviour much the same too; there was a good deal of horse play, but I witnessed no special brutality, and when the execution came off, which was a very short ceremony, there was a dead silence almost in the crowd, who were all bare-headed, and presented a most extraordinary appearance as viewed from a high window; and I give the majority of them credit for the same feeling which came over me, which was one of intense pity for a fellow creature who was brought to such a miserable end, though he thoroughly deserved it. There was not much to shock one in it, when the chaplain and a warder or two were on the scaffold with the culprit, but when he was left standing alone, quite deserted by the *whole* world, above that enormous crowd, I felt that I would have fought the whole crowd, one down t'other come on, to have got the man away. The gallows to me had no more interest than a dentist's chair, and my humble impression is that all the padding in some of the papers about the "sheriffs' arrival and the mournful procession," and the "solemn words of the funeral service," and the remarks of the hangman, is an offence to common sense and journalism. I think the authorities who do admit the press use a wise discretion, and if there is bungling or unnecessary torture through carelessness, it should be known, and if the man wants to make a communication the press should be there to receive it. There should be no secrecy, and there should be no vulgar sensational reports. And at this moment, when nothing but fear of the gallows has made the assassination conspirators inform, it does seem to me monstrous that people should talk

about abolishing the power over life by the State. There are a class of people who are as dangerous as the pestilence, poisoners and assassins to wit, and public safety is quite ground enough for putting them away.

Cui bono? does anyone say?—all this talk about night cellars, gaols, Newgate, &c. My answer is, that it is useful in everyday life to “call a spade a spade,” and to see things with one’s own eyes instead of through sensational spectacles. I don’t think there is a man of any class, however high or low, with whom I have not talked unreservedly, man to man, *on* men and things in general, and my creed is that we are all somewhat alike, only different externally, owing to circumstances and the fashioning. I feel confident that if my friend the burglar and I had been in a distant colony together we should have got on like brothers; he was a well-educated man and a man with many noble feelings. On the contrary, I have known many men of good position and unsullied character outwardly, looked up to and respected (?)—no, *feared*, if people spoke the truth—in whom I could not find one single redeeming manly trait. I am not very fond of Dickens’s philosophy, outside his low comedy and melodramatic sketches: it is treason to say so, but I don’t see his puppets on the wires in everyday life, but *Dombey* was a *great* reality. He was a wonderful life portrait of the lowest of living creatures; of a class who put a wall of ice between themselves and mankind, whom we meet in every kind of society—cold, pompous, heartless, and highly (so called) respectable men.

And now *sat prata biberunt*. It is time that these sketches came to an end. They are jottings of past memories as they have come before me, almost entirely without reference to any book or paper, and they simply profess to be what they are styled—“Shadows from an Old Sun-Dial.”

THE END.

“WRIGHT, OF DERBY.”

THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

IF Derby has done nothing else, it has given its name to the “blue ribbon of the turf,” to rare china, to the “Rupert of Debate,” and to one of the not least famous of the founders of the English school of painting. Whenever the name of Joseph Wright is mentioned, the affix “of Derby” is invariably appended. “Wright, of Derby,” first used, no doubt, to distinguish him from another craftsman of the same name, has become a familiar colloquialism. Wright was emphatically “of Derby:” in Derby he was born, brought up, betrothed, became famous, died, and was buried. Out of the sixty-three years of his life, fifty-six years were spent in Derby; and of the remaining seven years, three were devoted to London, where, in his seventeenth year, Wright was a pupil under Hudson, the tutor of Reynolds and of Mortimer; two were expended in Italy, in the study of Michael Angelo; and the remaining two years were passed at Bath, which city Gainsborough had just left for the metropolis. Thus, over half a century of Wright’s honest, wholesome life was passed in his native town, where he received more commissions direct from the easel than any contemporary painter.

Derby has just awakened to a sense of the honour that is conferred upon her by her painter-son. She is worthily showing her gratitude by dedicating the gift to the town of the Corporation Art Gallery by a collection of the pictures of Joseph Wright. The idea—which originated with Mr. William Bemrose, the publisher, and a kinsman by marriage of Wright’s family—was a happy one. It has been happily carried out. Possessors of the paintings of Wright were invited to send their canvases to the Wright collection. The appeal has met with such a general and generous response that the committee are enabled to exhibit a thoroughly representative gathering of examples in the several directions in which Wright made for himself something more than a local reputation. Unfortunately, the authorities of the National Gallery will not allow Wright’s acknowledged masterpiece, “The Air Pump” (No. 725 on their walls), to leave that institution; while we miss the pathetic picture, “The Dead Soldier,” made familiar by Bovinet’s engraving; and “The Forge,” which was at Broadlands (R.A., 1871, No. 245); but the Derby exhibition is very comprehensive, and contains, perhaps, more of Wright’s work than has ever before been collected under one roof since Wright

himself exhibited, nearly a hundred years ago, a collection of twenty-five of his paintings at George Robins' rooms, Great Piazza, Covent Garden, London, several of which are in the present collection, in almost as good a condition as when they left the artist's studio. The collection shows all the sides of Wright's wonderful versatility. Looking through the gallery one is struck with the indomitable industry of the man. The larger portion of his working life was marred by nervous suffering, brought about by too continuous a devotion to study while in Italy. This illness prostrated him for months at a time; it followed him to his death. But though the Derby exhibition contains but a portion of what he painted, we have presented to us no less than one hundred and fifteen ambitious paintings; and thirty-three original studies and sketches. Among the various noblemen, ladies, and gentlemen, who have lent their pictures may be mentioned Lord Scarsdale, Lord Belper, Lord Houghton, the Marquess of Lansdowne, the Hon. Mrs. E. W. Griffith, the Rev. Sir George Wilmot-Horton, M.A., Bart., Sir Henry Wilmot, Bart., V.C., C.B., M.P., H. Chandos Pole-Gell, Esq., C. E. Newton, Esq., Fitzherbert Wright, Esq., F. C. Arkwright, Esq., F. Beresford Wright, Esq., W. Bemrose, Esq., N. C. Curzon, Esq., the Corporation of Liverpool (from "The Walker Art Gallery"), the Trustees of the National Gallery, and others.

The opening of the Wright exhibition at Derby this Eastertide was a vital event in the intellectual history of the Midland borough. Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, the art director of South Kensington, was at the private view, and enthusiastic in his praise; while Mr. Seymour Haden, our premier etcher, when asked at the inaugural conversazione to say a few words about Wright and his work, struck the right key-note when he remarked that Wright could say more for himself by the canvases on the walls before the company than many speeches, and he accordingly left Wright to speak for himself. Mr. John Ruskin, in his *Modern Painters*, calls painting, or art generally, as such, with all its technicalities, difficulties, and particular ends, a noble and expressive language. And when Mr. Seymour Haden asked Wright to speak for himself, he had heard the clear language of the man of mind speak from his canvases. If Wright did need anything saying in his favour, it was said by the Mayor of Derby, when he alluded to the ability of the painter in mixing his colours: brilliant, yet mellow; attractive, yet enduring. These pictures of Wright's were, it must be remembered, painted more than a century ago. Yet the pigments have retained their pristine freshness and power; they are almost as fresh as when they left the easel. This is all the more remarkable when we take into account that Wright did not achieve his effects by painful thicknesses of colour. He never loaded; he never plastered paint on with the palette knife; he never, as a great critic cogently observes, "lays tint over tint till a figure

has as many vests as the grave digger in Hamlet." There is no evidence of labour. Nearly all his great pictures are so thinly painted that the texture of the canvas is discernible under a body as rich as it is transparent. Wright's brush was never overcharged; and yet the colours retain their original strength: whites, greys, carnations, golden and silvery tints stand, while Sir Joshua, Gainsborough, Wilkie, and Turner decompose. It would be worth while living a hundred years past one's allotted existence to contemplate the condition of the pictures of the great painters of the present day. Turner's adulterated colours are fleeting frauds, and the masterpieces of the giant Sir Edwin Landseer are already showing painful signs of premature decay, "The Bolton Abbey" and the "Laying Down of the Law" are cracking and tessellating, leaving black disfigurements where there should be a glow and glory of colour. If the process of decomposition is not arrested, these splendid examples of Landseer's power will only be worth the gilded frames in which they are hung. Wright evidently interested himself in the purity of his pigments. He painted for posterity. His colours defy the insidious advances of time. Now and again he has been spoiled by ignorant bespatterers of varnish, who seek to "improve" old pictures, as ignorant architects seek to "restore" old churches.

Before we study Wright's pictures, let us for one moment regard the painter himself. He comes of the great middle-class of society. His grandfather was a Derby solicitor; his father, also following the legal profession, was known as "Equity Wright," because of the even balance of his judgments. Born on September 3rd, 1734, at No. 28, Iron Gate, Derby, Joseph Wright early showed a natural aptitude for art. This inclination his father for a time discouraged. Pope when

"As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
Lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came."

The painter's power came to Wright as an inheritance from Nature; it was inherent in his head, heart, and hand, and forced itself into expression. There is some latent truth, after all, in blundering Dogberry's declaration that reading and writing are the gifts of nature. Chantrey carved when a child, riding a donkey laden with milk for the Sheffield market; the boy Turner painted in his father's shaving shop. Wright was born in an age when the facilities for art education were few; there were no schools of art; South Kensington belonged to the future; the National Gallery did not exist.

Wright's knowledge of drawing must have been to a great extent intuitive. His early efforts were done secretly in an attic, for fear his father should discover his employment. "Equity Wright," however, saw the bent of his boy's mind, and in his seventeenth year Master Joseph was sent to London to study under

Hudson. After a novitiate of two years he returned to his home, painted the portraits of his kindred, and the opulent Derbeians of that day. He had then achieved the mature age of nineteen. In 1756 he had a second session under Hudson, lasting fifteen months; after he had completed this term, he came back to his native town. A room in the Town Hall was allotted to the ambitious young artist, the limitations of his father's residence preventing his canvases being advantageously displayed. In 1765 we find Wright exhibiting at the Great Room, in Spring Gardens Charing Cross, London. Eight years afterwards he was married. He at once proceeded to Italy, the Mecca of every painter's pilgrimage. At Rome he applied himself so closely to his calling that he shattered his health. He copied, on an extensive scale, the drawings of Michael Angelo, in the Capella Festina of the Vatican. His sojourn in Italy, despite the saying of De Loutherbourg, that “no English landscape painter needs foreign travel to collect grand prototypes for his study,” exercised an important influence upon his work. He was fortunate to see a memorable eruption of Vesuvius. This scene of fiery splendour and poetic horror he studied from all positions. He has reproduced the spectacle in several notable pictures. He made himself familiar, too, with the caves at Capri and the grotto of Pausillipo. These places he has turned to good artistic advantage. In 1775 Wright returned to England. He was located for two years at Bath, but the western city does not appear to have favourably impressed him. He left it for Derby, where he remained (with the exception of a holiday in the English Lake-district) until the day of his death, which occurred on the 29th August, 1797. The dust of the gifted artist is interred in St. Alkmund's Church, Derby: a tablet, with a sympathetic inscription, marks the place of his sepulchre in the fine old parish fane. The artist spirit remained with him to the end. Two hours before he died, a painter-friend came to his bedside. Wright had lost the power of utterance, but he drew his fingers upon the sheets and traced outlines thereon, to express the rapture they had once mutually enjoyed in the same calling. “We are going to Heaven, and Vandycke's of the company,” said Gainsborough; and Joseph Wright, mutely tracing a picture upon the sheets that would soon be his shroud, showed the ruling passion to be strong in death.

Although a confirmed valetudinarian, Wright appears to have been a very amiable one. Mr. William Bemrose, in a graceful memoir, to be followed by a sumptuous “Life,” gives us some graphic glimpses of the inner life of this great man. Here is a genial picture:—

“Painting was not Wright's only pursuit. He was a real lover of music, and was considered by those able to judge to be a first-rate amateur performer upon the flute, which he was taught by Tacet. From the instrument being at first placed in his left hand

he could never play right-handed, and to accommodate so unusual a habit he had a flute specially made with two additional parts. Mr. Denby, the organist of All Saints' Church, at this time had weekly concerts at his house, at which Wright played the flute, Burdet the violoncello, and the Rev. Mr. Hope 'thorough bass on the harpsichord,' the Rev. Mr. Blackwall and Mr. Charles Denby first and second violins. These were joyous evenings, in which Wright took a prominent part, as, though naturally shy and retiring, he was of a social and lively disposition, and became the life of the party. An old inhabitant of Derby, Mr. Haden, used to relate that Wright once asked him whether he should teach him to draw or to play on the flute, and that he foolishly chose the latter. Wright, he said, was a very pleasant master, and told him that Madeira was the best medicine for the flute, therefore, when he gave him a lesson, he always ordered in a bottle of Madeira. Mrs. Cade (his daughter) has related that he used to play upon the flute in the evening, after he had prepared his palette for the next day; and that the Rev. Thomas Gisborne was in the habit of drawing with him in the morning, and playing upon the flute in the evening. She also recollected going with him to Darley Grove, where he delighted to hear the echoes to his flute."

The personal appearance of Wright is well conveyed to the present generation by his own portraits, of which there are no less than seven in the Derby Gallery. A mezzotint of himself at forty-five, with a broad-brimmed hat and a quaint brown coat, has made his features familiar to most people. A verbal portrait of Wright occurs in the *Monthly Magazine* of October, 1797, from which we extract the following:—

"In his person he was rather above the middle size, and when young was esteemed a very handsome man; his company was then much courted, on account of his pleasing vivacity and convivial habits; his eyes were prominent and very expressive; in his manners he was mild, unassuming, modest to an extreme, generous, and full of sensibility, with the perfect carriage of a gentleman; honourable and punctual in all his transactions, he entertained the most utter contempt for everything like meanness or illiberality; and his good heart felt but too poignantly for the misconduct of others. . . .

"It is pleasing to record, that in his works the attention is ever directed to the cause of virtue; that his early historical pictures consist of subjects either of rational or moral improvement, and he has succeeded admirably in arresting the gentler feelings of humanity; for what eye or heart ever remained unmoved at the sight of 'Maria,' 'Sterne's Captive,' or 'The Dead Soldier?' In his works 'not one immoral or corrupted thought' occurs to wound the eye of delicacy, or induce a wish that so exquisite a pencil had found employment on more worthy subjects."

It would have, perhaps, been better for Wright's fame had he

not remained “Wright, of Derby.” He was a recluse in the dull little Midland town. He was remote from the atmosphere of art. It is possible to imagine that had he lived in London his name would now have been as familiar to the world as the names of Sir Joshua, Romney, and Gainsborough. It, of course, is all the more evidence of his powers that he was able, despite his provincial imprisonment, to exercise so strong an interest in his own day. The criticism of his contemporaries is that of unstinted praise. The *University Magazine*, of 1795, speaks of “the celebrated painter, Wright, of Derby, and his very fine figure, the ‘Captive,’ from Sterne;” and another authority of standing thus comments on the exhibition of Wright’s pictures at George Robins’ rooms, Covent Garden:

“Yesterday, Mr. Wright’s exhibition was opened at the above rooms. It consists of twenty-five paintings, and considering the variety of subjects, and the effect of different lights, coming from one master, it is universally acknowledged by artists and amateurs to be the noblest spectacle of the kind ever shown in this kingdom; to endeavour at enumerating the beauties of these performances would, upon a *coup d’œil*, be precipitate, and by far exceed the limits of our paper. We shall, however, at different periods lay before our readers a particular account of these noble productions as they stand in the catalogue; except that grand scene of the Destruction of the Floating Batteries off Gibraltar, which we cannot resist the present impulse of mentioning out of its turn. In this picture, Mr. Wright has represented a view of the extensive scenery, combined with the action on the 13th September, 1782, in which his design is sublime, and his colouring natural and brilliant beyond description. We never remember to have seen shadow painted so little like substance as those in the foreground, which gain great strength and richness from the prodigious brightness of the grand explosion at a distance; but we feel ourselves inadequate to the task of pointing out the various merits of this phenomenon in the imitative arts, which proves the painter is unique in the extraordinary line of the charming study he has so happily pursued.”

Local anecdote says more than printed criticism about Wright’s powers. We are told of one of Wright’s painted dogs that a living dog came with lively emotions and licked the canvas. Mr. Bemrose shows that the dog was not singular in having paid such an unintentional compliment to the artist, as the following authenticated anecdotes show:

“Mrs. Morewood, of Alfreton Hall, went with her friend, Mr. Holland, of Ford House, to see some painting at Wright’s rooms, when looking at the portraits of the three children of Mr. Walter Synnott, grouped in the act of letting a dove fly, while the empty wickerwork bird-cage was introduced in the foreground, she desired Mr. Holland would remove the bird-

cage, as it obstructed her view of the lower part of the picture; it is almost needless to add that the cage was made of paint and not wickerwork, and that Wright thanked the lady for the compliment she had thus unconsciously paid him. At another time, a man who had occasion to enter the painting-room when the picture of the 'Old Man and his Ass' (from Sterne) stood upon the floor, tried to kick away the saddle, so as to obtain a better view of the picture. And on another occasion, it is said, a gentleman, on entering the room, bowed to the full-length portrait of the late Mr. Charles Hurt, of Wirksworth, which was placed near the fire to dry, thinking it was Mr. Hurt himself who was in the room."

Similar anecdotes have been told of all the great painters. There is a terse tradition of the contest of Zeuxis with Parrhasius, the birds coming to pick, with the greatest avidity, the grapes which Zeuxis had painted, and Parrhasius deceiving Zeuxis with his simulated curtain which he thought real tapestry; of the horse of Alexander the Great neighing in recognition of the steed in Apelles' picture, supposing it to be alive; and of Quentin Matsys, the divine Dutchman, so faithfully painting a bee on the outstretched arm of an angel, that when a fellow artist, visiting his studio, saw it, he took his handkerchief to brush it away.

Wright commanded good prices in his day. His diary shows he made £16,038 out of his brush; but the figures are not inclusive. Perhaps Mr. John Everett Millais (with an income of forty thousand a year from portraits alone), Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Edwin Long, Mr. Alma Tadema, and other Princes of the Palette, will smile at hearing that the highest price Wright received for a portrait was £126, and that his "Siege of Gibraltar" was sold for £420; but the figures, when measured by the standard of a century ago, are not to be despised. Besides, Wright had quarrelled with the Royal Academy. No notice of his life would be complete which omitted mention of his relationship with the Forty. He first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1778. He was elected an associate in November, 1781. In 1784 he was made a full member, but he declined the honour of fixing R.A. to his name. The reason for this ill-feeling may be found in the fact that Wright was too brusque for the clique which then managed artistic matters in London. The pictures he sent to the academy were not "skied," but so badly hung that they were disfigured by the feet of the sightseers. He was also rejected as an R.A. at a time when a Mr. Garvey, an artist who could not paint, was a successful candidate, and this was when Wright was producing his best pictures—pictures which entitled him to a foremost place in the academical body. The Academy, however, repented of the neglect they had shown Wright, and deputed their secretary, Newton, to wait upon Wright in Derby and solicit his acceptance

of the diploma, which he indignantly declined. The autocratic Academy had, in the first place, disdained to honour the provincial painter. The provincial could be equally despotic. He disdained to honour the Royal Academy. What cared he, pray, for initials to a name that now needed no credential? The affix “R.A.” would, no doubt, now seem to Joseph Wright a title of simple supererogation. Do you remember the story recorded of a certain French journalist, when the first Napoleon took him familiarly by the ear and said, “I intend to give you the Legion of Honour!” The great man answered, “Thank you, sire, thank you. But could not your Majesty give it to my father?—he values such things.” In some such spirit Wright must have regarded the distinctions of the Royal Academy of Arts. The *entente cordiale*, however, seems to have been established between Wright and the Academy four years after he had rejected their overtures, for we find him exhibiting in 1788-9-90 and 1794, but in each case he omits the Associate’s initials from his name.

Coming from the Man to his Work, we find the artist as noble as the individual. The Derby exhibition will serve the purpose of determining his place amongst the shining great ones who founded the English school. There will, no doubt, be conflicting opinions and contradictory verdicts as to the precise position to be awarded him in the hierarchy of Art; and the critics will remain undecided as to the line of art in which Wright found his real *metier*. Up to the present time he has been distinguished for his lamp-light and fire-light effects painted in strong *chiaroscuro*. And in this branch, in his wonderful treatment of luminous reflections on opaque backgrounds he, perhaps, does stand unrivalled; but this exposition of light and shadow is apt to be regarded as a mannerism, masterly though it be. This is noticeable in the Bladder pictures, of which there are several examples, all of which are actuated by the same cunning trick of style. More highly wrought and potent are his groups seen by artificial light, such as (No. 12) “The Gladiator,” where the artist has introduced himself in profile; (No. 16) “The Farrier’s Shop” (scene, Dale Abbey); (No. 19) “The Alchymist, in search of the Philosopher’s Stone, discovers Phosphorus, and prays for the successful conclusion of his operation, as was the custom of the ancient chymical astrologers—the electric lustre of the phosphorus escaping from the glass retort illuminates the place, and reveals accessories painted with the minuteness of a Dutch master’s interior, while the expression on the boy’s face in the background is dramatic in its force;” and (No. 48) “The Orrery,” in which a philosopher is giving a lecture on the Orrery, and where a lamp is put in the place of the sun. Six portraits are introduced in this wonderful composition, which Pether’s mezzotint has made familiar to the people who have not had the good fortune to study the original. Wright, in his lifetime, was known as “Orrery Wright.” The picture

invoked several notable poems. It shows at once Wright's power as a portrait painter, and his skill in teaching reflected light. The head of the philosopher has the strength of Velasquez :

"What awful science in that face appears,
Replete with wisdom and made grey with years."

But Wright's claim to be regarded as a master need not rest on the *chiaroscuro* speciality of his art. The Derby exhibition will dismiss many popular delusions. We have only heard of Wright as an English Schalken. Of his consummate colour faculty, of his mastery of drawing, of his skill in expression, we had heard little or nothing. As a portrait painter he was seldom mentioned. If the Derby exhibition reveals anything, it is the fact that Wright's most striking artistic qualities appear in his portraits. There are numerous examples of his powers as a portrait painter. One or two of them reach the Sir Joshua Reynold's height of ideal excellence, notably the portraits of children, and especially (No. 24) three of Mr. Newton's children gathering cherries, and (No. 61) two of Mr. Pickford's children, the gentle spaniel in the latter picture having the fidelity of one of Landseer's canine creations. Wright's portraits differ from the academical portraiture of his period. Many of them are styled "Conversation Pictures," which, while they remain faithful likenesses, at the same time introduce some pleasing piquancy, some hint of pathos, some suggestion of poetry. As Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, an authority on the subject, remarks in a critical notice : "There was probably no man of his day who could draw the figure better, and very few who could go so straight to the effects they desired to produce. . . . He had none of the *bravura* of Hals or the mysterious brush-play of Rembrandt; it is rather of the simple precision of Hogarth and the quiet certainty of Van der Helst that his touch is reminiscent; but he certainly had as much command over his materials as any painter of his day. It would, for instance, be difficult to find painter's work more expressive and less laboured. . . . He not only never fails, but succeeds without apparent effort. . . . Some appearance of hesitation, some touch of the tentative, would be a relief to it; but it is masterly, and not least in representing the most subtle of all textures—human flesh." The ease in thus securing effect is to our thinking one of Wright's most artistic achievements. He has the art to hide his art.

As a landscape painter Wright is not eminent, save in pictures of fireworks and conflagration, eruption and bombardment. Then his work ceases to be conventional. In the case of (No. 49) "The Annual Girandolo, at the Castle of S. Angelo, at Rome, 1774," Rome, in the distance, in a display of fireworks from the Castle of S. Angelo, it reaches the sublime. The *Athenæum* calls it "an epoch-making picture." But in the treatment of rock and foliage under natural atmosphere, Wright has not the power

of his friend Wilson, who said to him, “Give me your firelight, and I will give you my daylight.” One or two canvases, however, show how narrowly Wright escaped being a landscape painter, as, for example (No. 70), “The Head of Ulleswater Lake from Lyulph’s Tower.” It is one of the last pictures he painted, and the foreground is unfinished; but the water is liquid light; the reflection of the hills, the idea of distance, and the sense of atmosphere are charmingly rendered. The dark cloud casting a corresponding shadow on the foreground, and forming an oval frame for the flood of sunlight which illumines the centre of the landscape, is a very clever and original effect. A large Shakespearian study shows still another side of Wright’s versatility: (No. 93) “Romeo and Juliet, act 5, scene 3,” where *Romeo* lies dead, and *Juliet*, just recovered from her swoon, with dagger in her determined hand, is apprised of the approaching watchman by his shadow, is strongly dramatic, and one regrets that Wright did not devote his attention to more work of this classic character. Even more evidence of the artist’s various endowments is afforded by No. 30, “The Allegory of the Old Man and Death,” in which the old man has dropped his bundle of sticks, frightened at the approach of the grisly apparition stalking towards him. The ruined abbey, the rank vegetation, the fading foliage, and dark water, are all in sympathy with the scene. The picture is really a pre-Raphaelite production, in its analytic force. The expression of terror on the old man’s face is a touch of genius that haunts the spectator after he has left the canvas.

Other notable pictures are (No. 1) “Scene from ‘Winters Tale,’” a Turner-like effect of ghastly white light on a mysterious sea; (No. 38) “The Captive,” from Sterne; and (No. 64) Sterne’s “Maria,” the latter as sympathetic as the former is melodramatic; (No. 58) “Edwin,” from Dr. Beattie’s “Minstrel,” etched by Mr. Seymour Haden; also two of Wright’s own children, painted in Greuze’s sunny manner. Mention has been made of the Bladder pictures, of which Wright made a somewhat unsavoury speciality. Of these we have four fine examples. (No. 6) “Two Boys with Bladder.” One boy is blowing the bladder, his companion is looking on. A lighted candle on the table reveals with amazing power the texture and markings of the extended skin, and lights up the boys’ faces. (No. 14) “Boy and Girl with a Blown Bladder.” The boy is holding the bladder, and the girl’s hands are extended to clasp it. The reflection of the hands on the thin surface of the bladder shows a mastery of light and shade worthy of a more inviting subject. No. 68 shows a girl balancing a blown bladder, and is very skilfully painted. No. 76 portrays a boy in the act of blowing a bladder. These Bladder pictures appear to have been in request in their day, for the majority of them have been engraved. An interesting department of the Exhibition is devoted to Wright’s water-colours, ink and chalk

drawings, prints after his pictures, and personal relics of the painter. The sketches show at once the diligence and precision of the artist. They also evince that he never sacrificed outline for colour, and in this respect we see the influence of Hudson's pragmatic tuition. The relics are interesting because they are genuine, and include Wright's palette and mahl-stick, his seal and shoe-buckles, together with a minute diary of the titles, prices, and owners of his pictures, domestic notes, &c., &c.

Altogether, the Derby exhibition will do much to enhance the reputation of Joseph Wright. If it does not place him amongst the Immortals, it will rescue him from neglect. Posterity will not now willingly forget his name.

EDWARD BRADBURY.

THE TRACYS' WIND.

"Ever the Tracys
Have the wind in their faces."—OLD SAYING.

"HEAVE ho! heave ho! my mariners, and cast my moorings free;
Fair blows the wind for Holy Land, and fair our course shall be!"
Cheerly the master's whistle blows, yarely the ship-boys strain,
And steadily our good ship goes forth for the open main.

The folk that throng her decks along be a diverse companie—
Merchants are there with merchant ware for marts beyond the sea;
And pilgrims, clad in weeds of grey, all bound by vows to God
Barefoot to tread each hallowed way that Christ our Saviour trod;
And valiant soldiers of the Faith, pledged by the red-cross sign
To draw the sword on the Paynim horde in the fields of Palestine.

Our sails are spread, and fast they swell the blessed wind before;
And there are wavings of farewell as fainter grows the shore.
But see! a boat; and hark! we hear the boatman's loud halloo,
"For gold, or for Our Lady dear, good mariners lay-to."

Within that boat, as fast it nears, a goodly knight is seen;
Stately and tall his form appears, but dark and stern his mien.
Beside him, 'neath the thwarts, are laid his arms and armour
bright—
Helmet and shield and battle-blade meet for a noble knight.

But no device decks that good shield, nor yet the helmet's crest,
But all is black as are the plumes of the raven's murky breast;
And raven black are all the weeds that wrap that knight I ween,
Save where displayed on shoulder-blade the Red-cross sign is seen.

"Ho! Master Mariner," he cries, "fain would I fare with thee
Unto the strand of Holy Land—rich shall thy guerdon be."
The master doffs and louts him low—well loves he golden hoard—
Nor seeks the warrior's name to know, but welcomes him aboard.

Again their ropes the ship-boys ply, again their sails are spread,
But idly flapping now they lie on the cordage overhead.
That prosperous wind that on our way before did waft us free
Failed suddenly, and now the ship rocks idly on the sea.

But suddenly the sky ahead, that was before so bright,
Grows dark, and dark the waves below, with the blackness of the
night ;
And from beneath that murky cloud the lightning flashes now,
And a rushing squall bursts o'er the sea, and strikes us on our
prow.

The merchant men, the pilgrim folk, call on Our Lady dear,
But to the knight the ship-boys turn with looks of wrath and fear;
And speaks the master mariner, crossing his breast and brow,
"What dost thou here, thou evil knight; say who and what art
thou ;
What deed of thine hath drawn the curse of Heaven our ship
upon ?
Haste thee, and shrive thee of thy sin ; or haste thee, and begone."

The knight from where he sat apart, rose up, but nought he said,
Proudly before himself he bore, now hung he down his head.
He quailed to meet that shipman's eye, or look him in the face,
Though of great Rollo's stock he came, and the kingly Norman
race.

Forth from among the pilgrim throng a grey-haired priest there
passed,
One that had served his Master long in penance and in fast.
Earth had no saintlier man, nor one whose fame for holiness
Was widelier revered or known—nor who desired it less.
Of this world's gifts he did but crave one only blessing more—
A grave beside that hallowed grave where Christ was laid of yore.

Upon his knees the knight sank down before that holy man,
And heavily his moan made he, and fast his shrift began :
"Absolve me, father, for with Heaven favour and power hast thou,
But I—Heaven will not hear my prayer; no, nor accept my vow.

"Fighting beneath the Cross to fall, on yonder holy shore,
Is all I seek; yet still the seas refuse to waft me o'er.
Behold the Tracy, whose foul deed through earth and heaven is
known,
Who slew the blessed saint of God before God's altar-stone!"

That holy father turned aside and heaved a bitter sigh,
Then sternly looked he on the knight, though a tear was in his
eye :
"Shrive may I not, though morn and eve for thee my prayers
shall be.
Begone, and take from us the curse that still must bide with thee.

Those feet that with St. Thomas' blood bemired the House of God
Shall never tread that sacred soil where Christ and saints have
trod ;

Nor ever shall the sword that cleft his consecrated head
Strike for the faith where Paynims quake at the Red-cross
Standard spread ;

And for a sign of wrath divine on thee and on thy race,
Turn where ye will, the wind of Heaven shall smite you in the
face."

Forth passed the knight. And lo! the skies grew smiling as
before,

And merrily the fresh wind filled our swelling sails once more,
And merrily our good ship sped across the summer sea,
But never did the Tracy tread the fields of Galilee.

F. SCARLETT POTTER.

“QUATTRO OCCHI.”¹

FOUR eyes—for the rosy glow
Of the dawning over the sea ;
When springing up like a god from his rest,
The great sun flushes the ocean's breast,
And the life and the heart to the new day's zest
Wake joyous, fresh and free.

Four eyes—for the gloaming hour,
The soft pathetic light ;
When Nature dreams in a golden hush,
When the dusk air thrills to the rivers' rush,
And the lingering gaze wakes the happy blush
Where four eyes watch for night.

our eyes—for the magic page,
Of the poet's ringing rhyme ;
To meet as the strain with the heart accords,
And the rise and fall of the measured words
Strikes full and clear on the tremulous chords,
That Love has strung for Time.

Four eyes—to flash back laughter
In the season of fearless mirth ;
Four eyes—to glisten, and fill, and weep,
As the grain is lost from the ears we reap,
As the gems drop out from the circlet we keep,
To crown the joys of earth.

Ah me ! do they watch I wonder,
Those lost eyes brown and true ?
Can pitying “painless sympathies”
Dim their peaceful radiance up in the skies,
As they see the weary yearning rise
In the twins that once they knew ?

SUSAN K. PHILLIPS.

¹ Tuscan phrase.



**"The haunts of Peace,
Where some broad river winds through beds of reeds
Beneath the shadow of the lonely hills."** Digitized by Google

❖ TIME. ❖



JUNE, 1883.



A REAL QUEEN.

CHAPTER IV.

Light up the hall—throw wide the door :
The house is white, without, within :
Each secret nook is swept and clean,
With greenest rushes on the floor.

The spirit of infinite unrest
Who till to-night possessed my gate
Hath flown, before the hour's too late
To welcome in a better guest.

* * * * *

Who needs to knock when doors are wide ?
Welcome ! For none would seek to pass
These portals save the pure. Alas !
'Tis He—'tis He, with seven beside !

THAT terrible discovery—that his niece was dead, and that Silver Moldwarp was an impostor—had fallen with crushing force upon Æneas Fane. Up to that moment, there was not a more perfectly happy elderly gentleman in existence ; he had no anxieties, no troubles, no cares. As a justice of the peace, and as otherwise the most important person in the parish, he could feel himself of use in the world, and, since his actual duties amounted to nothing, he might lie down to sleep every night of his life in the happy consciousness that all had been well done and none omitted. But, above all, he possessed the one, true, infallible secret of human happiness—he had a hobby. Not only so, but he possessed in Pix Knoll a treasure house of ever fresh antiquity to which Pompeii was a poor modern invention, only fit to amuse

the vulgar, and the British Museum little more than a lumber room. Moreover, he rode his hobby with brains—with real brains, in their way. He was not a mere collector, but had staked his mind and his soul upon the belief that, from the historical fossils of Pix Knoll he, a greater Cuvier, was restoring, not merely the skeletons of birds and beasts, but the very image of prehistoric Man—accounting for the unaccountable, and playing *Cædipus* to the arch *Sphynx* of the world. Nor as yet had his theories been put upon printed paper, and so exposed to that microscopic criticism of envious or jealous rivals which robs great discoveries of so much of their bloom. As yet he was in the happy state of being his own public, his own only critic, and the judge of his own present merits and future fame. Nor was he, like so many great collectors and other discoverers, troubled by his womankind: while at the same time he had the advantage over those no less many others who are without womankind to trouble them. His nieces, united, did not amount to a wife. A wife—a thousand to one—would have distracted his attention, made havoc of his flints, dusted his shelves, despised his hobby as stuff and nonsense, and sent Silver Moldwarp about his business pretty quickly. All this she would have done had she been a woman of tact: if she had been otherwise—but that supposition is too cruel. Rosamond and Sophy simply gave the house its home feeling, and kept the flints from turning too hard and cold. If he loved the work of Silver Moldwarp's rascally fingers like a poet and a lover, he would have given his second-best arrow-head to save either of the children from any real and lasting sorrow. Can many men say as much? Can any whole-hearted collecting man say more? Nay, I will go further—he would have given up all hope of obtaining a real Phœnician sun-dial to save Rosamond from dying. But when her horrible death was accompanied at the same moment by clear and open proof that Silver Moldwarp was an impostor, forger, cheat, that he himself, *Æneas Fane*, had been a dupe and an idiot, and that Pix Knoll, instead of being a library of unwritten history, was merely a common chalk pit—why then Rosamond's fate was only death, but Silver Moldwarp's exposure was the end of the world. Life had come down with a run, like a house of cards: and what is so hideous as to wake to the consciousness of a fooled and wasted life when one is no longer young enough to begin again?

For years afterwards Sophy could not bring herself to think of the terrible time that followed; for months she, child as she was, feared to lie down in her bed, for fear it should haunt her dreams. No very deep feelings were needed to make it seem as if, with the loss of Rosamond, life had been roughly wrenched in two; while to Oswald and the few neighbours it seemed as if her uncle would never recover from the blow. Incapable of imagining that he was half maddened, or rather half paralysed, with the murder

of his hobby-horse, and believing him to be somewhat dull and cold-hearted, the apparent breaking of his heart over the loss of his niece bewildered even the parish doctor; he seemed unable to lift up his head, and kept his room in what was taken for an excess of grief, but was in reality an agony of shame. He did grieve for Rosamond—more, perhaps, than he himself knew. But the greater passion must needs swallow up the less; and, while the flints of Pix Knoll were the ruins of a man's pride and vanity, the loss of Rosamond was just the loss of Rosamond, and nothing more. It was but a miserable part of an infinitely more miserable whole.

Oswald, helped by the Pitcairns and the Doctor, thought his best for Sophy—all that was left of Rosamond in the world. The house whence her sister had been taken and where her uncle was in this state of mind and body was no place for a child to be left in alone. But even this grave consideration had to be delayed; for at the first suggestion of Sophy's going to stay for a little while with the Pitcairns, uncle Æneas broke into a fit of anger—the first in which he had ever been seen. He never seemed to want the child about him, and yet he was manifestly unable to bear the thought that he was to be deprived of the last real thing, however trifling, that had been left him of his exploded collection. So Sophy had to be left alone for the present: and then the anger fit was succeeded by one of brooding in absolute silence and solitude. "We must have another opinion," said the Doctor to Oswald. "He'll be going melancholy mad: and I don't understand it at all. Of course it's bad to lose a niece in that way, poor young thing, or in any other—but it's not a thing to go mad for. Why the poor girl's lover, if she'd been old enough to have one, couldn't have done more." But, at the end of many days, Sophy herself was startled by the sudden appearance of uncle Æneas in the drawing-room; he had not made his appearance once among his shelves and drawers since their contents had been proved to be lies.

He did not say a word, or even seem to notice that she was there—though, indeed, that was Sophy's way, to be wherever anything was happening, and to see without being seen. Some change appeared to have come over the old gentleman, though the child was still too young to realise what it meant to him to come among the treasures which had turned to dust and rubbish, like Fairy gold. After a moment or two he went out of the room, and presently returned, dragging in a large sack, which had once held potatoes. Then he pulled out all his shelves and his drawers, tossed and swept their contents into the sack, and rang the bell for the housemaid. "Send Pritchard here," said he.

The man came. "Pritchard," said uncle Æneas, shortly, "put this sack of rubbish into a wheelbarrow, wheel it to the cliff, and turn it over into the sea. Sophy, my dear," he said, turning

to his niece, "Of all the idiotic crazes that a man can take up, archæology is the most idiotic and the most crazy. It was invented by rogues to cheat fools—or else by fools to give rogues a trade. What can it signify what men did before we were born? Not a flint—not a flint, Sophy!"

Sophy had now and then thought herself rather wicked for not being able to respect the flints sufficiently, or to see their beauties. But the loss of her sister, her heroine, almost her idol, had left her little heart very sore, and the tears ran to her eyes when she saw her uncle contemptuously discarding the household gods with his own hands. And to be thrown over that cliff—where Rosamond had gone to be swallowed by the sea which Sophy felt she would dread and hate for evermore!

But uncle Æneas had become wonderfully calm. It was clear that the wholesale destruction of his idol, now it was proved but of common stone, did not cost him a single pang. "They want you to go to the Pitcairns," said he. "There's no need for that—and I rather fancy they want to put me into a madhouse: but there's no need for that either, my dear. I'm sane—for the first time since I picked up the first bit of trash on Pix Knoll. But they're all right in one thing—Crossmarsh is no longer the place for me and you. Bless my soul—it would be like living in a grave: and I can't meet the neighbours after what has happened: no, never again. I can't sit on the bench while all the Court's saying, "That's Fane of Crossmarsh: the old fool that was cheated by Silver Moldwarp, and didn't know an ancient Phœnician's work from a modern English knave's. We'll travel: you shall see the world before you cry your eyes and your heart out, little girl. We won't stay here. But we won't part. Now She's gone, and They're gone—there's not much but you and me left in the world."

This was by no means in his old vein of talk, such as that in which he had received Oswald's first offer for the hand of poor Rosamond. But it was gentler, and kinder, and not without sense, and it made Sophy cry all the more. Nor could Oswald, when he heard of his old friend's plan, find it in his heart to persuade him to remain in a place where every gorse-bush and every flint-stone would henceforth be a monument of misery and, in Æneas Fane's case, of morbid shame. Oswald Hargrave breathed no further word of his faith, a faith beyond the reach of reason, that Rosamond, whom he loved, was still either to be discovered or avenged. He saw what Sophy could not see—that Æneas Fane was changed and softened because broken down, and that a complete change of place and life was in reality the wisest medicine that could be prescribed. So, before long, Sophy had bidden Crossmarsh a half-sorrowful, half-hopeful good-bye, and had crossed those limits of the outer world which her dead sister's fancy had clothed with such awe.

Well—Sophy was, after all, but a child. Twelve or thirteen years are not enough for a soul to take root in life, and to be killed, or even much hurt, by the process of uprooting. She had loved Rosamond with the love of sister for sister, of sister for brother, of friend for friend, almost of daughter for mother, all in one: and yet, at the end of a year's journeying to and fro, her need of Rosamond in her life was over, and, by the end of another, memory itself had grown dim. Rosamond would always occupy the shrine of a saint in her heart, not to be thought of without tears: but then Sophy's tears were as near her eyes as her laugh was near her lips, and such shrines are never left open all day long. It was a pleasant, rambling life they led, unspoiled by definite plans or by more lessons than her eager curiosity inspired her to learn; while the languages of many lands came to her without any troublesome sort of learning. Sometimes they would make a long stay of many months at some place that pleased them: sometimes they would make a long tour. By the time Sophy was eighteen she had become, in many respects, a citizeness of the world, and yet, by luck, or by instinct, or by quickness of wit, she, though an heiress and something of a beauty, had kept her heart as well as her hand as free as air. As for her uncle, though he had never recovered his old manner, he was, to all appearance, as sane as if he had never found Silver Moldwarp or lost poor half-forgotten Rosamond: and he was falling into the position of his niece's very humble and obedient slave more and more day by day. In short, Fate was doing her utmost to spoil Sophy: and the only wonder was that it took such a power as Fate so long to do.

But Fate had other views in store than the spoiling of a girl. *Naturam expellat*—Pitchfork Dame Nature out, yet back she'll crawl.

One day—it was at Venice—uncle Æneas picked up from some dealer or other a fragment of lace that he thought would please Sophy: or that he thought he thought would please her. And so it did: but the acquisition pleased uncle Æneas himself—though he knew nothing whatever about such things—still more. In a week he had read a book about lace: in a month he had as many specimens as would fill a large portmanteau; in another he had to increase the amount of his luggage to meet this new demand. "I intend to make a great collection of all the sorts of lace in the world," argued he, "old and new. It *ought* to be done. There's no archæology about it—no, no. It doesn't take one back more than three hundred years—a mere yesterday. And it is beautiful in itself, and the production still goes on." Sophy thought nothing of the matter: and, as she wrote to Oswald Hargrave (then, for reasons best known to himself, in the United States), it gave uncle Æneas a new interest in life, and revived his energies. They began to travel with a purpose now: and—

Yes—you may reform the criminal: you may cure the drunkard: you may make the camel pass through the needle's eye—such things have been done: you may, perhaps, wean a smoker from his pipe—such a thing may once have been known; but a collector from his hobby, not without murder. He who had made a museum of used penny stamps and curiously marked oyster-shells in his childhood, and coins in his hot youth, and imaginary flint knives and arrow-heads in his middle age, could not escape from the law of his being. Why should he, indeed? He had nothing else to do: and nothing wearies so utterly as travel without an aim. To be satisfied with doing nothing, one must sit still—and then people find it easy enough, considering how many such people there are.

In short, Æneas Fane was himself again. The only difference in him now was that he had lost constancy—there had to be some effect from a disenchantment so great as to have unhinged his mind. You may mend a broken rope, but there will always be a knot in it: and in Æneas Fane's case the knot was a readiness to change from purpose to purpose, whenever some new temptation fell in his way. Even as the most inconstant of lovers is he whose heart, in spite of himself, remains true to the memory of a false first love, so did Æneas Fane, jilted by prehistoric archaeology, fly from mistress to mistress—from lace to porcelain, from porcelain to butterflies. And then he no longer had the parish of Cross-marsh, but all Europe, for his hunting ground; and every city, old and new, had a fascination of its own. He became a very Don Juan of *vertu*, and made the acquaintance of a hundred new Moldwarps, both Jew and Gentile, though perhaps of few able so completely to meet his wishes half way as the old.

And so, by swift and sure descent, he fell, in due course, into the hands spread open to receive him at the bottom of the slope of the collector's Avernus—into those of the Book Fiend. From those claws alone there is no return. He possessed the two grand qualifications for a veritable bibliomaniac; he knew nothing of books, and he never read them. There is no need to tell how the taste began. No doubt it began with a thousand accidents, all converging towards one point, as all the magnetic needles in the world converge to a common pole. But it had an unlooked-for effect upon the life of Sophy, who was strong enough to twist her mere uncle round her finger, but not to turn an inch from his path her uncle *plus* a craze. A man cannot carry about a library, even though he travel with half the luggage of an American *belle*. He and she had to settle down, so that the last new Fane collection might fix itself and grow. And thus it had come to pass that 28, Richmond Place, became a great literary lumber room, into which all the Moldwarps of that department of trade shot, with much profit to themselves, what would otherwise have been their bad bargains.

Of course all this cost money. But Sophy, who had never had occasion to learn what money means, took it all for granted, and never thought of asking—considering that uncle Æneas scarcely had a penny of his own—whence all the money came. It was much more strange that, after her girlhood of travel and well nigh daily excitement, she could settle down, in fair content, to a dull life of dust and mould, wherein the grand incidents were the perpetual shifting of the contents of the shelves; for uncle Æneas arranged his library on system, and one new acquisition implied universal change. The best of girls would have ample excuse for fretting and beating her wings. Then why did not Sophy, who, if a good enough girl as girls go, was still very far from being the best of girls?

Perhaps, as yet, not even Sophy herself could have told why.

“Oswald has been here,” said she, when, both her visitors having taken their leave, her uncle came in to see the result of her work, with a folio under his arm, and a duodecimo in his hand. He was certainly older than nine years ago, and had breathed the air of books long and deeply enough to have acquired the look and bearing of a scholar. Perhaps about this there was a certain amount of scarcely conscious affectation: but there was none in the less upright carriage of the shoulders, and the half-weary manner that he had never quite lost since his life had been snapped in two.

“I know it—he has been with me. And young—what’s his name?—has been here, too.”

“Yes, uncle,” said Sophy, with scarcely the dream of a blush; “he came to say he had found that book, the *Flora*.”

“Aye? Bless my soul! He’s a good lad, and has the making of a real man in him. Now Oswald, with all his merits, will never be a real man—I don’t believe he knows one book from another. Ah, the *Flora*!—when do you think it will be here?”

“I think—I’m almost sure—Mr. Derwent is going to see about it to-day.”

“That young Derwent, Sophy, is as fine a fellow as ever lived! How have you been getting on?”

“Famously—thanks to Oswald! He’s had his coat off, working like ten. See there, uncle—nine shelves arranged.”

Uncle Æneas looked critically from the nine shelves that were arranged to the chaos remaining on the floor, from which the new order had been growing so slowly, and with so much labour of hands, patience, method, and brains. “Well,” said he, “then there’s not so much harm done, after all. I was afraid you’d have done more.”

“More?—why I thought you’d have said we’d done wonders!” said she.

“But then there’s the *Flora* coming, you see! So, you must

see for yourself, that arrangement we've been making will never do. It must be revised and recast, entirely. The *Flora* must go on that shelf; and it will have to be the point of a new section, which will alter all the others."

"Oh, uncle! Do you mean all to-day's work is to be thrown away, and all those shelves emptied, and——"

"Not thrown away, Sophy. This is literary work, you know: you can't take too much trouble with that—the more you take, the better it's done. I'll spend this evening in drawing up a new arrangement, ready for the *Flora*, and then to-morrow you and Oswald can begin all over again. Just think, Sophy—the *Flora*: the only copy in the whole world!"

There must indeed have been some unseen element in Sophy's London life to make this sort of life endurable; for this sort of labour in vain, and this sort of talk, had become the story of every day. Fortunately, for this afternoon at least, her work was over, and, until the new arrangement was ripe for discussion, she was free to take up a book—it was not one of her uncle's—in which she was interested enough to think her own thoughts over; and they were very far from being unpleasant ones. Meanwhile, her uncle, catalogue and pencil in hand, inspected the shelves, with his mind full of the *Flora*. For the hundredth time since he had become a slave of the Book Demon he felt that he had not lived in vain; his shoulders straightened, his chest expanded, and he now and then paused to stroke the back of some once supreme treasure as fondly as if it were alive.

Sophy was sitting in the window: and—exactly as in old times—it was just while she happened to be sitting there that a stranger passed along the terrace whose appearance caught her attention. Nine years of varied scenes had cultivated and developed, instead of rendering callous and dull, her natural genius for seeing and hearing everything that went on round her; and, without the least effort, she had become perfectly familiar, by sight, with every man, woman, child, dog, cat, and canary who made up the population of Richmond Place, and even with the friends and relations who came to see them. It was not the sign of a large mind, but, in her case at least, it was no sign of an ill-natured one. On the contrary, her faculty helped to keep her heart fresh by turning an ordinary thoroughfare into a perpetual comedy, with its heroes and heroines, its mysteries and its oddities; and it may be that, after all, watching one's neighbours overmuch is the better fault than heeding them too little. Had Rosamond been alive, she would no doubt have buried herself in the back of the house with her fancies—she would have seen nothing but hats and bonnets from the front windows, while Sophy would have seen nothing from the back but the cats, so differently are such common things as human eyes made. There was nothing out of the way, of course, in the fact that a strange man, tall

and lean, was walking along the pavement of Richmond Place. Strangers of all shapes and sizes are common in London, and Richmond Place was open to them all. But Sophy's attention was caught by the entirely individual manner in which he wore his hat well at the back of his head, by a certain defiant and aggressive carriage of his umbrella, and by his unfashionable length of stride. He pulled up at the door of No. 30, and took a view of the door. Then he turned back, and knocked at the door, the Fanes' own door, under Sophy's very eyes. There must be something really strange about this stranger, after all.

"Oh, uncle!" she exclaimed—unnecessarily enough—"there's somebody at the door!"

"Oswald, I suppose? I'm glad of it—he can get down these books again. Or—Bless my soul, if it should be the *Flora* and that young man!"

"No, uncle—it's nobody we know."

"'Dr. Hermon Rackstraw'?" asked uncle Æneas, reading from the stranger's card that the maidservant contrived to carry across the barricades. "Who's Doctor Hermon Rackstraw? What does he want? Did he say? Wants to see me for a minute on business? Well—I'm very busy, as you see: but, if it's only for a minute, I suppose I must see him, though, in a library like this, minutes are precious things. No—don't show him into the study; show him in here. . . . It doesn't do to show a complete stranger into the study, Sophy: there are things there I'd think twice before letting my own brother, if I had one, see. Things I'd scarcely trust my own self alone with, if they belonged to somebody else, and I had my great coat on. . . . Dr. Rackstraw?" he asked, a little more doubtfully, as the visitor's long legs took the barricades, two at a time.

"I am Dr. Rackstraw," said the other. "I hope you will forgive me, sir, for dispensing with forms and ceremonies, but, if you ever come to know me better, you will find that I am not a ceremonious man." He caught sight of Sophy in her corner, and bowed. "The truth is, I ventured to call in the hope that a great master, like yourself, would pardon the intrusion of a humble, sadly ignorant, but enthusiastic pilgrim. In short, I have heard that the Fane Collection is rapidly getting to be one of the wonders of the world: and, as a traveller, I hoped I might be permitted to inspect it, as one of the lions of London. I trust I was not wrong?"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed uncle Æneas, holding out his hand, and colouring like a girl with pleasure and pride, for this was his first word of sympathy—the first note blown for him upon the trumpet of Fame. "Indeed—indeed, Dr.—Rackstraw, I had no idea—Of course a bibliophile like yourself—Not that my little collection is much to boast of as yet, though I have one or two things worth seeing—Pray sit down, if you can find a chair: we

are hard at work arranging, you see. Sophy—Dr. Rackstraw: Dr. Rackstraw—my niece, Miss Fane.”

“I am deeply honoured, I’m sure,” said Dr. Rackstraw, as Sophy was brought formally into view. “Travellers are always privileged, but to receive me at once so generously into a treasure-house like this is something more than kind.”

“You are a traveller?” asked uncle Æneas, struck by something in the general appearance and manner of his visitor. “Are you an American? I have met many Americans on the Continent, and some of them are terrible rivals to us poor European bibliophiles——”

“No, sir—I have been in America, but I am not an American: and I have been in Australia, but am not an Australian: and among the Cannibals, but am not a Cannibal. And I was born in England, but am not exactly an Englishman. I am a citizen of no mean city—that is to say, of the World. My position in London is that of Agent-General for the Goblin Islands: so I am a man of the future. But I am a man of the past too, when I get a whiff of the calf-skin and leather—sweeter to us book hunters, Miss Fane, than *eau de cologne*.”

“Do you mean that my modest collection has been heard of in the Goblin Islands?” asked uncle Æneas. “That is very wonderful to hear! I can’t guess how it happened—I thought I was quite unknown!”

“Ah, Mr. Fane—don’t you remember what the poet says of Glory: how she ‘shuns those who chase her—those who shun, pursues’? I’m afraid that literature isn’t very highly developed in the Goblin Islands as yet, but I’m doing what I can, and it is one of my visions to found a library—a real library, such as you and I understand the word—at Port Rackstraw——”

But uncle Æneas did not want to talk about the Goblin Islands, of which until this moment he had never heard the name. I have said he had blushed like a girl—and well he might, for he was in the position of a girl who, after waiting long for her first lover, receives at last her first offer when she was least of all dreaming of such a thing. A sort of glory, not his own, appeared to radiate from Dr. Hermon Rackstraw, and the whole air took the colours of the rose.

“Yes, yes,” said uncle Æneas, hastily. “But you want to see *my* books—such as they are. I’m sorry their present temporary disarrangement on the floors and landings makes the catalogue useless until I’ve made a new one, but I can get without trouble at the best things. Ah,—here’s something you’ll enjoy; a first edition of the complete poetical works of Anon, 1617, printed by—let me see: ah, of course, Nemo. Or wait—before you look at that, here’s a black letter copy of the famous treatise of the Dutch Jesuit, Van Daft, on the sixth angle of the pentagon—I bought it for no more than two hundred florins at Frankfort, in the Juden-gasse. Three leaves are missing, I’m sorry to say—but then I

don't believe there's another copy of that book in existence that has lost three leaves! . . . And here's a binding——"

And so he mounted his hobby, and made it gallop. Dr. Rackstraw, though he had given the impression of a talkative person, said but little, and generally played the part of a wise man who, for his own purposes, has to play an intelligent part in respect of a subject which he does not understand. Uncle Æneas, once set going, could have enjoyed going on till the end of time: and yet presently, without any apparent check, the talk ceased to be quite so one-sided, and to include not only the books themselves, but the people and the incidents connected with their acquisition. It was the *Flora*, still uppermost in the heart of uncle Æneas, which touched this fuller key. "What's the name of the young fellow who's taking so much trouble about it, Sophy?" asked he.

"Mr. Derwent, uncle, do you mean?"

"Yes—Derwent; it's so difficult to fix names that one never sees in a catalogue——"

"Indeed?" asked Dr. Rackstraw. "I know some Derwents, very well. I wonder if it's any of those."

"Not unlikely," said uncle Æneas. "Under my guidance he's getting to know something about books, too. It isn't everybody who could go straight, by instinct, to a book like the *Flora*, as he's done. It reminds me of another man, that—No: Bless my soul, what am I saying? I mean—he's a young man that my niece and I came across somewhere abroad. Where was it, Sophy?"

"It was when we were last in Switzerland," said she.

"Ah, yes—Switzerland: the most uninteresting country in the world. You might stay there for a year, and not find a thing worth looking at—much less buying——"

"I know—Horace Derwent; I know him well. A fine young fellow, and with a most extraordinary love of—books, as you say. I've known the whole family, for years. What a curious family history theirs has been, to be sure!"

"Indeed?" asked uncle Æneas, carelessly, while feeling that his first disciple was beginning to slip from his clutch, he searched for some other wonder. Sophy's ears began to prick; so she turned her eyes upon her book, and unostentatiously turned over a page. What could Horace Derwent's family history signify to her?

"Yes," said Dr. Rackstraw, while he also turned over the pages of the last volume that had been given him to examine. "It isn't every man in his position, you see, who has a convict for a half-brother, or who comes into a fine estate without being his father's eldest son. But of course you know all that——"

"No," said uncle Æneas, "I never heard. Confound that *Mother Goose*—I must find it though——"

"The old Colonel's heir, you see—son by a first marriage—was a wild lot; a bad lot, I'm afraid I must say. He did his best, to get himself cut off with a shilling; and, when he succeeded,

he had no right to complain. He was the Lawrence Derwent, you know, who was sentenced to penal servitude, or transportation—I forget which—for destroying the will that made his little half-brother, Horace, the heir. It was a bad case—he stole the will from where it was kept in the very room where his father lay dying, and destroyed it under his dying father's very eyes. Luckily—providentially, I should say—there was plenty of proof of what the contents of the will were; or else our friend Horace, and his sisters, and his mother, would have been beggars, and—but, as I said before, there's a providence about these things, and justice was done. Perhaps you remember the trial, Mr. Fane? It made some noise in its time. . . . Yes—this is a curious book indeed; quite unique, I should say.”

Sophy, though she continued to turn over her own pages, felt that the eyes of Dr. Rackstraw were resting upon her in a manner that made her feel fidgety and uncomfortable—as if either he could read in her the precise amount of the interest she took in Horace Derwent, and was making her conscious of it also, or as if he were venturing to admire her, on his own account, in a manner to which her long course of foreign travel had, while giving her considerable experience of it, failed to accustom her. She did not choose to let herself be driven from the room, but she could not help feeling relieved when all her uncle's efforts to detain him were exhausted, and the long legs, the long frock coat, and the uncomfortable eyes were gone at last.

“I don't like Dr. Rackstraw!” said she, closing her book, and tossing it aside. “Do you?”

“Not *like* him? Bless my soul, child! Why he's the most intellectual man I ever met. He really does understand books; he doesn't only talk about them——”

“He certainly did not say much—about books,” said Sophy.

“Of course not. He came to learn, and very naturally listened to me. But what he did say was to the purpose. I only hope he'll come again. It has always been one of my great sorrows, Sophy—of course it isn't your fault—that I shall leave nobody behind me to take a properly intelligent interest in my work, and to carry it on when I am gone. I'm not collecting for the nation, you know, to have the collection of a life-time swamped and scattered. You heard, didn't you, what Dr. Rackstraw said of the Fane Collection—even so far as it has gone? I've been waiting to meet with some such man all my life. Who knows but this Dr. Rackstraw—with his learning, his vast experience, his evident ability, and his modesty—may be the very man?”

Sophy, until this hour, would have said that she knew her uncle, her constant companion of years, better than she knew herself. But now she felt as if all her experience had been thrown away. Never till now had his secret vanity been touched and exposed, and the hunger for sympathy in his pursuits, which no human

being had ever dreamed of giving him, received the promise of being satisfied. One who had seen less of him than she might have perceived symptoms of something far more dangerous than mere hobby-riding in the change which all these years had wrought in the Squire of Crossmarsh; a hundred things would have struck comparative strangers as strange which appeared perfectly natural to her, who had only really known him (or thought so) since Silver Moldwarp's time. It needed some such incident as this afternoon's visit to make her realise that the eccentricities of uncle Æneas were something deeper than an idle elderly gentleman's way of killing time.

"No," said she, "I do *not* like Dr. Rackstraw. And why did he make such a point of telling us that scandal about the Derwents? What was it to us, or to him?"

"Scandal—the Derwents? Why you must have been asleep, over our book-talk, my dear, and dreaming! I never heard a word of anything of the kind. Well—I suppose it is natural for a child like you to find men's talk dull: Dr. Rackstraw's—or young Derwent's—or mine! Never mind, my dear; Nature knew what she was about when she made men and women with different minds. There never was yet a book-huntress. I know what I'm about—and you can't possibly dislike Dr. Rackstraw, when I tell you that I have never met a man who gave me such a complete sense of intellectual power."

Sophy had been unable to see any signs of the intellect; but she had to confess to herself that the man's very impudence had served as evidence of some sort of power. He had not said a single word worth the saying, and she was convinced in her heart that he cared as little about old books as he knew of them, and that he knew about them rather less than nothing—so why had he called? Surely, not merely to rake up for the benefit of strangers old scandals about their friends. She wished he had never called, and yet could not have given the ghost of a reason why.

CHAPTER V.

I come from where night falls clearer
Than your morning sun can rise —
From an earth that to heaven draws nearer
Than your visions of paradise :

For the things that your dreamers dream, we behold them with open eyes.

From the heart of an ancient garden
Girt fast with four walls of peace,
Where he who is set for warden
From his vigil shall never cease

Nor quench the flame of his sword till the trumpet shall sound Release.

"You need not trouble yourself about the Fanès," said Dr. Rackstraw to Mrs. Derwent. "I have done your bidding, you see, and have surveyed the whole land. The old gentleman is the most

hopeless old idiot to be found out of an asylum. I enquired about him of a man in the trade with whom I have some acquaintance and who would be likely to know: and he told me what I afterwards saw for myself—that the poor old fellow is on the high road to Bedlam, or to the workhouse, or both together. He'll give the most enormous prices for any trash in the shape of a book that nobody else would give a straw for, and fancies he's gathering a library that's to be the wonder of the world. That's his form of monomania, it seems. He got acquainted with Mr. Horace abroad—as for leading him into any extravagant or disreputable courses, the notion is absurd. He's simply a ridiculous old idiot—that's all.”

“Not quite all,” said Mrs. Derwent. “Thank you very much for your trouble, but it wasn't the father I wanted to hear about—it was the girl. As if I thought for a moment that Horace was likely to get entangled with a bookworm! London isn't the Goblin Islands, you know——”

“And girls have a great deal to do with what happens in London? True, dear friend—and in the Goblin Islands also. Still, in this case, I don't think we need trouble ourselves about Miss Sophia Fane. I saw her. She's a poor, washed out little thing, without a good feature or a word to say for herself—one goose, who wouldn't be able to say ‘Bo’ to another——”

“Which means, that she is sly. But—are they well off, should you say? What Fanes are they? Do they live in good style—or how? Who knows them—whom do they know? Really you have told me nothing at all. And surely you see the importance—Horace is so young, and so much depends on his making no mistake that will hang about him all his days.”

“Oh—as to that—my bookselling friend knows all about them; at least all there's any need to know. They're Fanes of somewhere—County people, who've been abroad for some years. They know nobody in particular, and nobody in particular knows them. Their house is good enough, but they evidently have no establishment, and it's all a litter of books—you tumble over them even on the stairs.”

“Thank you,” said Mrs. Derwent. “I think we women see things the quickest, after all. County people who live abroad for years, and then hide themselves away in town without establishment or friends—I think we know what that means; and indeed I guessed as much all along. Of course I must let that card go, but I shall know where I am.”

“And that other card—to Senhora Miranda, I mean?”

“To the Queen of ——? Yes: it's gone.”

“I thank you, dear Mrs. Derwent. I assure you that she'll be the lioness of the season—a Real Queen. I must see about meeting and preparing for her; but I shan't be absent many days.”

Least there should be any suspicion of mystery attaching to the

proceedings of Dr. Hermon Rackstraw in relation to Horace Derwent's suspected love affair, let it be understood at once that he had, simply in obedience to the desire of that careful mother, Mrs. Derwent, betaken himself to the authority from whom he was likely to learn most of the manners and customs of any particular connoisseur in Mr. Fane's reputed line—an elderly dealer in curiosities of all kinds, literary and otherwise, who traded within a narrow but profitable connection under the name of Crake & Co. "Fane? what—old Fane of Crossmarsh? I should think I did, too!" was the answer of the representative of the firm. "A regular old ass—but as rich as a mine, if that's what you want to know. I never see him—for reasons; and if he knew my name was Moldwarp, I should lose my best customer; like I once lost him before, in another line, before I turned respectable. I was in his service—what we call professional flinting—when young Lawrence Derwent got out o' Lowmoor; and then disagreeables happened that made me and him not part the best o' friends. But somehow I'd an instinc' that him and me was made for one another—why, Doctor, that old addle-pate could no more live without a Moldwarp round than he can see through a millston'. Either me or Miss Sophy will be well off when he goes. But, Doctor, begging your pardon, what do you want of old Fane? That old ignoramus is a perquisite of my own."

"I don't want to meddle with you—I'm glad to hear you've got hold of a good thing. I wanted to know who he was, that's all. So your old gentleman's well off—eh? Responsible in business, and all that kind of thing?"

"I wish I was half as 'sponsible—that's all. Why, he owns half Crossmarsh—and he'll spend more on a maggot than most men will on their living. Why, if he was to get sick of books, I'd only have to change the name of my firm, and make him rise to autoscraps—old boots—anything in art or nature, so long as it was new. But he'll be no good to *you*, Mister—none in the world. He aren't *your* sort of fool."

"All right, Moldwarp. I'm glad you've got such a good connection. Good-day."

"Oh, no—I don't mind telling you whatever you please. If I found a gold mine under the water-butt in my back-yard—and I've found more unlikely things than that—I'd tell *you*. If you're thinking of working on old Fane, I've no call to be afraid. I saw a more unlikely thing, only Tuesday. If I was to tell you how I've seen somebody back in England, and in London for all that—but there's no need, seeing how you mean to leave my customers alone."

"What!" cried Hermon Rackstraw, with a start; "stuff and nonsense, man. He'd no more dare show his face this side of the Atlantic, if he's alive, than, if he's dead, he'd show it this side the grave. You've made a mistake, that's all."

"I'm never mistook, Mister. Instinc's a sure guide. And if the villain that nigh did for me in Pix Knoll's named Lawrence Derwent, with these very eyes I saw Tuesday morning as plain as I see——"

But at this moment the bookseller was summoned to the shop, and Dr. Rackstraw, who knew the premises, chose to leave by way of a side door before his friend became again disengaged. Indeed he fancied he caught the voice of Mrs. Derwent's son, and there was no reason why he should give himself the trouble of explaining how he also came to be found in a shop that could have no possible attractions for one who looked upon all relics of a benighted past with a civilized scorn. If the announcement of the reappearance in London of Lawrence Derwent the convict had been intended as a threat of some kind from the book-broker to the Agent-General, it must have miscarried, for there was no additional cloud upon the brow of the latter when he arrived in Richmond Place. After all, a man who is immersed in the affairs of a territory like the Goblin Islands can hardly condescend to trouble himself over long about private affairs—especially when they are merely those of his friends.

But *paullò majora canemus*—what were the affairs of the Goblin Islands themselves, and of all the Goblin Islanders, and all the trade of that rising emporium, Port Rackstraw, to the first public proof, for that season, that the Derwents of Wilton Square were at home?

Nothing of any note had happened meanwhile, so far as Mrs. Derwent was aware. The girls had gone on in their own pleasant way: Horace had developed no new signs of bibliomania: Dr. Rackstraw had been prevented by certain country engagements from returning direct from Southampton, and had only written to say that Senhora Miranda was to arrive, after all, by a later ship than the *Polynesia*, and could not be in town till a very few days before her introduction to the manners and customs of a civilized land. Mrs. Derwent still had her anxieties—pleasant ones, so far as they referred to the reception of barbarian royalty; less pleasant so far as regarded Horace, of whose safety from the toils of the daughter of an obviously decayed house Dr. Rackstraw's report had failed to re-assure her—men are so blind about girls, and plain girls are always the most dangerous of all. However, that card had gone, and Mrs. Fane would make a point of coming, and then the mother would see with her own eyes.

Kate had not exaggerated when she declared her family to be like the hare in the matter of many friends. At a fairly early hour of the evening the rooms of reception were nearly as full of flesh and blood as was Æneas Fane's drawing-room of books, and talk ran high and loud. Each member of the family had a set, more or less independent of the others; but not opposed: and about

Mrs. Derwent's especial circle was a quality of lionism which in some sort gave these crushes an air of distinction. She took pride in her numbers; but not in mere numbers—she liked to be a social prism dealing only in coloured rays.

But to Horace Derwent, all the chattering crowd was but a legion of ghosts, and its talk but an echo of Babel. He was looking in vain for the guest who would bring the evening into life, as a single digit placed before a row of cyphers gives them at once force and meaning. And he was full of faith as well as of hope and love, for he believed, as firmly as in his own existence, that his mother would exclaim, so soon as she set eyes on Sophy Fane, "There, of all women, is the wife for my boy." What man, nay, what woman, could fail to see all the charms and all the virtues incarnate in Sophy Fane? This evening was to be the turning point in his life, when her foot would first cross the threshold of her future home. He was desperately hard hit—no doubt of that: and he had gone down before Sophy's finger tips as cleanly as if he had not been in love those three-and-thirty times before—and perhaps oftener, for sisters do not know everything. But why did she not come? Life is too short to waste minutes in which seem like hours. Besides, he had hoped that she would be there before the crowd, so that she might be introduced to his mother with some sort of special distinction, as became the future lady of Longwood on first coming to her own. It was a new mood for a young man who had cultivated easy indifference as one of the fine arts, and who had been inclined to jest at scars because he had found wounds mere trifles, easier to heal even than to deal.

At last he caught sight, at the head of the stairs, if not the goddess herself, yet an earthly sign of her.

"Ah, Hargrave! I'm glad you've managed to find your way here at last," he said, but with his eyes further down the stairs. "I suppose you're with the Fanes? I didn't think, though, that you foreigners would have outdone us in late hours—I hoped you'd have been here before the crowd, so that I might have introduced you to my people quietly. There's my mother only six yards off, if we could only get at her."

"Isn't Miss Fane here?" asked Oswald, looking round. "Her uncle isn't coming, of course; but I thought she'd have been here an hour ago. I couldn't bring her—I had business that I couldn't leave. I suppose getting out has been hard work for her, poor girl."

"You don't think there can be anything wrong?"

"Wrong? No. What should there be wrong?" asked Oswald, rather wondering at such signs of needless anxiety on the part of his new friend—or rather acquaintance, for Oswald never made friends. It was Horace Derwent's name, not Horace Derwent himself that had led him to cultivate a certain amount of comradeship with the only visitor besides himself who ever came to

the Fanes. An acquaintance with Horace was not much of a help towards a meeting with Lawrence; but, combined with the hint he had overheard from an audible though invisible Moldwarp, it really seemed as if fortune or providence were gradually leading him to the point which he only lived to attain—the heart of the mystery of Rosamond, were she dead or living. Unhappily for him, he had been rich enough to devote his life to the pursuit of a phantom: and he had followed it with all the stubborn energy that, had she lived, would have won her. The quarry he was chasing was no phantom, to his eyes. He could not out-grow the faith that, after all, she to whom he had given his heart for ever could die.

As Horace Derwent had told him, he was within a very few paces of the step-mother of the man for whom he was still searching the world. Under the best of conditions an immediate introduction was out of the question; for at that moment the lady was saying:

“Yes, Lady Deane—it is perfectly true. She is a Real Queen—but she is supposed to be *incognita* for the present; and indeed her real name is not to be pronounced by civilized tongues. This will be her first appearance in civilized society. I expect she will feel a little surprised—I suppose she will have an interpreter, or I sha’n’t exactly know what to do. However, Dr. Rackstraw will be here.”

“Surprised?” answered Lady Deane—a plain little old lady, with a brusque manner and bright eyes. “Yes—the manners of us natives must strike an intelligent traveller as curious indeed. For she is intelligent of course—travellers always are; and ignorance of a language is an advantage, because it doesn’t disturb the impressions we came out with and intend to carry home again. But, by the way, what on earth made you send a card to poor Dash?”

“Poor Dash? Poor *Dash*? Why—what have we done?”

“Sent an invitation to my Skye terrier, my dear—the little creature would have come, of course, but she is ailing, and I persuaded her to stay at home. Of course, though, it was very kind—so I’ve taken the liberty of bringing with me another young friend, neither so clever, nor so good, nor so amusing, but still worth knowing well enough to speak to. Mr. Richard Harding—Mrs. Derwent: and Miss Anne Derwent, too. Mr. Harding is another traveller of the usual intelligent kind. Poor Dash! She has charged me with all manner of regrets and regards.”

“It is a great pleasure for me to be here, Mrs. Derwent,” said Mr. Richard Harding, in slow, languid, carefully modulated monotone, “and a great pride, besides. I have been so long abroad that I assure you the sight of a gathering like this has become almost as strange to me as it will be to your Queen. The only difference is, that thanks to Lady Deane and you, I feel like coming home.”

There was something about Richard Harding that attracted Oswald's attention, trained for so many years to observe all things and all men. He was in the prime of middle age, tall and well built, and with something of the exaggeratedly easy air which some soldiers affect in order to hide the results of drill and pipe-clay. His features were good and regular, the forehead being displayed the more by the desertion of the hair's advanced guard—a desertion, however, more than balanced by the fullness of a brown moustache that completely covered the mouth, and of a beard that reached half way down the breast. One cheek was disfigured by a long scar, which somehow seemed to emphasise a certain peculiar glow in the eyes. The expression of the face was curiously complicated—one instinctively felt that its non-chalance, to correspond with its owner's carriage, covered sullenness, and that this in its turn covered passion. But he knew how to smile with grace as well as self-possession and dignity. Oswald was no theoretical physiognomist, but constant observation had sharpened his first impressions, and he felt that this Richard Harding might as an enemy prove dangerous, as a friend more dangerous still, as a lover most dangerous of all.

Poor Mrs. Derwent, confused and abashed by the discovery that a Skye terrier had somehow trotted into her visiting list, could only say that she was glad to see him, and turn towards some new comers, who, fortunately for her, just then happened to enter.

"Ah! Mr. Pitcairn—dear Mrs. Pitcairn! How fortunate! I am every moment expecting—who should you imagine? A Queen from the South Seas. I must introduce Mr. Pitcairn to her the very first of all—perhaps he will convert her on the spot, who knows?"

"Mr. Derwent—Mr. Harding," said Lady Deane, looking through Oswald, as if to say, What lion are you? What is *your* particular roar?

Horace Derwent, however, heard merely his own name; for his impatience was beginning to grow desperate, and he scarcely cared whether he was or not behaving like a boor. He had looked for so much from this evening, and now the evening was more than half spent. Could anything have happened beyond the unpunctuality of a dressmaker, or a cabman's loss of his way? The knocker had been at rest for a good half hour, and everybody had fallen into his or her circle of affinity nay, there were even noticeable signals of departing. He looked at Oswald, and could not comprehend how the latter could be content to look round the room instead of persistently in the direction of the front door.

Mr. Richard Harding, like Oswald, let himself fall back into the position of a looker on. Oswald took his position in silence: but his fellow stranger did not seem disposed to be alone in a crowd.

"Warm, isn't it?" he asked Oswald. "It's so long since I've seen more than a score of people in one room that it seems to me as if Mrs. Derwent had gathered together the population of the globe. So this is what you call being at home?"

"I suppose so," said Oswald. "I have certainly been where this would represent all the men and women within a hundred mile circle."

"More like two hundred, as my experience goes; were you ever in Nevada?"

"I had business in Nevada," said Oswald, "some years ago."

"The deuce you had! Fancy my tumbling over a man who knows Nevada! But you'd find changes, even there, if you haven't been so far west for years. What was your business? Silver, I suppose?"

Oswald would never have suspected Mr. Harding of being from America, and much less from the wild west. His accent was peculiar and artificial, but certainly not in the least American, and his manner, though rather off-hand and perfectly unembarrassed, was that of a man who belonged to the precise circle in which he declared himself to be so complete a stranger. "No," said Oswald, "it wasn't on business—at least of that kind. Are you in Europe for the first time?"

"Only for the second. I suppose you know the Derwents well? Young Derwent is a good fellow, I hear from my friends the Deanes. I'm sorry you're not interested in silver, for it's the only thing I know how to talk about—I believe it's mostly to get silver out of my blood that I'm over here. Holloa—what's up now?"

Horace Derwent's heart beat quickly in answer to a tremendous peal of the knocker. It was not the sort of flourish that was likely to announce the arrival of Sophy, but then she was not answerable for what her cabman might consider due to the dignity of his fare, and Horace, driven to despair of Sophy's coming, leaped at any last hope that the very latest of knocks might throw him. Some instinct, however, seemed to draw a closer crush round his mother, who brought herself full in front of the door. Oswald and his new acquaintance from Nevada, standing where they had a full view of the stairs, saw a tall, cleanly shaven gentleman ascending with a lady upon his arm.

"Senhora Miranda!" announced the footman, who seemed to have been stationed in exactly the right place, and in exactly the right time, to do this particular guest the most impressive honour.

Mrs. Derwent curtsied deeply. And then all knew that they were in the presence of a Queen—no doubt a heathen, perhaps a cannibal, but still a Real Queen.

Ngahoung Qhlawu, Queen of Apahu, considerably surprised the

company. She was not black. She was not ugly. She was not dressed so as to make anybody blush or stare. On the contrary—she was not so dark as many an English brunette; she was dressed like a duchess; and she was simply the most beautiful woman in the room.

She was of a woman's middle height, rather under than over—that is to say, for an islander of the far South, remarkably tall. Had she been English, one would have set her down at about five-and-twenty years old—a reckoning which, considering that she came from latitudes where people age fast, would argue her to be very much younger. Her figure was exquisitely perfect, and her taste in dress was a miracle. Strange to say, her beautiful, large, soft, kind eyes were not brown, but the darkest of grey, and there was a tinge of brightness in her crown of brown curls that is seldom given by a southern sun. Her features were worthy of her form—of the purest and most regular type, but a little grave and sad of look, while her mouth had to make up by its graciousness and royal beauty for being a little larger than completeness of harmony is supposed to require. Not only was she a Queen, but she looked the very ideal of a Queen in grace and dignity of bearing, as well as in face and form. She needed no golden crown; and, moreover, she looked a Queen in a yet higher sense—in the sense of one who would rule her people by the love that casteth out fear.

“Great Heaven! What a lovely creature!” exclaimed the man from Nevada, to himself, but more than half aloud—nor was there any harm in that, seeing that he said it in English, and not in the unknown language of Apahu. “Why, she is Venus—straight from the waves, or the stars!”

Strange women were nothing to Oswald; but had not his eyes said amen, he would have been more or less than mortal man. Nay, the sight of this beautiful savage from an undiscovered country gave him that indescribable feeling suggested by the perfume of certain flowers—that he had stood as he was standing now, in the presence of this *Senhora Miranda*, in some other life or some other dream. Indeed for the moment he scarcely knew whether he was waking or sleeping, so strongly did this caprice lay hold of him. But when in his turn he tried to lay hold of it, and to grasp what it could mean, it was gone.

“And oh!—what jewels!” breathed an admiring sigh at his elbow.

And truly her rubies were of themselves glorious enough to make their wearer the lode-star of all eyes. She wore them in her ears, round her neck, and on her bosom, the finest being fine enough for Sultans to fight for. Only their setting was, to say the best of it, barbaric, and they were one and all cut so roughly and set so unskilfully as to lose full half their possible splendour—though quite enough remained to show what they really were. What with the rubies, and the beauty that out-shone them, people

quite forgot to be disappointed that she was so utterly unlike any preconceived ideas of a royal cannibal. They had looked for the royalty of burlesque—they were met by the royalty of nature. What sort of an island could be Apahu, to produce such women and such gems?

"Madam," said Dr. Rackstraw, with his long and awkward bow, "permit me the honour of presenting to you my friend Mrs. Derwent—Miss Derwent—Miss Anne Derwent."

"The honour is mine—and the pleasure too," said Senhora Miranda, in a voice so peculiarly sweet and gentle that everybody forgot to notice, for full half a minute, that she had spoken, *not* in the language of Apahu—in English as pure as from foreign lips it had any need to be. True, it was foreign English, of a kind—English, so to speak, softened, mellowed, and sweetened by southern air. Moreover, her words stood clearly apart from one another, with the slightest of pauses between each, and each vowel and consonant received its full value. That is to say, she spoke better than well. But that did not make it the less strange that a lady fresh from an undiscovered island should speak any language but her own.

"The Senhora speaks English like a native!" said Dr. Rackstraw, with enthusiasm, in answer to Mrs. Derwent's look of bewilderment. "She learnt it all at sea!"

"I am so glad, your ma—madam," said Mrs. Derwent; "it will make your visit to us so much more interesting! May I ask what you think of England? Are you going to make a long stay? Anything I and my children can do to make it pleasant, or profitable, we shall be only too proud and happy to do, I am sure."

"You are very very kind," said Her Majesty. "Indeed I cannot yet tell you what I think of England—I have seen so little of it yet—and it is all so different from my own country. It makes me a little *maâbé*—dazzled: confused. Your houses are so close together: we have nothing like what you call a town, and what Dr. Rackstraw tells me of your ways I do not yet comprehend."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Pitcairn, who was in the inner circle of this informal *levée*, "but you will learn—and then you will have so much to teach your people on their return: so much indeed."

The Queen smiled radiantly. "You are a great people," she said; "mine are very small. I doubt if what you find good, would be good for them. For example, they would not like to live close together; and they would never learn to buy and sell, which Dr. Rackstraw tells me makes you what you are."

"You don't buy—you don't sell!" exclaimed Lady Deane. "Then what is the use of money?"

"We have no money," said Senhora Miranda. "You see how different we are."

"You proceed upon the primæval system of barter?" asked one of Mrs. Derwent's political friends. "That is interesting——"

"No," answered she, "we give one another whatever is wanted, unless we can make it for ourselves. If I want something I have not got, I go to somebody who has, and take it; if nobody has it, I go to somebody who can make it, and he makes it for me." ..

"Then do you mean to say, Senhora," asked the man from Nevada, "that if I take a fancy to your ruby necklace, and ask you for it, you would take it off and give it me, without more ado?"

"Not at all! If anybody has what he wants to keep, he has it marked by the *Idbash*—the priest—and he must not give it till he has got the mark taken off again, in the same way. Nobody would take it, then. I must not give my necklace, even if I will."

"Most interesting!" said the guest, with the sociological turn. "It is the principle of the *Taboo*. But if somebody broke the custom—what then?"

"My people never break customs," said Senhora Miranda, with a deep, sad sigh. "Never. It has never been done—it has never come into their minds to do. I understand what you mean; but the very thought of it fills me with fear. Please do not speak of such a thing again."

"It would entail a religious penalty?" asked Mr. Pitcairn. "I have been in the Pacific myself, and worked there. No doubt the breach of the *Taboo* you speak of would be followed by divine vengeance in this or another world."

"I don't know," said she, turning strangely red and pale. "Nobody knows—not even the *Idbash-fonh*, the great priest of all. Nobody would do it—nobody has done it—nobody will ever do it. That is all; please speak of something else. We never speak of such a dreadful thing as doing wrong; I have learned how—but not one of my people would know what you mean."

"By Jupiter!" said the man of Nevada, aside to Oswald, "but Her Majesty will lead a life of misery, if she stays another week on this unsqueamish planet—I told you she must have come straight from the stars. My belief is that her kingdom is somewhere in the milky way—the milk and watery way. But how lovely she is, to be sure! And it's queer—she gives me the notion that I've seen her before, aye, and heard her voice before, impossible though that must be. I wonder if the poets are right, when they say that we come into this world innocent from some other, and that our evil thoughts are but the gradual decaying of our memory of the world where our souls, not our brains and bodies, were born—and precious had our memories mostly are!"

Oswald could not help starting at hearing his own vague, mystical impression put into words, and by so unlikely a man. Was it thus that everybody was being affected by this most unaccountable woman in the same unaccountable way? Had he

been less accustomed to observe with a purpose, he might have been able to guess at a wonderful solution of the mystery. But when reason knocks at the door, truth is apt to fly out of the window. The subtle impression of a pre-existent contact with the queen of a country unknown to geographers had died out of him even before the man from Nevada had put it into words: and the words, so far from reviving it, by their very definiteness had given it a final death-blow. Still, the mere coincidence of the impression was strange.

"No," answered he, "our memories are strong enough"—as none had better cause to say than he. "But we can't remember what has never been."

"I see—you're a practical man; so am I. And, as a practical man, I must get to know something more of this cannibal Venus, before she falls into the hands of the book-makers—I don't mean the betting men: I mean the worse kind. For she's doomed. In a week there'll be her photograph all down Regent Street—in a month there'll be an exhaustive book out on her island: and sooner than that, she'll have become a common, vulgar, beef-eating, brandy-drinking lioness—she's been corrupted already by her dressmaker. Do you know old Rackstraw?"

"No, who is old Rackstraw?"

"That fellow with her—her guide, philosopher, and friend. A very nice old gentleman indeed, whose life's devoted to the great cause of progress and civilization all over the world. Mark my words—he'll never rest till he's established a newspaper and a model gaol in that unknown island. Benighted heathens—not to know what money means, and to look upon wrong doing as a thing not even to be named among decent people! Why, we're more civilized, even in Nevada—eh?"

"May I ask," said Lady Deane, "if your country has a—king?"

"No, indeed!" said Senhora Miranda. "We have no king."

"I've half a mind that you shall, though," muttered the man from Nevada, with a smile towards Oswald. "Richard the First, King of the Ruby Islands, Emperor of the Milky Way. What do you say, Mr. Derwent? How would that be for high?"

"I beg your pardon?" asked Horace, starting out of an absent fit; for he now had Sophy's absence on the brain. The non-appearance of this girl was the first real disappointment he had ever known, or had been allowed to know.

"Or perhaps," said the other, who certainly seemed to have no shyness towards the newest of acquaintances, "you are thinking that Horatius Primus, Lord of Venus, Emperor of the Zodiac, would sound higher still? What's the name of her country? Will you introduce me to Rackstraw? . . . Thanks. Will you tell me, Doctor Rackstraw, the name of the country of which this lady is Queen?"

Oswald noticed that the man from Nevada looked straight into

Dr. Rackstraw's eyes with a peculiar long and steady gaze, and, for the first time, spoke with a slightly American twang.

"Pardon me, Mr. Harding," said the Doctor; "Senhora Miranda is *incognita* at present; a fiction no doubt, but etiquette must be observed. I would tell you with pleasure, were she not, in a certain special sense, under my charge; and of course you understand—."

"Oh, certainly. Nothing could be clearer. If I were you, and you were I, I should do just the same. Madam—may I venture to ask you the name of the country whence you have come?"

"Excuse me, sir—I must not name it," said she, in a low tone—almost in a whisper, not to be heard farther off than his and Oswald's ears. "It is *busqd*—secret: holy—but you have no such word. Of course you understand?"

"Oh—certainly. Nothing *could* be clearer, madam. Will you allow me to get you some refreshment?" he asked, offering his arm.

She placed her fingers within it as if she had been used to drawing-room manners for years instead of minutes. Mrs. Derwent looked almost angrily towards Dr. Rackstraw and then towards Lady Deane. Who was this impudent stranger that had presumed to usurp the honour she had intended to reserve for the most distinguished man in the room—or perhaps, in his capacity of host, for her own son? "Your friend Mr. Harding does not seem over diffident," said she. "By the way, who *is* Mr. Harding? Is he anybody whose name we ought to know?"

"Oh, my dear, you must excuse him; he is just rolling in gold—or in silver, I should say. He brought letters to us from Sir John's correspondents in New York—he's a millionaire; and yet he's a gentleman. With all his money, and all his push and assurance, he *is* a gentleman. If I had a daughter—and you, my dear, have two: if I were you, I should take quite a fancy to Mr. Harding; I should indeed."

"He is certainly good-looking—and he does seem a gentleman, as you say. I should never have taken him for an American."

"Oh, there are Americans of all sorts now. We mustn't be too particular in these days. Why the Queen's—do look—the Queen's eating chicken, just as if she were a Christian! And she's holding her fork like you or me! My dear, I am disappointed in your Queen. But it's true that her rubies are just glorious. You are a fortunate woman, my dear: two daughters and a son. I have only Dash—poor dear little thing."

"Hargrave, will you look after my sister?" asked Horace. "Mr. Hargrave—my sister Anne." And he wearily turned to the duty of looking after the nearest at hand of his lady guests, who happened to be a plain and elderly nobody, deaf, and with nothing to say—one of the flies found in every specimen of social amber who could only wonder at the distinction.

Oswald had already offered his arm to Miss Anne, when the footman to whom he had given his name on arriving handed him a note, directed to him in pencil in a hurried hand, brought, so he was told, by a maidservant who was waiting for an answer.

"Pray read it," said Anne Derwent. "Dear me, Mr. Hargrave," she added, seeing the look that came over his face as he opened it, "I hope it is no bad news?"

"Yes—no—I hope not, Miss Derwent; but—you will not think me rude if I leave you? I *must* go—at once. You will forgive me, I am sure."

"Of course; pray don't mind me. Good-night, Mr. Hargrave," said Miss Anne, who had not been particularly taken with her brother's silent, door-way haunting friend, and was in some haste to watch Senhora Miranda feed. She reached the supper table just as the man from Nevada was pouring out Her Majesty's first glass of champagne. Meanwhile the searcher for Lawrence Derwent and Rosamond Fane was half way down the staircase reading once more the pencil note that had summoned him away:

"DEAR OSWALD,—Come at once, wherever you are. Uncle has been taken *very* ill.—SOPHY."

(*To be continued.*)

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN BOARD SCHOOLS.

THE reply of Mr. Dale, in January's number of the *Nineteenth Century*, to the demand of Cardinal Manning that voluntary schools should share with board schools in the education rate is singularly incomplete. Mr. Dale, from design or inadvertence, has allowed the main argument of the Cardinal to remain unanswered, and has confined his attention to a few only of the facts and inferences from which His Eminence draws the conclusion that the Education Act of 1870 is an unjust law. To make up for this omission, he has attacked at great length the privileges enjoyed by the supporters of religious education. He has adopted the usual tactics of a counsel instructed to draw a defence to a well-founded statement of claim, who, unable to frame a satisfactory answer, contents himself with a bare denial of the facts, and tacks on a formidable counterclaim, to hold, *in terrorem*, over the head of the plaintiff.

The injustice of which the Cardinal complains is this. A majority, or a large minority, of the people are obliged by law to contribute to the support of schools where doctrinal religion is untaught. These people, rightly or wrongly, believe, that it is better for their children that they should receive, during their school-hours, definite religious instruction. This kind of education is not provided in board schools, and parents, therefore, suffer from this inequality. Either they must violate their consciences by sending their children to unsectarian schools, or they must support, out of their own pockets, schools where the distinctive tenets of their own creed are taught. They must help to pay for the education of the children of those who prefer unsectarian or secular education, while the latter contribute nothing in rates towards the education of the children of denominationalists. Is this just, asks the Cardinal? And Mr. Dale remains silent. Instead of replying to this apparently well-founded charge of inequality and injustice, Mr. Dale makes a further indictment against the Education Act, and expresses a strong opinion against the fairness of entrusting the education of rural Nonconformists to managers of voluntary schools, who are generally members of the Church of England. Mr. Dale seems to imagine, if he can succeed in showing that churchmen in villages have an unfair advantage over Nonconformists, that he has disposed of the Cardinal's assertion that voluntary schools are unfairly treated—that because some Nonconformists suffer from

injustice that, therefore, supporters of voluntary schools do not. A wrong, however, inflicted upon one class is not necessarily a benefit conferred upon another. It may be true, and I think it is, that many Nonconformists in rural parishes are deprived of real liberty of conscience. But because they are deprived of it, it is no reason why a law, which takes away liberty of conscience from religious parents, or heavily taxes them when they attempt to practice it, should not be altered. The question which Mr. Dale ought to have answered is this: Has a parent an abstract right to insist that his child should be taught at school definite religious doctrine? To this query Mr. Dale has given no direct reply. Had he distinctly answered it in the negative, then any discussion of the plan suggested by Cardinal Manning, by which such right could be enforced, would have been out of place in his article. Had he answered in the affirmative, then it would have been his duty not only to criticise, as he has done, the suggestions of His Eminence, but he should have also pointed out whether any insuperable obstacles existed to prevent the practical exercise of this right. But though Mr. Dale has given us no answer, yet it can fairly be inferred that he does admit this abstract right of the parents, otherwise he would not have dealt with the feasibility of the Cardinal's proposals. His arguments would have been solely directed to disprove the existence of any such right, which is the very foundation of the plea made by religious parents.

The unsectarian religious teaching given in board schools Mr. Dale himself admits is valueless. "If asked," he says, "as to its worth, I should prefer to remain silent. If asked what I thought the phrase meant I should be compelled to acknowledge I could not tell." Mr. Dale never says, in the course of his article, that he is opposed to the teaching of religion on week-days, but has assumed that no means can be devised by which all forms of doctrinal Christianity can be taught in schools. And sooner than allow one rich and powerful religious body to imbue the minds of the children of other sects with its doctrines, he would withdraw the parliamentary grant from all voluntary schools. Cardinal Manning, on the other hand, does not express any wish to do away with board schools, nor to employ them for the purpose of teaching one definite religious creed. He is desirous of maintaining the voluntary system by assistance from the rates, in order that parents may have an option in the choice of the kind of education that their children may receive—either unsectarian education in a board school or religious education in a voluntary school. Neither His Eminence nor Mr. Dale has suggested the possibility of teaching the distinctive tenets of each creed in the same school. Later on I shall attempt to show that not only is such a scheme practicable, but that it is the sole means by which liberty of conscience can be secured, and

will tend to raise the standard of secular education and to smoothen the working of the Education Act. Cardinal Manning claims State aid for voluntary schools upon one ground which it would be impossible for any government to recognize—gratitude. Laws have been made and altered upon the most varied motives, but until the demand of Cardinal Manning no one ever heard of legislation upon the ground of gratitude alone. If the supporters of voluntary schools have conferred great benefit upon the country—and the most bigoted secularists must admit this—it affords in itself no reason why the State should assist them. Suppose some patriotic citizens choose to light up their native town gratuitously with gas, and the ratepayers, at some future time, agreed to substitute the electric light in place of gas, could any sane person maintain that the donors of the gas were entitled to prevent the new method of lighting, or call for compensation? The supporters of voluntary schools may well ask to be permitted to carry on their work, if they wish to do so, but they have no claim against the State for what they have done. What then are the grounds upon which they can impeach the Education Act? They have been stated with great clearness by the Cardinal but are unanswered by Mr. Dale. “If the government,” says His Eminence, “may tax the whole people for education, the whole people have a right to share in the beneficial use of such taxation. An education rate raised from the whole people ought to be returned to the whole people in a form or in forms of education of which all may partake.” Mr. Dale imagines that he has made a clean sweep of his opponent’s contention in showing that the majority of the ratepayers have chosen members for their school boards who disapprove of the teaching of doctrinal Christianity in schools. Even if this is the case, even assuming that a majority in the country prefer unsectarian education to definite religious education, how does this invalidate the claim of a large minority to have the form of education that they want provided for them? But first, are the majority in favour of unsectarian education? It is admitted that no one sect is numerically superior to all other sects and secularists combined. That ratepayers elect members for school boards who are hostile to any one form of religious teaching being given is, therefore, no proof that they are opposed to teaching the tenets or their respective creeds to the children of their own faith. Ratepayers feel that it is impossible to permit the teaching of one creed to children whose parents belong to different religious denominations. Many men of the strongest religious convictions would object to forcing their own theological views upon a child whose parents disapprove of them. And therefore, even supposing that one religious body had a majority upon a school board, few of them would like, and none would dare, to use the ratepayers’ money for that purpose. The electors of school boards, in voting

for members pledged to support the reading and explanation of the bible in schools, have voted for the largest amount of religious instruction that the law practically allows them to have. Further than this there is the proof that in a vast number of instances where school boards might have been established, through the lack of sufficient accommodation, the ratepayers have preferred to extend voluntary schools instead of starting a school board. It is said that this preference is due to economy. This undoubtedly is the motive sometimes, but it only shows that the desire for saving expense is not counterbalanced by the wish for unsectarian education. The only proof that Mr. Dale adduces in support of his assertion that the majority prefer secular or unsectarian education is his own testimony. "They do not want," he says, "doctrinal Christianity for their children, at any rate on week-days. The unsectarian school is precisely what the majority of the people prefer. When the Birmingham School Board was absolutely secular in its policy there was no reluctance to come to the schools." Mr. Dale is morbidly anxious to prove his assertion that the majority are against definite religious instruction, and perhaps from his point of view he is right. His whole argument falls to the ground if it can be shown that the majority is against him. His appeal is based purely upon a question of numbers. He has not discussed the question upon the grounds of abstract justice, nor has he ventured to discuss it upon utilitarian grounds. He is driven to have recourse to the logic of numbers. If the working classes are against definite religious instruction they hold, at any rate, very different views from the middle and upper classes. With very few exceptions doctrinal religion is daily taught, and attendance at chapel enforced, at every large school for boys of these classes. In girls' schools religion occupies some time every day. Now, whatever views Mr. Dale may hold as to the enlightenment of the upper and middle classes he ought, in common fairness, to have pointed out why it is they prefer to have their children taught doctrinal Christianity, and why it happens that the lower class object to it. Religion can hardly be said to be a subject the teaching of which tends to keep down the lower class and elevate the upper. What motive can the working man have to exclude religion from his children's education by which the rich man is not also actuated? Does not the pinch of poverty lead to sin and crime as much as wealth? Does the working man think that a secular education is sufficient to guard his children against immorality, and the rich man believe that it is more likely to be avoided when the sanction of religion is added to that of morality and law? Mr. Dale is bound to show how it is that the wealthy class, who alone have absolute liberty in the choice of schools for their children, invariably select those in which religion is taught. He has not done so. He has, as an illustration, pointed to Birmingham, where, he says, there was no reluctance on the part of

parents of the lower and middle classes to send their children to the board schools when the bible had been banished from them. If this statement is correct it would be interesting to know for what reasons the board has since re-introduced the bible. If the people preferred to exclude the bible why was not that exclusion made permanent? If they changed their minds after a few years' experience of purely secular education is it not a proof that working men are hostile to it? If in Birmingham the people banished secular education pure and simple after having given it a fair trial, it requires more credulity than the average Anglo-Saxon possesses to believe Mr. Dale's extraordinary statement that working men do not care for religious instruction for their children on week-days. I suppose Mr. Dale admits that the Parliament of 1870 represented the views of the people of that time. The Act passed by Parliament at that date allowed school boards the option of teaching definite religious doctrine. "There was no provision" he says "to prevent any religion or any creed from being expounded and taught," and he further goes on to say that Mr. Jacob Bright's amendment on the clause, to the effect that in any such school in which the Holy Scriptures shall be taught the teaching shall not be used or directed in favour of or against the distinctive tenets of any religious denomination was rejected by a majority of 251 to 130. I have pointed out why it is impossible that the same religious doctrines can be taught to children belonging to different denominations. But the rejection of Mr. Bright's amendment proves beyond doubt that the people, through their representatives, were not hostile to the teaching of doctrinal Christianity, but very much the reverse. Parliament did not foresee the impossibility of teaching one creed to all children, or it would not have rejected the amendment of Mr. Jacob Bright. If the opinion of the country has changed since the year 1870, at what period during the past thirteen years has that change manifested itself, and how can we discover its occurrence? The clause allowing the teaching of doctrinal Christianity stands, I admit, a dead letter in the Statute Book, but though useless for employment it marks the spirit of the time in which it was carried.

Granting that it could be proved by the clearest evidence that the majority prefer secular education, such proof would in no way affect the claim of those who desire that religion and secular education should be combined. If, however, the proof is the other way and the majority are of opinion that religion should be taught in schools, there is an end of Mr. Dale's contention. His argument is based solely on the divine right of the majority to dictate the kind of education which all must receive. This principle, carried to its logical extent, would justify any religious body, whose creed was held by a majority of the country, enforcing its distinctive doctrines upon the minority. If it is

right to confine the education of children to secular subjects for the reason that the majority dislike distinctive religious doctrine, surely it would be right for a religious body to enforce its religious views for the same reason. Mr. Dale would of course refuse to admit this kind of reasoning, and would say that there is a great difference between teaching a child that which parents object that he should learn, and not teaching him that which his parents wish that he should learn. The former he would brand with the name of persecution; the latter he would say was, at worst, the withholding of a benefit. This distinction is more apparent than real. A child's mind may be as deleteriously affected by not learning what he ought as by learning those things which he ought not. Death may be caused by starvation as well as by poison. It may be said that parents can procure religious instruction for their children out of school hours on week-days or on Sundays. The former course is impossible. Parents seldom have the time, even if they have the necessary instruction, to teach their children, and there are no schools where children could be sent to learn the principles of religion before or after their school hours. Even if such schools were started the distance and the double journeys would probably make their existence of no practical use. Religious teaching on one day in the week is not considered enough by most religious people. Many prefer that Sunday should be made a bright and happy day for their children, and dislike the notion, engendered by teaching religion on Sundays only, that all religious feelings should be centred on that day and divorced from the other six. By banishing, therefore, definite religious doctrine from the schools and forcing children, under the pain of fining and imprisoning their parents, to go to such schools, there is nearly, if not quite, as much persecution as in enforcing the doctrines of any one creed by the same means. The denominationalist has a conscience as well as the secularist. That conscience is directly injured by the Education Act.

If, therefore, Mr. Dale abandons the principle upon which he has fought Cardinal Manning—that of the right of the majority—he is in this position: either he must admit that doctrinal Christianity is harmful to young persons, or he must say that the practical difficulties in the way of allowing each child to be taught his parents' religion make it preferable that he should be taught no religion at all in a rate-aided school. The first contention, as a minister of religion, Mr. Dale would be loth to take up. The second contention, that of the difficulty of giving effect to the teaching of all the creeds in the same school, affords Mr. Dale a much safer ground to rest his plea for unsectarian education. Are these difficulties insuperable? I shall attempt to show the means by which they may be overcome.

To establish schools for all sects would manifestly be impossible. To establish schools for the more numerous sects, the Church,

and Roman Catholics would also be undesirable. It is no doubt better, as Mr. Dale says, to have one handsome and well-appointed school instead of two or three inferior voluntary schools. What might possibly be gained from the greater variety of instruction would be more than counterbalanced by the inefficiency and increased expense which this course would lead to. Cardinal Manning admits that the education given in Roman Catholic schools does not differ from that given in board schools, with the exception of the hour set on one side for religious instruction. Religion is not blended in any way with secular subjects. It is a thing apart. The same observation may be made with equal truth of all other voluntary schools. There, therefore, *primâ facie*, does not exist any reason why secular education should not be supplied by the ratepayers. The clergy and Nonconformist ministers are now under no moral obligation to provide education for the poor. That has already been done with equal efficiency by the State. But the presence of voluntary schools in all places where board schools are established show that many people prefer to spend their time and money in the support of schools where religion is made a part of the daily round of studies. Now this is most unfair. Take the case of a large ratepayer with religious proclivities in a town where a school board is established. He has to pay a heavy education rate, and, in addition, is morally obliged to support a school where his own creed is taught. The Cardinal alleges, and Mr. Dale denies, that a teacher in a voluntary school is paid for the religious instruction that he gives. Mr. Dale makes a good deal out of this point, and he is perhaps right when he asserts that the salary of an equally efficient teacher will be higher if he has to teach religion than if he has not. But the extra cost of religious teaching is so slight, almost nominal when the expense of secular education is considered, that it is hardly worth the labour which Mr. Dale takes to prove his statement. But the hardship is this, that in order to get children taught the doctrines of their religion, the generous man has to provide largely for secular education. Out of every pound that he pays in order to fulfil the moral obligation of giving religious education to the poor, nineteen shillings out of it are spent for the general benefit of the ratepayers. Bentham, in his *Principles of Legislation* advocated compulsory poor relief upon the ground, *inter alia*, that it was unfair to throw all the burden of charity upon the benevolent. To throw the whole or a greater part of the expense of education upon the religious, from which the irreligious or unsectarians alone derive the full benefit, is open to the same charge of injustice. In places where there are school boards the denominationalist has practically to educate twice as many children as the secularist, and so pay a double education rate. Where there are no school boards the generous man has to pay the cost of public instruction while his meaner neighbour

escapes scot-free. In this latter case it may be said that voluntary schools are maintained by a few wealthy individuals, not because they feel the moral obligation of religious instruction, but because they are aware that an education rate would be more expensive than a voluntary gift. In many instances there is a mixed motive of economy and religious feeling which prompts men to make gifts to voluntary schools. But the grievance is none the less severe upon those who, for conscience' sake, make large sacrifices for religion. If in places where there are no school boards education had been left voluntary, religious people would have had nothing to complain about. But by rendering education everywhere compulsory the State has morally compelled them to give education at their own cost to all.

The remedy suggested by Cardinal Manning is a simple one. The school rate is to be made a general tax, and all schools, whether voluntary or otherwise, are to receive assistance directly from the State. No doubt this alteration in the law would remove the injustice of which His Eminence complains. But there are very grave reasons against its adoption. In towns where there are school boards, no good purpose can be served by allowing voluntary schools to exist. The great efficiency of voluntary schools, despite their comparative want of funds, shew how painstaking and public-spirited their managers must be. Now one of the principal objects in view in making the subject of education local instead of imperial is to interest the best men in its cause. Many men, whose fitness has been tested by the successful administration of a voluntary school, devote all their energies to this comparatively small domain, and do not seek the popular suffrage as school board members. If the government grant was withdrawn from voluntary schools, they would all, in course of time, be closed, and their managers would be set free, to take in hand the more extensive direction of school boards. The quality of members of school boards would thus be improved, and the standard of education in board schools would be raised to the height which their expense ought to give us. It may be said that the existence of voluntary schools create a healthy rivalry between them and the board schools. But before there can be rivalry there must pre-exist equality; and what equality can there be between a rate-aided and an impoverished voluntary school? Further than this, as time goes on the handsome buildings, the superior fittings, the well-paid teachers, will be the means of attracting more and more of the middle class to the board school. The poor have the same desires with regard to the advancement of the social position of their children as the rich. They will make great sacrifices to keep their children as long at school as the children of small tradesmen. The consequence will be that children who receive their education at board schools will acquire an unfair advantage over those who, from

want of school-board accommodation or from religious motives, are compelled to send their children to voluntary schools. This is most unjust to the children and detrimental to the interests of religion. Good manners and education will be the portion of the children of secularists and unsectarians, while the children of religious parents will have to do without either.

Cardinal Manning clearly perceives how things are tending and is naturally anxious to give new life and vigour to schools wherein religion is taught. No doubt voluntary schools supported by a rate could be lifted to the level of board schools, but the country would never permit rates levied compulsorily to be spent without the consent of the ratepayers. They would insist, and rightly too, upon managing the schools that they paid to support. Cardinal Manning suggests that the ratepayers should share with the government the privilege enjoyed by the State as to the inspection of voluntary schools. But this is not enough. If the ratepayers have to pay an equal rate to the support of voluntary schools as they do to board schools they are very properly entitled to exercise the same powers over their management. If they have to pay less towards voluntary schools, then religious parents will still suffer from injustice. The better course appears to be to withdraw government grants from all voluntary schools and to establish school boards all over the country. But religious education in them ought not to be neglected, but should be aided by the government by all the means in their power. This could easily be done. Let the State, or the greater sects, employ a staff of competent religious teachers, whose duty it should be to go round to every school and teach the children religion for one hour in the day. One hour could easily be set aside for this purpose. And at that time, the representatives of the various religious bodies could enter the schools and teach the children the distinctive doctrines of their respective faiths. The children need not be withdrawn from their classes for this purpose, for an arrangement could be come to by which all the teachers of religion should come and go at the same time. In towns there would not be the slightest difficulty in doing this, and even in country villages the clergyman and the local preachers could either come to the schools themselves, or find some layman able to give the requisite religious instruction. Money for the payment of the stipends of these teachers could be obtained either from the sects or the State. Better still, from both. Looking at religion from a purely secular aspect, it is a subject about which no one should be ignorant. And the State would be as justified in giving grants for religious as for secular proficiency. In many cases religious instruction would be given gratuitously, and even where it was not, its expense would be trifling. I do not think that Mr. Dale can find any objection to this scheme. He would no longer be able to say that the

conscience clause was ineffective for the protection of Nonconformists in rural parishes, or that the State sold to the Church of England the privilege of proselytising the children of other sects. The rector would have no more right to enter the village school than the Nonconformist minister. Their right to manage the school would depend upon the ratepayers' votes. Poor parents would not be compelled, out of a feeling of honour, to accept the Church's religious instruction, since the rector and wealthy churchmen would no longer be the sole supporters of the school. Everyone would contribute, and everyone would have the right to choose the representative of his own theological views. Nothing would tend more to reduce the bitterness of contending sects than bringing together children of various creeds to share in the same secular education in the school-room, and the same games in the play-ground. Greater harmony would prevail among members of school boards than is at present the case. It is true that school boards now bring into personal contact individuals of different creeds. So far they serve a useful purpose. But unfortunately there is an ever present bone of contention in the shape of religious education. This question separates those who ought to be united. The meeting of men of various creeds, under these circumstances, instead of allaying religious strife stirs it up. How injuriously the religious question affects the working of the Education Act is only too palpable. If the secularists or the denominationalists have a majority upon the board, they form themselves into parties and vote against each other on questions in which no religious principle is involved. If too much money is spent the cry of economy is raised in order to gain a majority to enforce or banish religious teaching. No doubt economy is found more frequently to be the cry of the denominationalist than of the secularist. But there is nothing in the principle of religion which involves stinginess. Witness our cathedrals and religious endowments. The real reason why the denominationalists advocate economy is because every increase in the efficiency of board schools raises them to that extent above the necessarily fixed standard of voluntary schools.

At present the only method by which anything like equality can be maintained between these two classes of schools is not by raising the efficiency of voluntary schools but by lowering that of board schools. Very often, too, secularists, when in a majority, rush into extravagance in order to depress voluntary schools, and the heavy education rate thereby incurred makes education unpopular. Party government is as much out of place in a school board as in a board of railway directors. Members of school boards, as such, ought to have no duties to a religious or political party. Their duties are to the children under their care. But so long as definite religious doctrines cannot be taught it is necessary that these parties should exist. How can secularists and denomi-

nationalists now be blamed for availing themselves of the useful aid of religious and political passions to further their distinctive views.

Should the scheme suggested above be carried out I believe a great wrong would be effectively remedied. Parents would obtain for their children that which they believe is inseparable to a good education—religion; sectarian strifes over the religious education of the poor would cease; and the whole people would unite in the support of schools, which in every sense would be national.

HENRY ADKINS.

A DOOM.

Out—towards the sunset blown,
 With his *thought* he drifts alone;
 As King Hako with his dead,
 Helm and harness round him spread,
 Tiller unshipped and sails set free,
 Drifted on the wind-warped sea,
 Till the flames of kindled pine
 Lurid rays shed on the brine,
 And the islets glimmered white
 As the death pyre flamed upright;
 Till the timbers, hissing, fell,
 And the ocean's heaving swell
 Whelmed at once in pitchy gloom
 Hako's loss and Hako's doom.
 So, within his heart the fire,
 Victim, with his funeral pyre,
 This man drifts from men afar,
 Where the star-lit waters are—

Till his heart no more can bear,
 And his *thought* consumes him there.

THE METHOD OF FRESCO PAINTING EMPLOYED BY THE OLD MASTERS.

THERE is but little demand for mural paintings, it appears, in our times, and those of our painters who are called upon to execute them, prefer the perhaps easier modern methods to that of the old masters, entrusting the preservation of their work to systems which time has yet to justify. It is contested that the old frescoes are perishing before our eyes, and that our forefathers could not therefore have solved the secret. Nevertheless, those who have made a study of the subject and enquired into the causes of the failure, like the late Mr. Heath Wilson, who prepared the Blue Book on the subject laid before the House of Commons, seem to have established this fact, that, except where some other and definite reason may be assigned, the disastrous state of those works which we cannot hope to preserve is invariably due to the wall they are painted on, and not to any vice in the painter's method.

It may be enunciated that wherever a fresco is found to be executed on a well-built brick wall, that fresco is in a state of perfection which excites our wonder and admiration. Unhappily, however, most of the walls to which the great masters committed their designs are of badly built rubble masonry. But wherever even these were faced with brick the fresco is preserved to us.

A few of the best known examples out of the number which Mr. Heath Wilson collected will be sufficient to support this statement.

The series representing the life of St. Benedict in the sacristy of S. Miniato, which are upon brick, have scarcely suffered at all after a lapse of some five hundred years.

The brilliant Pinturicchios in the sacristy at Siena he also concluded to be on a brick lining, over the marble of which the Duomo is built, since the surface is too smooth and even for a rubble wall, and were they directly on the marble, damp would condense on the surface in summer, and that would soon destroy the tempera with which the pictures are executed; but this is not the case. Again, at Siena, the Palazzo Pubblico has a ceiling of vaulted brick on which the painting of Beccafumi shows fresh and unimpaired. Add to these the Roman frescoes in the Farnesina, Farnese, Rospigliosi and Ludovisi palaces, all on brick. The Vatican Stanze are, unfortunately, for the most part built with

rumble, the porous nature of which readily admits internal damp, the real enemy of frescoes.¹

Of the instances adduced, the great age of the first gives them superior weight, but the others are surely a combination of important testimony, and this defence will lend additional interest to an investigation into that method of painting which few people seem wholly to comprehend, however familiar they may be with its results. Writers on art perhaps assume the knowledge of this method to be more generally known, and, while teaching us what to admire in its products, have seldom thought it worth while to satisfy the curiosity of the interested as to the process.

Fortunately, however, an old Italian painter thought he could not better occupy himself in the debtors' prison, to which a hard fortune had consigned him, than by writing a treatise on all the methods of painting known in the art schools of his time; and we are thus able to ascertain very precisely the manner in which they worked. This writer, Cennino Cennini, was the pupil of Agnolo Gaddi; and, although his master died a rich man, Cennino appears to have been less fortunate, for he dates his book from the *stinche*, or debtors' prison.

Remembering this, there is a certain pathos in his recommendation to use only the best colours and not to spare them; both because of the dignity of the subject, and since they pay in the end: "and even if you should not be well paid, God and our Lady will reward your body and soul for it." Yet it had not fared thus with Cennino. Before following his own words closely, it may be well, for he lived in early times and his powers were thus limited, to describe in more general terms the way in which a fresco was produced. On the wall to be painted are laid two or three coats of plaster, composed generally of lime and sand, or lime and 'marble dust. The last coat, while wet, receives the colour. Few frescoes are fortunately so dilapidated, that we can see all the layers, but some fragments taken from the upper Loggia of the Vatican exhibited three states of plaster: the undermost composed of lime and sand, half an inch in thickness; the middle layer of lime and pozzolana, with a little sand and pounded brick one inch in thickness; while the last thin coat, the vehicle for the fresco, was composed of lime and pounded marble, one-third to three-sixteenths of an inch thick. The object of the undercoat is to smooth and prepare the rough wall and afford a secure hold to the thinner coat, on which the fresco is painted. This last is generally known as the *intonaco*, while the preparatory layer is called the *arriciato*; but as these terms have been used indifferently and interchanged, it is better to avoid confusion by omitting all such technical names. When the wall is ready, with the lower coats smooth and dry, and the painter has his earth

¹ Some frescoes at Genoa which are constantly exposed to the sea air, may be quoted to show that little need be apprehended from external damp.

colours prepared and mixed with water to the proper consistency, the plasterer is sent for, to lay on as much of the thin surface layer as the painter thinks he can cover in a day. He will have some design to guide him, either a sketch on the wall itself or a cartoon to draw from; but to this we shall return. The later painters usually accomplished one whole figure or a group of figures in the day, so that the joinings, where the plaster was laid on, might coincide with the outlines, and thus be less conspicuous. If any plaster remained at the end of the day unpainted, he could cut it away with a palette knife, for the next day it would be too dry to work upon. Thus we are able to ascertain the number of days which the painting of the great frescoes occupied¹, and this is not a little important in cases of disputed authorship.

The earlier masters, who spent much time in securing a kind of artificial finish, something in the manner of miniature painters, accomplished much less in the day; sometimes one head only. To be certain that all this is clear, let us follow Cennino's account, going over the same ground before proceeding to consider the colours employed. First, he says, we are to procure lime and sand, and sift them thoroughly. If the lime is very rich and fresh, two parts of sand will be the proportion to one of lime; then temper these with water, and prepare enough to last fifteen or twenty days. This mortar must then be left till the heat is gone out of it, that it may not crack. When this is to be applied to the wall, first sweep your wall and wet it thoroughly; then stir the mortar, and spread it over once or twice till it becomes quite even on the wall. Before work, the face of this plaster should be a little roughed, the better to hold the final coating. Cennino here suggests that on this surface the picture to be painted should be sketched in with charcoal; and this was the custom of the earlier masters. However, the question of the drawing will be more appropriately discussed when the method of the painting has been mastered.

The lime, he goes on to say, is next to be well stirred until it be about the consistency of ointment. "Then, consider how much you can paint in a day, for whatever you cover with this mortar you must finish within the day; true, that in the damp spring weather it might remain wet till the morrow, but what is finished in one day is the firmest and best." He suggests one head only, but the later masters would accomplish one or even two whole figures. Having determined this question, lay on so much of the mortar.

Thus we see the fresco is a kind of mosaic of plaster patches, which, while wet, receive and absorb the earth colours mixed with water only. The colours which may be used in fresco, are, he tells us, *bianco sangiovanni*, a white made of the purest lime; *giallo-*

¹ *e. g.* Raphael's *Incendio del Borgo* occupied forty days; the magnificent group of the Graces in the Farnesina, five days; the Galatea, twelve.

rino, that is Naples yellow; *black*; *ochre*; *cinabrese*, a red earth used for flesh tints; *sinopia*; *terra verde* and *amatisto*, which last was probably a kind of cinnabar. These are to be gradated with the white, which is also used to deaden the greens, while *giallorino* is employed to lighten it.

In chapter 77, Cennino announces that everything you paint in *fresco* must be retouched and finished in *secco* with tempera. This was the practice of contemporary painters, but as time went on they became more and more skilful in handling the *fresco* and more and more independent of tempera. And here again is a most important test in disputing questions of doubtful authorship, for some masters adhered much longer to the use of tempera, while others looked upon it as the refuge of weakness, which was only to be employed, too, in correction of a mistake.

In the frescoes of Raphael the tempera touches are rare, and probably indicate the work of pupils. But before referring to examples, let us ascertain precisely what is meant by the paradoxical phrase, "*fresco secco*," or painting in tempera upon a dry wall.

Tempera is a medium by which the colours are made to adhere to the surface of the dry plaster, but they are no longer absorbed into it as in fresco. Cennino mentions two kinds, the first composed of white and yoke of egg, into which are put "some cuttings from the top of a fig tree." These are to be well beaten together and added in moderate quantities to the pigments as though you were mixing water with wine. Too much medium will cause the paint to crack. The second consists of yoke of egg only, and this, he says, is universally useful both for walls and panel pictures. Before work, the ground to be painted should be sponged over with the medium. In tempera, certain colours may be employed which cannot be used for fresco. *Biacca*, or white lead; *orpiment*, an artificial yellow of sulphur and white arsenic; pure *cinnabar*; *azzurro della magna*, german or cobalt blue; *minium*, or red lead; *verde rame*, or verdigris, and lake.

Thus we see that painting executed in fresco becomes part of the wall itself, and can only disappear with the decay of that wall; while tempera is merely a pigment on the surface, which may readily peel off or lose colour.¹

Before we have done with Cennino, it will be interesting to follow his practical directions as to how a head should be painted, for they illustrate rather strikingly how closely the early masters clung to the traditions of their schools, and how little was left free to the cunning or caprice of the hand. The colour is to be very liquid, and the outlines are to be drawn in first with a fine brush in a dark tint composed of black, white, ochre and a little cinabrese. Then the shadows under the chin, nose, and lips are

¹ Tempera is moved by water, which dissolves the medium; spirit, however, has not this effect and can therefore be used to clean it.

to be indicated in green, and the outlines perfected with the same colour.

Next put on the high lights and the rosy colours of cheeks and lips, and finally wash over the whole with a very liquid wash of flesh colour. Again, in drapery the darks are to be painted first, then the middle tints, and lastly the lights; each is to be laid on three or four times, and they are not to run into one another; finally they must be blended together and the darks glazed over with pure colour. In landscape, on a ground of fresco colour, the details were to be painted in tempera.

The frescoes of Benozzo Gozzoli are so covered over with tempera that they appear at first sight not to be frescoes at all, the test of fresco being that it has a shiny polished surface, while tempera has a dull one. That they are so, however, is proved by the existence of joinings in the plaster, while again, these joinings are so far apart that it is equally evident his pictures could only have been finished in distemper, the surfaces being far too large to finish in one day. The practice of this painter exhibits an exception to a general rule which we have noticed, that the cuttings are made to follow the outlines of figures, by which means the appearance of the surface is less broken; but Gozzoli, on the other hand, takes great pains to conceal the seams by filling up with distemper. Andrea del Sarto generally made the joinings at a short distance from the figure outlines, so as to include a little of the background and be sure of his contrasted colours. The masters who mixed fresco and tempera were in the habit of laying on one tone in the former to receive a totally different one in the latter. A dark red, for instance, was laid on as a preparation for blue, so also was black; and this was very generally adhered to until after Raphael's time. Certainly this practice of retouching grew less usual as art advanced—the best of the frescoes in the Carmine Chapel have little—but some later painters returned to it, notably Pinturicchio; and it may be doubted whether it was ever totally abandoned until the time of the Caracci. In Raphael, however, it is rare; the miracle of Bolsena, the deliverance of St. Peter, and the Attila are entirely free from it. There are but few distemper touches in the School of Athens, and in the Heliodorus they are only visible on the papal chair bearers, which are generally admitted not to be by the master's hand.

A sketch of this kind would hardly be complete without some reference to the way in which the drawing was secured, although the use of the cartoon is probably too well known to require much explanation. It has been mentioned that the earliest masters drew in their designs in charcoal on the preparatory undercoating of plaster, using sometimes also a little water-colour to judge their effect; probably enlarging from a small drawing in squares, as Cennino recommends, or in some cases, going straight to the wall and designing their picture once for all upon it. In the

Pisan Campo Santo, where the last coat of plaster has fallen away from some of the frescoes, the first drawing is here and there discoverable beneath to a critical eye. But when each portion of plaster was laid on, so much of the design would be covered up, and since fresco could only be corrected by removing the faultily painted portion, or by over-painting in tempera, and it was very difficult under these circumstances to secure accurate drawing, the cartoon was invented as a guide.

The cartoon, a drawing in black and white, or red and white, on paper, the size of the area to be painted, would be prepared, suspended over the wall, and then rolled up like a blind. When the surface of plaster for the day's work was ready, the cartoon would be let down, and the painter, with the stylus, a sharp ivory or metal point, would press over the outlines, and then rolling up his cartoon, find the impression traced on the wet plaster. A further development of this is the method known as pouncing; in this system all the outlines were pricked with a pin, and when the cartoon was let down it would be pressed against the wet plaster, leaving the impression of the pounced outlines; while, to define them more strongly, a muslin bag of pounded charcoal was sometimes dusted over the surface of the cartoon. Each master had his favourite method; and this, again, is of use in deciding questions of authorship. Luca Signorelli used the point, so Andrea del Sarto and Pinturicchio. Luini makes a few lines with the stylus to guide him, so Razzi, whose impatient genius probably disdained the careful preparation of a cartoon, for we sometimes find the lines put in by his stylus out of drawing, and afterwards corrected in the painting.¹ Michael Angelo preferred the pouncing process, but uses both; Raphael also pounces the outlines, and the few cases in which we find the stylus seem to indicate the hand of pupils.²

In his great work in the Farnesina Palace, there appears to be no stylus traceable. The Caracci sometimes used it, but more generally the outlines are pounced.

The object of this paper has been to define as accurately as possible the old method of painting in fresco, and not to discuss the durability of one process as contrasted with another. But the causes of perishability have been mentioned, and the fact that all those frescoes, which are upon brick walls, have survived has also been noticed. Qualifying this last statement by the observation that a strong light pouring upon the picture tends to bleach the colours, one might almost venture to assert that a pure fresco,

¹ A remarkable instance is to be found in the head of the St. Catherine in San Domenico, at Siena, where the features are painted half an inch away from the lines he had put in for them with his stylus.

² In the Incendio del Borgo, Mr. Heath Wilson found the marks of pouncing subsequently traced over with the stylus. As there are more drawings for this than almost any other of the series, it may be inferred that the execution of this picture was handed over to a pupil who insisted on using the stylus.

that is, one not overpainted in tempera, executed on a good brick wall, provided it be not exposed to a very strong sun, is perhaps a more durable form of painting than any one with which we are familiar, and is the only known method of mural painting which has, as yet, stood the test of time.

RENNELL RODD.

SECRETS.

“ROSES, my secrets keep,”
Tell not my tale of love,
Waft ye thine odours sweet
Upwards to Heaven above;
Mingling with yon blue sky,
There let my secrets lie.

“ROSES, my secrets keep,”
With thy sweet breath at dawn,
Skywards with it to leap
At the approach of morn;
Passing the clouds on high,
There let my secrets lie.

“ROSES, my secrets keep”
Till time shall be no more,
Warmed in the sunshine’s heat,
Garnered in sacred store;
When time hath flitted by
Ope shall my secrets lie.

OLIM.

SILVERMEAD.

CHAPTER IV.

SIR HOWARD BRUDENELL, of Massing Grange, sat at breakfast opposite his nephew on the day following Lady Prendergast's dinner party, and it struck Horace that it was long since he had seen his uncle in such good humour.

The baronet, without being by any means a bad-hearted man, possessed in a high degree, and one could hardly tell how, the knack, quality or talent, if you will, of inspiring awe. Whether he sought this result or not, it would have been difficult to say. Probably he could not help it, and probably, too, he had no desire to help it, since this feeling, which he universally infused more or less among all classes, gave him a sense of power to which he had long since grown accustomed, and he constantly found it a most useful weapon to his hand. Why he should be feared, since he never did anything terrible, it is not so easy to explain. Perhaps because he always looked as if he could. His abilities were no doubt considerable—as great, I should say, as can well be found in a man who is utterly devoid of wit or the sense of humour. This great want is often in a manner made up for by the additional dignity it confers. Sir Howard did not put on dignity, and that is why his dignity was so dignified. Tall, slim, though broad of shoulder, and very erect, with high aristocratic features and a capacious forehead, from which the light brown hair had somewhat receded, he was the kind of person about whom everybody is sure to ask, "Who is that?"

He was very proud—in a good sense—intensely honourable, severe with himself as with others, and may be said to have been feared from his good qualities, just as Miss Laffinch was for her bad ones.

He had been defeated at the last election by a Radical, after representing his county in the Conservative interest for fifteen years. Not a frequent speaker, and one who would have been dull if less scrupulously brief, he always commanded the attention of the House. Since the loss of his seat he had written some laborious and useful political pamphlets.

His pursuits are literary; his recreation, whist. He rides for exercise, but is no sportsman. When he stays with a Cabinet minister, where parliamentary affairs are the sole topic of conversation and the evenings are devoted to cards, he is deemed a most

agreeable man; but Lady Fouroaks, with her usual recklessness, having tried him for one of her racketty parties, poor Sir Howard proved so dripping a blanket that he spoiled the whole affair. When her ladyship strove to break through the formality which his presence imposed by some of her mad-cap sayings, Sir Howard's grave stare of surprise and perplexity were too much for even her saucy elasticity, and the rest of the party were afraid to laugh. The young couples wouldn't flirt, the children refused to make a noise; in a word, the experiment turned out a disastrous failure, and was never repeated.

"So you seem to have had a pleasant party, Horace," says Sir Howard this morning, pouring out the tea.

"Yes, uncle; at least, I enjoyed it."

"I am glad you are fond of ladies' society; ladies, I mean, such as—with the exception, that is, of Lady Fouroaks, who is slangy and eccentric—you meet at Silvermead. It is desirable at your time of life, softens the manners, and prevents a young man's tastes from degenerating."

"I am one with you there, uncle; you never knew me lose a chance of going out."

"Quite right, quite right, always providing it does not interfere with your more serious duties, or"—and this was spoken with special point—"when there is some special object to be gained."

Horace looked up from his *omelette au jus*, repeating, "Special object."

"Yes, you do not understand. The fact is, I have been for some little time wishing to speak to you on a subject—hem—a subject which I hope and trust we shall agree upon."

"I have no doubt, uncle——"

"Allow me. It is one upon which at your age you have probably never thought seriously, I mean. I quite admit that under ordinary conditions such a step would be premature; but I have lived to learn that the great opportunities in any of our lives are few—very few."

There was a pause. Horace, of course, had nothing to say. Sir Howard was meditating in what form he would couch his proposition.

Presently he said,

"Horace," and then he heaved a sigh, probably of anxiety, for this project was very near his heart. "Horace, I wish you to marry."

Now, if Brudenell had never met Miss Harding, the chances are that he would have received this startling announcement without any outward sign and with but slight inward commotion. As it was, as he had been lying awake thinking of her half the night, he rushed to the sideboard under pretence of cold beef, but really to hide his guilty blushes. His sharp uncle had, however, caught sight of them. "O-ho," he thought, "in love already. This is more or less than I hoped for."

Horace now returned with his plate loaded, as though to protest he was no lover, and his face nearly restored to its usual colour. He thought he would take the thing lightly.

"Well, uncle, marriage is a very good thing in its way, just for a change, you know. I don't say nay."

"No levity, I beg," said Sir Howard, drawing himself up, while his face fell; "I am serious," and to do him justice he looked it.

"Dear uncle, I am all respectful attention, upon my honour;" and so he was. He had uttered his former sentence more in shyness than anything else, if the truth be told.

"And so you ought to be, sir."

Sir Howard evidently looked upon marriage as some wonderful indulgence he was allowing his late brother's son; like promising a real hunter or a real gun to a school boy.

"The fact is," he proceeded—and here his eyes went down upon the tablecloth—"it would be a great relief to my mind." Another awful sigh. "I want—I want to be quite free to do as I please, or may please later on—about marrying again myself. I feel it is a duty to see that the title and estate be carried on. If you did not exist, or if you were averse to marriage, I should hold it incumbent upon me to—to again seek a wife. It is not my wont, as you must be aware, to be confidential with any one, for, as a rule, it is a mistake to tell any human soul that which all the world may not hear; but this is an exceptional case—a very exceptional case. You will naturally respect my confidence."

"Uncle, I am sure you know you may trust me."

"I believe it. Know then that I wish to be equally free to marry or not, and this, if I please, even after you have taken a wife, without seeing your future reduced thereby to a life of comparative poverty."

"I do not understand."

"You must marry money."

If Horace had turned scarlet just now his countenance at this announcement, grew very pale. Money! How horrid the word sounded. He had always heard of it when coupled with marriage as meaning a parvenu's daughter, with her shoulders in her ears, —an old woman with a face like a tipsy cook's, and such like horrors.

"And yet," he reflects, "and yet, why should not gold be combined with better things; why not even with the divine Camilla herself? I have certainly never coupled the two thoughts until this moment; but, dear me, Lady Prendergast has no son, she seems rich, a few thousands would do no harm; there is no absolute incongruity between a pretty woman and a banker's account; let us listen to uncle, let us listen to uncle."

Uncle said:

"I have for some time been looking about, you see; although

money was indispensable to my ends, many other things were also highly desirable."

"Come," thought the boy.

"Pedigree, station, the utmost respectability, not only of the lady, but her connections; a good education, some personal attractions; that she should belong, if possible, to this part of the world, as affording better opportunity of winning her."

"But," said Horace, to himself, "he is describing Miss Harding."

And his face lit up in a way that made the stately disposer of his young destinies feel quite sanguine.

"I should, I need not say, make you a fair allowance, and, for the present, at least, this house would be your home. I say, for the present. I cannot too severely condemn the conduct of certain large proprietors I have known, who, because they have no immediate-wish to marry, raise hopes in their heirs presumptive, which too often prove fallacious. My foolish friend, Lord Afferley, for instance, always walked his cousin, young Maturin, over the estate, saying, 'Look at it, my boy, love it, for it will all be yours; yes, I shall never marry, I'm getting old, *et cetera*,' and after going on this way till he was turned seventy, the old idiot married a dress-maker in Leamington, and had seven boys."

"And what became of Maturin?"

"He drank himself to death within two years. Highly improper, of course, but old Afferley was partly to blame for it. However, we digress; I only wanted to point out that I have never given you reason to believe——"

"My dear uncle, in the first place, I hope you'll live for ever, and ——"

"Oh, my dear Horace, all that means nothing; but, answer me, I have never led you to suppose——"

"That I was your heir? Never by word or deed."

"I should have deeply regretted your forming any ungrounded hope——"

"I never have, on my word."

And the boy spoke the truth.

"Very well, then," said his uncle, "we may now proceed to the lady. I think I have found her, and, what is more, that she already looks upon you with a favouring eye."

Horace's heart now beat so, he was afraid his uncle would hear it.

"Come, can you not guess?"

"I—no, uncle, I really can't think of anybody."

He was too honourable to admit that he thought any woman cared for him, much less Camilla, even if he had begun to suspect as much.

"You met her last night."

"Indeed!" Kettledrums began to roll in his ears.

"I have heard you say she was very handsome."

"Yes?"

"Come, come, sir; you must know I allude to Lady Susan Graye——"

"Lady Susan—Graye!" ejaculated poor Horace, with a look of uncontrollable dismay, which utterly bewildered Sir Howard. It was evident the proposition did not smile at him, as the French say.

"Well, what on earth is the matter with you?" he asked; "has your good fortune made you dumb, or—or have you any fault to find with the lady, sir?"

"Uncle, I—you are quite wrong, utterly mistaken."

"Wrong—mistaken! I, sir!"

This was not spoken loudly, or with any heat, but with the most magnificent majesty and repose.

"I mean—I assure you—I know the lady does not honour me with the slightest preference——"

"Horace, you are a boy. How, I ask you, could any well brought up girl, especially one of Lady Susan's rank, show you preference before you paid her any attention? In that sense, de Seigné was right, *Une demoiselle bien née n'a jamais de l'amour*. Moreover, do you think me—*me*, capable of sending my nephew on a wild-geese chase? I know what I am about."

"May I venture to ask what has led you to believe that Lady Susan Graye cares for me?"

"You may—'Cares for you,' is too strong a term. That she looks upon you with sufficient favour for it to be highly probable that you may win her, I have the best reason to suppose. I have spoken to her father."

"You have spoken," exclaimed Horace, again changing colour, and grasping the edge of the table with both hands. Needless to say he had long since given up completing his breakfast.

"I have spoken to Lord Caulfield on my own account, certainly; but you need not look so tragical over it, nephew. I said you knew nothing of the matter."

"And what did the marquis say?"

"Say? Why, just what I expected. That you might win her if you could, and that she would not say you nay. That he liked you very much—hoped I would not refuse a peerage a second time, and so forth. This was over a week ago. He never was the man to keep anything to himself for five minutes, and accordingly Lady Susan must have known all about it for some days. If she made herself as agreeable to you as ever last night, it is as much to say, 'Win me.'"

"I—I am simply astounded."

"And so you ought to be, sir. A marquis's daughter, young and beautiful, with sixty thousand pounds down, and ever so much more some day; by Jove, sir"—Sir Howard very seldom said, "by

Jove!"—"it is enough to take the breath away of a better man than either of us," and the baronet, who had refused a peerage through pride, was actually so excited for once that he rose from his chair and took two turns up and down the Turkey carpet. Then, having rung for the butler and ascertained that his agent was waiting in the library, he stalked out of the room.

Here was a position for a young man who fancied that he had just fallen desperately in love! Here, indeed, was one of those obstacles which test a passion, and counteract any such enemy to its growth as, for instance, Camilla's too favourable acceptance of his attentions. He rightly supposed that after so momentous an announcement, Sir Howard would hardly expect him to assist at the pending discussion with his chief, nor is it probable that his assistance on questions of farms, timber, and fat beasts would, on this particular morning, have proved of any appreciable value to those two grave men. Accordingly, he betook himself to a pipe and the woods—*tobacco* pipe of course, and throwing himself down among the primroses by a clear little pebbly stream, for the sun was already warm, he proceeded to review the situation.

That Lady Susan Graye was a *parti* to turn the head of any average young fellow, was not to be denied. The man she married could not fail to be the envied among the envied. A finer looking woman to sit at the head of your table, or to hang jewels upon, could hardly be found; and yet she was not the sort of being that men, as a rule, fall in love with; they hardly dare.

Then she had no individuality, no imagination, and, while fairly endowed with brains and more than fairly educated, was quite as devoid of real wit, or the sense of humour even, as Sir Howard himself. Of what men so enthusiastically call "*devil*," it is needless to say she was as innocent as the angels.

While young Brudenell thus ran over her "points," as he called them, in his mind, he arrived at the conclusion that he would have found it hard work to fall in love with the Lady Susan, even if his affections had been free as air.

And then there was Miss Harding!

Ah! how easy it was to love there. Why he felt she was just galloping away with his heart. Remember that he saw her in very different colours to those in which I have endeavoured to sketch her to you. The commonest phrase she uttered was to Horace, full of sparkle and of charm. She could not have made him think her stupid had she tried with all her little might, nor her company anything but delightful.

"Ah, me," he sighed, watching the wreaths of smoke as they rose perpendicularly in the stirless air, "there is intoxication, indeed! I wonder, as everything is balanced or compensated in this funny world, I wonder what horrible trial is in reserve for the fellow who gets her!—I or another—gout, blindness, lunacy, or what!" He was surprised to find that until this morning,

until his uncle had rammed Lady Susan down his throat, as it were, he had not half realised what it would be either to win or lose Camilla Harding.

"Camilla, Camilla!"

Oh, he was getting very bad indeed. But what could he do: Granting her to be all that was most superlative—considering that as a point settled—what could he do? It was out of the question to offend his uncle. Without Sir Howard he is nothing, has nothing. But stay. Is it certain that this little beauty may not be nearly as good a match as her rival? The only grandchild of rich Lady Prendergast, might she not be heiress to Silvermead, and who knows how much beside? All this must be ascertained without delay. But how? If he questions any of Miss Harding's friends she may hear of it again, and it is not easy to pump Sir Howard without awaking his suspicions. Still, no doubt, the thing can be managed soon. Perhaps his chief, as he calls him, Sir Howard's swell agent, from whom Horace is learning his business, may enlighten him. Yes, but when? He wants to know this hour, this minute; and wishing, almost with an oath, that there were no such things in life as suspense or delay, the young man springs up and walks about.

"That was very strange about her father," he muses, "her looking so confused, alarmed even, when I alluded to him. A mystery there, of some kind, I'll be bound. And if there is, does that make the daughter any the less charming? He is not a felon, I suppose; not but if he had poisoned his grandmother, I should be a whit less in love with Camilla."

And so in musing and speculation, in wanderings of the most ferociously solitary sort, of much smoking and little eating, he wore away the day. This kind of fever is common to many varieties of love: to the bad and the good, the shallow as well as the deep, the selfish even as the noble. It is no great sign of anything except spooniness. It is so like the beginning of an illness, when the best of doctors declares it is too early to say whether the patient is in for a slight or very serious attack, much less what special form the malady may assume.

Horace was beginning to realise that he could not keep Miss Harding out of his head for two consecutive minutes; but he was not sure that on this account his passion would be eternal and exclusive. Now *she* was quite sure. There was the difference, and it was chiefly owing to the one being a man, the other a woman. While a woman loves, no matter how, she always believes she will never love again.

Somehow or other, on the following evening, Horace had wandered in his reveries, and *de facto* so much farther than usual, that he found himself at night-fall not two miles from Paradise—I mean Silvermead. His uncle had run up to Town and he had had a solitary dinner, with the evening all to himself.

He really had not taken that direction designedly, but intuitively, as the needle turns to the pole. However, finding himself so near, and the night being again moonlit and balmy, one of those nights, in short, when the very thought of bed is revolting, Horace decided that he would push on and refresh himself with a glimpse of his beloved's roof. He knew enough of the ground to be aware how very easily this wish could be gratified. On three sides the house was unapproachable by stealth. Stately flower gardens and a lawn or two separating it from the open deer park, with its lake, ancient trees and other beauties. But at the back all was wood and shrubbery to within fifty yards of the very walls; the trees, though small, growing with great luxuriance, and as you went farther and farther off, they assumed larger proportions, and finally merged into an extensive and tangled wood, some half mile away, known by the appropriate name of the "Wilderness," and covering fully a thousand acres of ground. This had been, in the reign of the male proprietors of Silvermead, well stocked with game. Lady Prendergast, however, did not preserve, and there was thus no danger of our hero being surprised by jealous keepers on their rounds, who would have doubtless proved sceptical of Horace's love tale, even were it conceivable that he should have confided such an idyll to their rough ears.

The small clear space, then, on this, the south side of the house, which intervened between it and the already leafy trees, happened to consist of Camilla's own garden, where she constantly took delight to delve and to rake with her own fairy hands—well gloved of course. From it she could ascend by a winding outdoor stone staircase to the terrace upon which her own little boudoir and bedroom looked out side by side. Both terrace and stair were more than half covered with moss, ivy, and creepers. In the centre of the little lawn was a fountain and gold fish, and between the only two trees permitted to grow there hung a swing, speaking of the still half-childish tastes of the youthful owner. Of these details young Brudenell of course knew nothing; but he had noted, as he drove away after the dinner party, how the woods grew up almost to the very windows on one side, and he had heard the point discussed on that occasion between Lady Susan and her left-hand neighbour, as to whether the proximity of so much foliage were wholesome or the reverse.

"Who knows," he said to himself, "perhaps I shall get a glimpse of her."

Not that he had the slightest intention of penetrating as near as the foliage gave him protection. Remember, the month was April, and however forward the season, you can see through branches in quite a different way to what they permit of a month later. It is difficult to describe on paper, but as Horace approached, he found several open, or nearly open patches of ground, whence

he could see very well without running much risk of being seen, and he gradually drew nearer and nearer, until he guessed himself at no more than three hundred yards from the nearest spot of the little sacred pasture; and being on the brow of a small eminence, he had quite a commanding view of nearly the whole of it. As if to his very wish, out comes Camilla to bid good night to the flowers, tripping down the steps without a hat, and his young long sight fancies it detects a basket on her arm, and Rolfe the deer-hound by her side. He consults his watch: it is half-past ten. So he think this is doubtless her habit; "I shall at least know how to have a peep at her, or at any rate, if I am disappointed, I shall see her shadow on the blind. Only next time I will dare to make bold with uncle Howard's opera glasses."

She trips about from bed to bed, and still he is too far to hear her, albeit he has crept persistently forward; he fancies she is warbling some well-known melody as she roams. Now, down goes the basket and she flies to the swing and sways away with a will. Hark! There her voice is high and clear, calling to her shaggy hound, who barks joyously in answer. Presently lights appear above, a door-window is thrown widely back, and her maid, for it must be she, calls out to the young lady. The words do not reach him, but the voice is shrill and imperious, evidently that of a woman no longer young, and who is urging the thoughtless girl to hasten in out of the cold and dew. Doubtless the authority of "gran'ma" is evoked, as obedience follows within a reasonable time; and with steps far slower than those with which she came down, Camilla, flower laden, now remounts the picturesque old stair. Her hair has fallen down during the swinging, and streams and gleams in all directions, hanging like a glory about her. As she reaches the centre of the terrace, just opposite the open casement, she stops and leans over the parapet to take one long last look at the bright moon. There she remains some seconds, motionless as a picture she so resembles, and then, backing slowly, her gaze still on the heavens, she vanishes from sight.

Something makes Horace dare to hope that in that solemn interval, she has murmured his name in love.

CHAPTER V.

NOTHING of much moment occurred between this evening and the ball at Hasham. There have been a couple of wet days, and on the one or two occasions when the weather was fine enough to tempt Horace to renew his adventure, if such it can be called, in the neighbourhood of his lady's chamber, the cruel uncle had stepped in to prevent it, by retaining him to make a fourth at the whist-table, an elderly colonel from the Portland and Miss Laffinch making up the party. Though generally fond of the game, the

love-sick boy now found it almost beyond his self-command to give the cards so much attention as to save him from utter disgrace. On these occasions Sir Howard and the London Colonel always played against each other, that they might adhere to their usual points, pounds and no bet, and merely cut to see who should win the lady. The latter and Horace were accordingly always in opposition, their stakes being the mild shillings and half-crowns—that is, of course, shilling points and half-a-crown on the rubber. Each cut was for the double rubber. Now, whist is no doubt a very pleasant institution in itself for those who like a highly studious recreation, but it does not mix well with other things—with music or conversation, for instance—and least of all does it assimilate with love. Love is essentially an uncalculating joy. If you try to make whist an uncalculating joy you will soon find it merge into the prosaic sorrow of counting out your money into the palm of your enemy—never an exhilarating process, as Horace discovered, even when enlivened by watching the gloating eyes of the greedy Laffinch, who clawed in every sixpence with a delight too eloquent to be veiled. This wily old campaigner had read the young lovers like a book the day she dined at Silvermead; but she kept the discovery to use as might be advantageous. Every mistake the young man made these evenings at whist meant money in her pocket, and she contented herself for the present with that pecuniary result of his heartache. However, on the last occasion that they thus met, the elderly spinster found herself alone with the nephew of her host for a few minutes before the game began, as Sir Howard and the colonel were still sitting over their port, an amusement which always bored Horace beyond endurance. With very good sense, the uncle never insisted on his presence longer than he pleased after dinner, and Horace would have preferred the drawing-room, even with Miss Laffinch in it, on any ordinary occasion, to the ponderous wine and more ponderous talk of the dining-room. But to-night he rather sought her than otherwise, thinking she might chance to give him some of the information he had found no opportunity of gleaning elsewhere. At first he beat about the bush for some little time, hoping that Miss Laffinch might refer, of her own accord, to Lady Prendergast or her grandchild; but no, it seemed that she could talk of everything but Silvermead. So at last he made a bold plunge.

“Have you seen anything of our friends since the dinner?”

“Oh dear, yes; you know I live close by. If your dear uncle was not good enough to send the brougham for me I could never come here in this pleasant sort of way.”

“And how are they?”

“Well, dear Lady Prendergast is not quite the thing—coughing rather. I want her to see my doctor; he is so——”

“Ha,” interrupted Horace, “I am very sorry—and Miss Harding?”

"Oh, radiant!—quite radiant, I assure you! and so she ought to be, if what I hear is true. A marriage on the tapis."

"A marriage," gasped Horace, with ill-concealed concern.

"Dear! Haven't you heard? Young Cyril Acton, Lord Hammersley's eldest son, staying at the de Basle's. An enormous match."

"And—and where did they meet?"

"Lady Prendergast and Camilla drove over and lunched there the day after you were at Silvermead; but it appears the two young people had met a good deal abroad, when—when she was with her unfortunate father, you know; and that it is quite a case."

"Are you sure of this?"

"Why, the thing is plain enough. He rides over to see her every day; and people even go so far as to whisper——"

"Yes?"

"That—but that is mere gossip; and I don't believe a word of it, upon my honour. I am no scandal-monger."

"What do you mean?" asked the young man, almost brutally.

"Nay, I'll say no more; but as for their loving each other, it is enough to see them together—as I have twice done—to have no shadow of doubt on the matter."

Throughout Miss Laffinch had affected total blindness as to young Brudenell's interest and anxiety.

"One thing at least you will tell me, Miss Laffinch," pursued the poor boy; "you said, 'her unfortunate father.' What did you mean?"

"Why, only that——" but here they were interrupted by the entrance of the other two, and as they all moved to the whist-table, without loss of time, for it was already late, Miss Laffinch chuckled as she told herself—

"If the young fool counts his trumps to-night, I know nothing of human nature."

And she was a true prophet, and won thirty-four and sixpence from the young fellow she had mystified; and, what is more, slept well after it. Indeed, it is difficult to say what sin Miss Laffinch would not have committed for thirty-four shillings and sixpence, and slept well after.

And now the night of the ball has actually come, and Sir Howard, who by-and-bye is going to play dummy with the colonel and Miss Laffinch, takes advantage of the few minutes he is alone with Horace before dinner to give him some advice.

"Now, mind, Horace, I expect great things of you to-night. Remember, it is no wild goose-chase, for I have prepared the ground."

As the nephew hasn't the least idea what to answer, he says:

"Yes, uncle."

"So no nonsensical shilly-shallying. Go in for her in earnest, my dear boy. Let there be no sort of mistake as to what you mean. In all the affairs of life humming and hawing is of no use—of no sort or manner of use."

"Very well, uncle," said Horace, curling up his little silky moustache before the glass—a habit with him and perhaps a few other young men—"I will ask Lady Susan to dance as soon as she arrives, and then—I'll ask her again, and I—I suppose——"

"Well?"

"I must rather make love to her mother as well," and he looked quite Machiavelian as he said this.

"To be sure, to be sure," said Sir Howard, delighted, "never forgetting a dash of the filial, you know."

"Exactly," quoth the pupil.

"At the same time you must not make Lady Susan at all conspicuous. The room must know nothing of your pretensions. That would be bad taste, and therefore a mistake; never be premature. You must dance with others."

"I will, oh, I will," replied Horace, blushing like a girl, but with his face well to the looking-glass. He now seemed dissatisfied with the set of his tie.

"Don't forget to ask Miss Harding. Remember you dined there the other day."

"Ah! by-the-bye, I won't," said the artful youth. "Very nice little girl is Miss Harding, a very nice little girl, now that you mention her; is not she a great heiress, too?"

"Oh, you mean from Lady Prendergast. I will tell you exactly how that is. Silvermead, you see, is about ten thousand a-year, and——"

But the fates were against poor Horace whenever he sought information concerning the prospects of his inamorata. The inevitable old spinster was here announced, the Colonel strolled in from dressing, and the four adjourned to dinner without farther ado.

It was about ten o'clock when Horace mounted the dogcart for his seven mile drive to the ball—a matter of little more than half-an-hour with the active piece of trotting cattle which stood between the shafts. Her dam was an American professional, who had done the mile in two-thirty in days when there were no Dexters or Flora Temples; and she derived size and undying "pluck" from the English thoroughbred she owned for a sire.

When the mind is at tension there is something especially congenial in driving rapidly through the air, especially if you yourself handle the ribbons. Although young Brudenell flattered himself that he had shown much self-command, and, indeed, consummate subterfuge in his preprandial interview with his relative—why are very young people always so proud of successful deceit? it is far more difficult to be candid—he is nevertheless, to-night, in a very

fever of conflicting emotions, with his temper very decidedly upon what in slang phraseology is termed "the rampage." It would have fared ill indeed with a lazy or obstinate brute had he been driving such, but Continental was the direct opposite of either, and Horace, for sole solace, ever and anon raised his "jimcrow" from his hot brow with his right hand, innocent of a whip, as he dashed along through the night.

Was this true about young Acton? He would lose no time in ascertaining that. What was the fellow like, he wished to know. If Miss Harding had known him long and engaged her affections to him abroad, well and good; only, what a consummate little flirt she must be then to have carried on with him, Horace, as she had done on the only two occasions when they had met. Yes, really, only two—could it be possible that so much could have come of two meetings? To be sure he had seen her that night from the wood. Horror, if when she gazed up so sentimentally at the moon before vanishing from his sight, it was another name than his which fluttered on her blossom-like lips, and soared away to heaven—that of his rival—of Acton!

But why distress himself? He would now soon find out the truth. Miss Laffinch was well known for a poisonous old cat. How he could ever speak to her, except to ask what trumps were, he didn't know.

And what was his mission to-night?

To make love to a woman he did not care for in the least. Ambitious as he was—aye, and, out with it, anxious to be rich—he had no stomach for the deed to-night.

If indeed Miss Harding was wavering, if she really had begun to care for him somewhat, and was hesitating between the old love and the new, then indeed his obeying his uncle's orders and making the running, as it is called, with Lady Susan, might, in very sooth, jump alike with his own interests and inclinations.

But the battle Horace had to fight, or chose to think he had to fight, to-night was one concerning which it was bootless to lay down any precise plan until he should view the ground. One thing only Horace determined, and that resolutely, for he mistrusted his disturbed and somewhat violent mood—he would be prudent. Oh, but more than prudent. Let matters wag how they might, he would say nothing to-night, either to the woman he loved or to the one he was ordered to love, that could in any degree compromise or bind him. No, he would feel his way, that was all. When driving home some hours later, Horace Brudenell should not tell himself that which he would allow no other man to tell him even if he deserved it—that he had made a fool of himself. On so much he was fixed as granite.

But here he is close to the door of the little town hall where the dance, for it is little more, takes place. There are two or three carriages and a couple of "flies" before him, but, handing

the reins to the groom, he jumps down and threads his way on foot through the dense little crowd of gazers who cluster like bees about each side of the entrance.

CHAPTER VI.

HORACE found the rooms already well filled and dancing in full swing. The *locale* was unusually well suited to the occasion, for beside the main hall or ball room, there were sundry other and much smaller apartments, used on work days as municipal offices, but now not untastefully arranged as boudoirs, resting places, flirting boxes, or, to speak plainly, mantraps, by the simple aid of a good many yards of white and pink calico and a few branches of hawthorn bloom and lilac. There was a buffet in a long passage-like chamber throughout the night, and at half-past twelve a *bonâ fide* supper, with real champagne—for which the committee had contracted at sixty-four shillings a dozen, a good price for average Sillery—and all included in the guinea ticket.

Horace threaded his way through the ball room, between the revolvers and the wallflowers, and, not seeing anybody connected with his present circumstances, except indeed some of the Fouroaks' party at the upper end of the room, among whom Camilla was conspicuous by her absence, he did what I am afraid is not a very interesting or hero-like thing: he went through to the buffet to indulge in that cup of tea from which his early flight from home had debarred him. This spot was also well filled, chiefly with old gentlemen and chaperons, many of whom he knew and exchanged a word with as he passed. Presently, as he took his tea, he was seized upon by a Pickwickian-looking man, a town councillor and notorious bore and button-holer, who plunged at once into politics in general, and Sir Howard Brudenell's views in particular. Young Horace, however, was not a good man to bore. He held that a bore deserved no quarter, and was, in fact, a being who placed himself beyond the pale of consideration and good manners. So he contented himself with listening attentively to every one around him, except good Mr. Twittington—a large wool merchant by profession—merely deigning every now and then to let drop, "Ha, really," or, "Don't know." Presently the word Silvermead, uttered rather low just behind him, attracted his wide-open ears. Half turning for a moment, he saw that the speaker was no other than little Doctor McFinn, the chief local practitioner, a fearful gossip and busy-body, who, notwithstanding a large practice and considerable natural acuteness, had the reputation of knowing everybody's business better than his own. McFinn, although he held up promiscuous drinking to execration, both socially and professionally, was yet what he vulgarly termed, "fond of his whack" at

dinner, which in plain English meant that he was seldom quite the same man after that meal as before it.

The little doctor's especial hobby is matchmaking, and he so far rides it to death, especially when in his cups, that he will assure the most hopeless individual, male or female—a creature devoid of means, attraction, connection, brains, in short, everything—that he or she might be settled very comfortably if they would but bestir themselves and take McFinn for a guide. To-night, for instance, he is addressing a shy and mealy young man of a horribly unripe-looking three-and-twenty. The lad does not give you the idea of being anybody, or having anything, and, to do him justice, he seems utterly unpretending; but the little doctor has got him tight by the shoulder with his left hand, while he keeps tossing off uncounted glasses of sherry with his right—what he calls his “after dinner whitewash”—and, to be sure, it is scarce half-an-hour since he left the dining-room of the mayor. He is saying, in a succession of what may be termed noisy whispers, interspersed with prolonged chuckles—

“What are ye about? What the divil are all you good-lookin’ chaps afther at all? No money? Tush, man, take an heiress then.”

Here the poor young fellow, who looked rather like a stick of asparagus—boiled asparagus, set up on end—uttered something deprecatory.

“Why, man,” pursued McFinn, “the whole place bristles with ’em, and they’re jist dyin’ to be popped to, and niver an offer. Faikes, in old Ireland it’s tin offers a-day they’d be gettin’. I till yer if me own country I can mostly tell an heiress a mile away, by a partickler shape her mouth gets by for ever repatin’ ‘No!’ Chuckle, chuckle.”

This joke only called up a sickly smile in his hearer. The matchmaker continued, “There’s Miss Harding, now—Lady Prendergast’s gran’d daughter, as purty a girl as ever you clapped eyes on—sure, she’s yonder there this minute, and I’ll introduce you as me partickler friend. As I was tellin’ yer, the auld lady thinks a world of me, and of me skill. I was over there a while ago at Silvermead to see her. Well, she’s a good ten thousand a-year, and every penny comes to Miss Harding at her death—the Lord spare her these many years!” and he tossed off another glass of sherry to strengthen the blessing.

“Miss Harding gets it all—indeed,” said the asparagus, in a voice which was not the least sanguine—only bored.

“Who the divil ilse?” asked the doctor, triumphantly, taking, indeed, his hand for one moment from the youth’s shoulder, but only to bring it down again like an iron claw, as his victim made a weak move to escape; “I tell yer, she’s her only daughter’s only child. I never heard talk of any other relatives at all. But come on now to the ball room till I introduce yer,” and emptying his

ninth glass of sherry, the illustrious and omniscient McFinn towed off his *protégé*, to set his monstrous plan in execution.

When I say "plan," by the by, it was nothing of the sort, but just a way he had by which he fancied he made himself vastly agreeable to young persons of both sexes in general. Indeed, if quite sober, the doctor would hardly have gone so far as to venture even to introduce the asparagus to Miss Harding.

That the fine and refined Brudenell was supremely disgusted with what he overheard, it is needless to say. "How dare that drunken little doctor-blackguard—thus he mentally epithetised him—so much as breathe the sacred name of his Camilla at all, much less hand her about, so to say, to every Dick, Tom, and Harry of his pitiful acquaintance?"

Yet, for all his indignation and his burning anxiety to punch the free and easy Hibernian's head for him, Horace had gathered two important facts—or so he thought them—from the little doctor's expansiveness. Miss Harding was positively at the ball. Well, since it was settled she was to stay at Four Oaks expressly for it, there was no reasonable ground to doubt that she would come. Yes, but when we are immensely anxious to meet somebody, do you not know that there is always a great doubt of our doing so? Few have lived in the world even a short time to so little purpose as not to have learnt to look out for disappointment, whenever, that is, the heart is nervously anxious on any given event.

And then, about the money! The great probability was that McFinn was right there too. His being a horrid little cad did not weaken his evidence. No one heard so much about everybody as McFinn. Newsmonger by profession almost, the little man would hardly have spoken so positively, exposing himself to be so easily confuted by wrong, and on so important a matter, unless he were pretty sure of the facts. Horace told himself, of course, and honestly, that, albeit not blind to the advantages of wealth, his chief joy at finding Camilla's prospects so golden was in the escape thereby afforded him from the match with his uncle's nominee; for he hoped that if he could show Sir Howard that Lady Prendergast's heiress was as good a match, monetarily speaking, as was the other, the baronet might concede to waive the higher rank of Lady Susan in order that his nephew's affections might go with his hand.

Deep in these thoughts Horace strolled from the buffet, and almost unconsciously bent his steps, not to the ball-room, but towards a little suite of the smaller apartments, by which you could still gain the former by a circuitous route. He had hardly entered the first of these when he started violently. Seated alone there, were Camilla—an empty cup of tea by her side—and a man whom Horace at once knew and felt to be Acton.

A clown would have darted back as much as to say:

"Oh, dear me! Two is company, three is none. I wouldn't spoil sport for the world."

A better, but still wrong sort of man, would have rushed forward and accosted the lady with trepidation and some incoherency; but Horace, being the right sort of man, recovered his outward composure *instantly*, by virtue, one may say, of the blood of his ancestors, walked with apparent calmness up to Camilla, and, shaking hands with her, said:

"How do you do, Miss Harding? I am so glad you are here after all. I hope you left Lady Prendergast quite well?"

To which the young lady, who had also changed colour on seeing Brudenell enter, replied, with cordial demureness:

"Quite, thank you. How late you have come! I was looking for you as I danced just now. May I introduce?—Mr. Acton, Mr. Brudenell," and the two young men, who may have been tingling to fly at each other's throats, shook hands at the dictate of beauty, as if it gave them both particular pleasure to become acquainted.

"Is this your first visit to ——shire?" asked Brudenell, pleasantly.

"My first, but I hope not my last. Hitherto I have scarcely seen anything of the Midland counties."

The peerage gives Cyril Acton's age as twenty-five, but he looks decidedly less. Your strongest impression on first meeting him is disappointment with yourself at not being pleased. If a young English nobleman—and a viscount's eldest son may surely be called one—of remarkably good face and figure, of irreproachable manner and address, be not a right pleasant individual to encounter, either you must be very unappreciative or there must be something in this particular specimen to account for your dissatisfaction. Now, what can it be? Let us take him in detail.

He is very fair, and you tell me perhaps that you hate light-haired men, but I really cannot attend to your purely personal prejudices. You say you detect the *coiffeur's* tongs in the slight wave of those gold-touched locks. It may be so. Proceed. The brow is ample, and the eyes are fairly large and decidedly intellectual. Bright and cold as steel are they? You are right. Restless too. No candour in their glance, certainly. After all, they are but one feature; let us come to the nose—a study for a sculptor! A moustache, which is still but a sketch for the future article; and now for the mouth. Well, not ugly—a good deal of the classic bow about it; but I admit a deplorable thinness of lip; the corners, too, speak clearly of cynicism. The jaw and chin, which in another face might be only very firm, taken as they must be here in conjunction with the eyes and mouth, become stern and even cruel.

Yes; I think I must admit you have made out your case, and shown that if your heart goes not out to this young patrician, his want of heart and, I fear, honesty, must bear the blame.

"It promises to be quite a full ball to-night, Miss Harding," said Horace. "I hope, if you have not already promised them all, that you will give me a dance soon."

"I shall be very happy. I have declined to engage myself deeply. There are no programmes, and I am sure I should make a thousand mistakes, and be thought so rude. What dance will you have—the next?"

"What is it?"

"I have not an idea. Do you know, Mr. Acton?" said Camilla.

"A quadrille, I think."

"Can you not find me a waltz—the next waltz?"

"I am engaged for that to your friend Mr. Forbes."

"The one after?"

"I had just promised that to Mr. Acton as you came up."

Horace bit his lip. It was nobody's fault, but it was provoking.

"I would ask you for the third," he said, "but I am not fond of being disappointed, and you have just said you are sure to forget if you engage yourself deeply."

"There are exceptions to every rule, Mr. Brudenell. I think, if I try very hard," she added, smiling rather roguishly, "I shall not forget that waltz."

"Shall I take you back to Lady Four Oaks?" asked Cyril Acton.

"Yes, I suppose I ought to go, ought I not?" said Miss Harding, appealing to Acton in a way Brudenell did not quite like. But then lovers are so unreasonable.

Just as the pair were moving off, the girl turned to Horace and said, with a simplicity which prevented its being anything but charming:

"As that waltz is so far off, I will give you the lancers; that is the second square dance from now—I saw it written up."

"What, instead of our waltz?"

"No, no, as well."

Horace felt invaded by a perfect flood of gratitude. "Oh, thanks, so very much," he said. Language is such a poor thing on great occasions.

Then suddenly Camilla said, "Is it not sad about poor Lady Susan; of course you have heard?"

Horace started guiltily. This question of Camilla's might mean anything, from a fatal fall from horseback to a sprained ankle. Camilla marked his concern, and perhaps ascribed it to a wrong cause.

Horace only said: "Is she not here?"

"No, you look so unhappy that I am quite sorry to be the one to tell you," and the young lady showed a touch of pique.

"You—you quite mistake me, indeed. But what has happened?"

"Oh, nothing so very terrible; though, perhaps, we ought never to say that of death."

"Death!"

"Only a cousin of Lady Caulfield, an old major they hardly knew, but still a first cousin. He was eighty-six, I believe."

"But you said it was so sad."

"I meant her not being able to come to-night; Lord Caulfield says they must not go out till after the funeral."

"Oh, exactly," said Horace, half absently. "The—the next dance then?"

"The next lancers," and as she moved off on Acton's arm, she added, rather saucily, "If you look so heart-broken, I think all of us who have not lost aged cousins must conspire to console you. I've a great mind to give you the quadrille as well—oh, don't be shocked, I don't mean it," and, laughing low, away she went.

(To be continued.)

SOME ACADÉMICIENNES.

Que vont-elles faire dans cette galère?

Is the instantaneous query
That suggests itself as the troop goes by,
Heads bended low, heads carried high,
Here voices tuned to the tone of a sigh,
There softly, subduedly merry.

Slow saunters past, a dame who fast
Is reckoned in all her paces :
Over a fence or a love affair,
Through her money and through the air,
Before the fashion, behind a pair,
'Tis reported her ladyship races.

In contrast true, her companion's blue,
As Madame de Staël or Lake Leman.
See, lecture-wise, she takes the floor,
With piercing tongue men's ears to bore,
For historic canvases call up the lore
Just culled from Froude or from Freeman.

Miss Pert, from school come lately, who'll
Of all subjects give a new version :—
Two terms she taxed her father's till
By "drawing"—an extra in the bill—
Art-lessons, therefore, to instil
Is a fit and proper person.

And there she goes, my wild blush-rose,
Kissed warm by the June sun's tannage.
Sweet modest eyes her lashes shade ;
But in her train many youths parade,
For heiress to many an acre's the maid,
With right of pasture and pannage.

"Professor," I said, "what allurement has led
Them here?" With a curl of the lips, he
Replied : "The doing of something new."
"And seeing?" "Bah ! it's themselves are on view."
Spectatum veniunt just a few,
But all *spectentur ut ipsæ.*"

TAF.

THE STORY OF A HANGWOMAN.

WHAT travellers tell of the King of Dahomey's Amazonian bodyguards, gaunt, grim viragoes every one, of prodigious strength, courage, and ferocity, impresses one with African barbarity more forcibly than perhaps any other institution on the "Dark Continent." Even amongst savages, one looks for some leaning towards mercy on the woman's part, it is natural to expect a Pocahontas even on the coast of Guinea. But the idea of a female executioner, strange and dreadful when narrated in the annals of an African tribe, becomes horrible, grotesque, incredible, when transported to a spot within a few hours' journey of London, and to days not remote from our own. And yet, not one hundred years ago, flourished in Roscommon, flogged, branded, hanged, and pocketed fees for such services, one whose memory still lingers round the old gaol and in the minds of the peasantry—the famous "Lady" Betty.

Roscommon is an eminently uninteresting town, romantic as are some of its legends. It is composed of three straggling streets, a jumble of shops and private houses, large and small, receiving different names throughout their length, and forming a figure resembling an irregular Z. To the north are the ruins of a castle, once the stronghold of a baron of the Pale, often taken and re-taken before its final destruction. In an opposite direction, those of a Dominican monastery, founded by Felim O'Connor in the thirteenth century, and containing his tomb, partially restored through the exertions of the late Sir William Wilde and other antiquaries. In the centre of the tower stands the present Roman Catholic Church, once the "Court House" or Town Hall, its domed steeple visible from afar, and behind it the old gaol where Betty ministered, now turned into dwelling-houses, whose quaint dark corridors and strangely-shaped rooms I often longed to explore. Those frowning walls chilled the soul of more than one Croppy, or Whiteboy, or Ribbonman, as the case might be, in the "bad times," that now seem coming again on Ireland. How the poor wretches must have shivered in the cold grey dawn when they saw their prison looming dark against the sky, heard the doors creak harshly back and clash behind them with grating of keys, knowing they would never, never return by the way they came, never feel again the pure fresh air blowing straight from the Atlantic over moor and mountain on their face, lifting their floating hair. Most of them were young,

many were led into trouble, some deserved their fate, but was not the thought of grim "Lady" Betty enough to chill any man's blood? A woman unsexed, who was said to revel in the sufferings she inflicted, about whom eeriest stories circulated, an embodied Northern Saga, with all of the wild and terrible such legends hold. How she came to be hangwoman may be briefly narrated. She was of peasant origin, early left a widow with one child, a boy, in the latter half of the eighteenth century. Her disposition was silent and brooding—what the Irish call "dark"—unsociable with her neighbours, having no friends, all her dull affections concentrated in her son. She was superior to her class in many ways, could read and write, an unusual accomplishment in those days, and in these arts she had early instructed the lad. She was crushed by bitter, hopeless poverty, lived with difficulty by the labour of her hands, and privation seemed to act like frost on her soul, chilling and freezing the fount of kindness that springs in every human heart. In truth, an unlovable creature, when allowances are made for circumstances. The boy was lively and warm-hearted, full of merry, affectionate ways, winding himself round his mother's heart, and returning her love with interest, the one bright spot in her obscure, monotonous life. Then, as now, the tide of emigration flowed westward, but America seemed vastly further off. Before the boy's imagination it fluttered, a shimmering phantom like the magic isle of the blest that shines in the sunset off the coast of Arran—a country full of riches, with virgin soil that gave abundantly on the smallest cultivation, an *El Dorado* where fortunes were to be had for the taking, a land where willing hands could make their way, a land of sunshine, of marvels. So old men said whose sons had prospered beyond the seas. He saw American letters at intervals bring goodly store of money to aid his neighbours, his mother said money was all one wanted to be happy, and he resolved to seek it where, by all accounts, it was to be found. The idea became fixed and matured in his mind as he approached manhood. Gradually he won Betty to his way of thinking. Though it wrung her heart to let him go, she agreed there was no opening for him at home, nor hope of fortune, and so it came to pass he stood one morning at the cross-roads, pockets empty, courage high, with a group of intending emigrants, while his mother, choking with tearless grief, hung round his neck, as if she could not let him go, strained him in a last passionate embrace, then turning without once looking back, ran blindly to her lonely cabin, locked the door and flung herself down by the fireless, desolate hearth in an agony of grief. This, I should think, was some few years after the Declaration of American Independence. The mother did not hear from him for months, then a letter reached her. He was safe, liked the new country, and was doing well. He wrote at intervals, always giving good accounts of his prospects

and seeking to cheer her, sending moreover all he could spare from his earnings, a blessed relief to her ceaseless toil. About two years passed, then he wrote saying he intended pushing West, to a wild tract of country uncolonized by Europeans, where he expected to make his fortune. The climate was rather unhealthy, and the Indians were said to be hostile, but he did not fear them, and believed if one were kind and honest towards them, there was nought to fear. Still, the undertaking was dangerous, but he risked his life to be able the sooner to have her with him and repay her for all her care and love. Such was the substance of the last letter she ever received from him. Whether he wrote others which never reached her, or fell a victim to the climate, to hard work or to Indian treachery, she did not know. Sometimes she thought bitterly perhaps he lived and had forgotten her, but, to do her justice, she dismissed the idea. No! her boy would never act so. Again she broke into wild upbraidings against that Providence which had deprived her of her only comfort, but generally her mood was one of darkest gloom. The remittances from America failing, and her boy not being now at hand to help her as he used, she became poorer than ever, and at times scarcely earned enough to keep body and soul together.

And thus the years passed; her dark hair turned greyish, the lines hardened round her mouth. Happier far if she had died thus, poor and alone, than lived to earn the price of blood! One winter evening she sat alone by her fire of dry sticks and crouched over the feeble blaze. Outside the dark rack sailed across the sky, the trees swayed their heavy branches with a dismal creak, gusty showers had fallen all day soddening the roads and grass, now the wind was rising, portending ominously a storm, and driving the smoke back into the blackened kitchen, which with "the room," as Irish peasants call it, composed her dwelling. Feeble jets of light danced on her bent head or shone on the brown dresser behind, with its scanty store of plates and "noggins," or wooden drinking vessels, with a couple of stools, a chair, and a broken table, the sole furniture. The storm grew louder, the rain came swishing against the window with every gust, and its heavy monotonous patter was heard in the lull of the blast. It found its way through weak places in the thatch, and dripped slowly on the earthen floor, filling the uneven places with little pools of water. A half-starved black cat rubbed against its mistress's knees. It was past nine when a loud impatient knock was heard at the door. The woman started violently and listened, it was repeated. Lighting the one candle the house afforded, she advanced and asked who was there.

"A traveller seeking shelter," replied a strange voice, and Betty opening the door saw a tall man with a long black beard, holding the bridle of a powerful horse; he strode into the cottage, the wet gleaming on his clothes and the coat of the

animal. "A terrible night," he said, in hearty, genial tones. "They told me I'd reach Roscommon before night, but my horse cast a shoe, and it took so long to get it repaired, that this confounded storm overtook me. I am wet to the skin, and if you can give me a bed and some supper shall stay here—if you have no objection, of course."

"'Tis not a night for a dog to be out, let alone a Christian, sir; but this is a poor place for the likes of yer honour," said Betty, who had been eyeing the fine cloth of the gentleman's clothes, his splendid fur cloak and other signs of wealth.

"O, I'm contented," he said, his smile disclosing the whitest and most regular teeth, "I've put up with worse in my time," and he proceeded to fasten up the horse, while Betty barred the door against the intrusive blast. She hastened to throw more sticks on the fire, drew a seat to the blaze, took the gentleman's heavy coat from him, and made him sit down. He placed the rush-light in its queer arm-and-socket candlestick, just what the Anglo-Saxons used, to one side, saying it pained his eyes, and stretching out his feet to the fire, asked, could she give him anything to eat.

"No! there is nothing in the house—and no money neither," she added, with a kind of defiance.

The stranger looked sadly and earnestly at her, perhaps the idea of anyone wanting money seemed strange to a rich man, his lips moved as if he were about to speak, but changing his mind he drew out a heavy purse and laid a gold piece on the table. "Buy something with this then," he said, "I shall pay you well to-morrow for your trouble."

She took it in silence, wrapped her dark cloak about her and passed out into the wild night, cautioning her guest to bar the door. In less than half-an-hour she tapped for re-admittance, and entered laden with bread, meat, eggs, and spirits, not forgetting a bundle of hay on her shoulders for the horse. The stranger rubbed down and foddered the animal, while she prepared his frugal meal, in which he insisted on her sharing. When he was refreshed and warmed, she gave him up her bed, saying she would sleep by the fire, and he unwillingly consented to deprive her of her couch. He retired, and his regular breathing soon announced he slept.

She resumed her place by the hearth. I know not if it was then, or at the first sight of the gold, that temptation to the blackest treachery entered her mind—treachery that she now broodingly matured. It is painful to dissect a mind like hers, cold, callous, covetous, soured by a hard life and disappointment, longing for the ease from her daily toil that money alone could bring, without moral sense, or fear—save of death; so let me pass as quickly as may be this most shocking part of a true story. She resolved to do away with the unknown traveller. As far as she knew he was not an Irishman, certainly not a native of Roscommon; no one had ever seen him enter her cabin; she could

unfasten the horse and drive it forth before dawn; the money she had spent in food could be easily accounted for by a pretended letter from America; she had seen the purse filled to bursting with gold, in short, she argued with herself, there was everything to gain and little or no risk. "The woman who deliberates is lost," says Rousseau, and so it proved in this instance: she murdered the unhappy man as he slept, possessed herself of his papers and valuables, set the horse free, and sat by the dim rush-light to examine the treasure. It was now nearly dawn; was it the cold wind that blows before sunrise that chilled her to the bone and made her shiver as if an ague fit?—or—what did those papers contain? Unhappy, wretched mother!—she had slain her son.

He had come back successful, rich beyond his expectations, to take her by surprise, to make her sharer in his good fortune. She did not recognise, in the dark-bearded man, the slender youth of years gone by. The temptation was irresistible to his laughter-loving disposition; he would pass himself off as a grand gentleman until morning, then reveal himself. How they would laugh together when she knew all! Alas! The morning never dawned for him! The woman's mind was unhinged by the appalling discovery. She shrieked and laughed aloud like a maniac, then rushing wildly out into the cold grey light, by her awful cries drew terrified neighbours round her, to whom she yelled she was a murderess, had killed her only child! They thought she was mad or possessed by a devil, but one bolder than the rest having ventured to enter her cottage rushed back horror-stricken to confirm her broken utterances. She was secured, tried, found guilty and condemned. Roscommon was fixed for the execution.

These were the good old days, when it was penal to steal a sheep or forge a signature, to rob a coach or take a horse, so the cart that drew Betty to the gallows contained a goodly number of wretches, all her inferiors in guilt. Every available foot of ground was thronged by a yelling, hooting crowd, every window looking on the jail was filled with sightseers, joking, laughing, chattering; but when the tumbril stopped at the gallows' foot, silence fell like a pall, and the multitude held their breath. There was a long pause, officials hurried to and fro. There were whispered consultations—what had happened? The news soon spread. The executioner was absent, he had been taken suddenly ill, and had sent an excuse at the last moment. All was confusion. It was the sheriff's duty to carry out the sentence, but the gentleman flatly refused, saying he would forfeit all he possessed first. What was to be done? Even the criminals raised their heads, a kind of dull hope dawning on them, and got more or less animated. Suddenly from their cart broke a woman's voice, shrill and harsh: "Spare me life, yer honour, spare me life, an' I'll hang them all." The sheriff grasped at the unexpected offer, Betty was unbound

by a warder, descended from the tumbril, amidst a murmur of horror, and with awful callousness proceeded to her task. Never was an execution better performed. In a few minutes she stood the only living being on the scaffold, while round her hung the ghastly bodies of her late companions. The hangman died, she was nominated his successor at a yearly salary, lived alone, generally detested, till her death, and all during the rebellion exercised her avocation. Once, during a time of great popular excitement, a widow's son was forced by Ribbonmen to take part in an attack on a police-barrack. He fell at the first shot, and the others fled. The corpse was seized, carried to Roscommon and sentenced to be flogged at a cart's tail through the town. The sentence was carried into effect too, but whether Betty officiated on the occasion or not, I do not know, having failed to get either a certain date for her death or particulars as to its manner, but think this must have been after her time, and that she went to her account during the first decade of the present century.

S. F. S.

THE SERJEANT'S WILL.

A STORY OF HARE COURT.

I.

“MR. WARRINGTON, I believe?”

Simple words and true as far as that I am Mr. Warrington; but this I can assert, that never have words so taken me by surprise, nor has my name ever been put to me under more singular circumstances. That this may be clear, I must explain. As shortly as I can I will do so, for I dislike explanation, and would have my judge, when I am moving the Court, know beforehand, if possible, what my point is.

I am a barrister, as you guess, and my chambers are in Hare Court; it is the most ancient, quiet and retired place in the Temple, just on your right if you come in by the archway at the bottom of Chancery Lane. My number is of no importance; in fact abundant reasons will appear why I should be reticent as to it. One reason, which will not appear, but a very cogent one nevertheless, being, that solicitors are not fond of counsel who rush into print, unless their lucubrations are bound in calf. I have one room in which I sit myself, and the undivided half of a clerk's room and a passage; the rest of the set are occupied (I am talking of a time six months back) by Serjeant Greathead, Q.C., of the Western circuit, whose large room in the rear is the only comfortable and well-furnished one, my rooms being as dingy and cheerless as most ground-floor apartments in the Temple. A couple of doors shut us in, but the oak is only sported when the clerks leave at seven. Then our chambers, not very lively during the day time, are abandoned to darkness, silence and the mice. In a word they are merely offices.

Well, about the time I have mentioned, I was obliged, no matter why—perhaps because over my dinner at the Suffolk Street Club I discovered a fallacy in the opinion to be sent out the next morning—I found myself obliged, for the first time for certainly a year, to go to my chambers after dinner. The clock at St. Clement Danes was striking the half-hour after nine as I turned into the lonesome and echoing Temple. I opened my outer door with my key, after ascertaining that I had some matches in my pocket, and did the same to the inner

door, drawing the oak to behind me, and shutting it; then I stood still. It was very odd!—all should have been in darkness, but from the key-hole of the Serjeant's room a bright ray of light shone steadily, and from within came the familiar sound of the rustling of papers. It was very odd. I had known the Serjeant say he never worked at night, and certainly I had never heard of him coming to his chambers in the evening. Very singular that we should both be there on this particular night! At any rate, I would see if it was all right. I opened his door and walked in quietly, an apology on my lips. The room, as I have said, a spacious one, was brilliantly lighted, the table was covered with papers and books; but no Serjeant Greathead was there! Some one was, though, with a vengeance.

"Mr. Warrington, I believe."

With one hand resting upon the table and pressing some among the many papers which littered it, stood the speaker, a lady! Apparently about five-and-thirty, she was tall and of a good figure, her dress handsome though simple. A veil obscured much of her face which was towards me as I entered. Either her complexion was naturally colourless, or agitation had driven the blood from her cheeks; the latter, I conjectured, since her left hand was pressed to her side. I stood dumbfounded, and at least twice this unexpected apparition repeated the words I have set down. Who was she, and what on earth was she doing alone and at this time of the night in our chambers? As far as I remember I said at last in a bewildered tone, still holding the door-handle,

"Yes, certainly, I am Mr. Warrington."

"You must be surprised to find me here. I am Serjeant Greathead's niece."

"Oh, yes!" I answered, with a bow and a vain attempt to indicate by my tone that I thought this a perfectly satisfactory explanation of her presence at 9.30 in his chambers; "Oh yes."

"He is rather unwell this evening, and thought he would like to have some papers to read, in case he should not sleep. I have volunteered to fetch them—was it not bold of me?—and my cab is waiting in Fleet Street."

"The Serjeant not well! I am very sorry. Can I give you any assistance?" From the appearance of the table she must have undone most of the bundles in search of the right papers, such was the litter upon it. She really was a very good looking woman.

"You can undo the harm you have innocently caused, Mr. Warrington, by getting me a glass of water, if you will be so kind. You startled me not a little. I was prepared to find darkness and loneliness, but not to meet anyone."

"If I have frightened you I do wish I had stayed away—which is unselfish," I added gallantly; "but it is curious that fate should have led me here to-night for the first time this year."

"Yes; not only curious, Mr. Warrington, provoking also."

I laughed and hastened to my room, lit a candle and drew some water from the filter. There was a flavour of romance about this, and yet, handsome as she was, and singular as were the circumstances, something repelled me. I had not got over the start she caused me perhaps.

"Are you sure that you have got what you want?" She had replaced the papers and cleared the table with wonderful deftness while I was away. She was standing now by the fire-place, evidently ready to go.

"I have, thank you," she answered, rather thoughtfully; "perhaps you would be good enough to escort me to my cab, my nerves have hardly recovered yet."

She smiled bewitchingly as she spoke what I took for badinage, but the next instant I saw that it was true enough. We were moving towards the door, and I had just said, "With pleasure," when a heavy footstep coming along the passage outside, made itself clearly heard even through the closed doors. It halted a couple of seconds as if going no farther, then it proceeded on and up the stairs. Well, just during the second or two that it halted at the door, I saw my companion's face—it had turned white again and had the same nervous expectant expression I had first observed. Her nerves had not recovered the surprise of my sudden entrance.

"It would hardly do for any one to find me here," she said, with a forced laugh, finding my eyes fixed upon her face.

"No? but that was so like your uncle's footstep that it did not alarm me."

She did not smile as I expected. On the contrary she helped to unfasten the outer door with almost petulant eagerness. Once in the open air she breathed more freely, but she hardly spoke again except to thank me when I put her into the cab.

"I hope the Serjeant will sleep to night and not need his papers," were my last words, which she only acknowledged by a bow, as she threw herself back. But I had cause, as will be seen, to remember them.

I did not get much work done that night, quiet as it was: my visitor had unsettled me, I suppose. Twice I thought I heard some one in the Serjeant's room, and was foolish enough to take a light and go and see. Of course there was no one there; so after a short time I gave it up and went home to bed.

The next day, be it observed, was Sunday. I pass on as briefly as I can: at breakfast on the Monday I received a more serious shock. Among the items of intelligence in the *Morning Post* appeared this paragraph (it will save me much explanation): "We regret to have to announce the sudden death, at his residence, Gloucester Road, of Mr. Serjeant Greathead, Q.C., of the Western Circuit, Recorder of Diddleham. His decease, which took place very suddenly on Saturday evening, was caused by a heart com-

plaint from which the learned gentlemen had for some time suffered."

"Umph," said I to myself, and, being a lawyer, began to ~~think~~ and to put two and two together, not without now and ~~again~~ a little eerie feeling down the small of my back. Mr. Serjeant Greathead ~~died on Saturday evening~~. On Saturday evening, before or after the event is not proved, a lady is occupied all alone among Mr. Serjeant Greathead's papers, in his chambers, and, though this I was not quite sure about, among the drawers of his private writing table. "Umph!" well I was never on very intimate terms with the old gentleman, who was thirty years my senior, and it is no particular business of mine. It's all right, or will come so in the end, doubtless. And I put on my boots and coat and went down to chambers and discussed the old gentleman's death, with the due amount of sympathy, with his clerk, and forwarded a letter of condolence to the family, of whom I knew nothing, applied to the treasurer of the Inner Temple to take on the Serjeant's chambers, and did my usual work and lived my usual life for four days. Then something happened. Thomas, my boy, showed in to me "our Mr. Ford," of Ford, Ford and Bittle, of Staple's Inn, whom I knew to be the late Serjeant's solicitors. "A new client," said I to myself, with much excitement. With a judicious mixture of courtesy and dignity I waved him to a seat; which was all thrown away.

"Now perhaps *you* can help me, Mr. Warrington," he said after a few preliminary observations which sufficiently enlightened me. "Have you any idea where our poor friend is likely to have put his will?"

"Not the slightest. We were not on very intimate terms, though the best of friends. Have you searched his cupboard and books?"

"Carefully. Yet I feel sure that it is here. The day he signed it, he said to me, 'Here you'll find it when it's wanted, Ford,' and he tapped the table, so that I took it for granted he meant to lock it up there."

"What family has he left, Mr. Ford?"

"He was never married. His niece, a remarkably nice girl, has lived with him for a year. Except a distant cousin, who acted as a kind of housekeeper, she was his only connection."

"Was his niece a great favourite of his?"

"Yes, of late, very much so. Her mother and the Serjeant did not get on; a year ago the mother died, and Mr. Greathead, who was a good man at bottom, took the girl home. I don't mind telling you that the missing will leaves her nearly everything."

"What!" I cried, in huge astonishment, "leaves *her* nearly everything?"

"Yes; and very natural too. Why not?"

Up to this moment I had had, since the lawyer opened his

business to me, but one idea, which was, that on the night on which the old man died, his niece, this "very nice girl," had come to his chambers, searched for the will, and, for her own advantage, abstracted and destroyed it. Had done that, and had, into the bargain, startled me first and fooled me afterwards. But how about this theory now? *Cui bono*.

"I can't make it out!" I said, slowly nursing my chin.

"Nor can I?" cried the other, briskly.

"Is the niece, Miss—Miss Greathead, of a very Quixotic spirit? at all likely to burn the will to benefit some one else?"

"She's not so mad as to throw away seventy thousand pounds, if you mean that. Good heavens, sir, what suggested such a thing to you?"

I told him then all that had occurred on the Saturday night, just as I have related it above. If my readers felt a tithe of the wonder he expressed, I am satisfied with my powers of narration.

"If you had not told me face to face, sir, I would not have believed a syllable of it!" he said, emphatically, "not a syllable!"

"Could you"—after I had thought a minute or two—"could you procure me a glimpse of Miss Greathead, or of her photograph?"

Our Mr. Ford actually blushed. "Well I could. Perhaps it would be more satisfactory if you saw herself."

"Not at all." What in the world made the man fidget so?

"Then I think—I have—somewhere, if I've not left it, the very thing you want. Oh yes, here it is." And after fumbling in all his other pockets, from his breast-pocket Mr. Ford, a little red in the face, produced a neat little Russia-leather case. He opened this, and held the portrait within for my inspection.

"Well?" he uttered, impatiently, while with a critical eye I was examining a very pretty, very youthful, wholly good face.

"Nose a little, just a little, too *retrousé*;" I murmured.

"Eh?" shutting it up with an angry snap.

"But, however, that is not the lady who was occupied here on Saturday night. That is one point clear, Mr. Ford. Now who would profit by the destruction of this will? Is any earlier one in existence?"

"Yes. There is a former will discovered in the Serjeant's desk at home. It was made before Clive—I mean Miss Greathead—came to live with him."

"Its date?"

"January, 1879."

"Well?"

"It leaves two-thirds of the estate to the cousin who then kept house for him."

"A tall, pale, dark-eyed woman, decidedly good-looking?"

"Yes. By Jove, I see! She was your visitor and with instinctive caution gave Clive's name, or rather description," he cried.

"And has destroyed the last will?"

"I don't know so much about that," he answered, slowly wiping his forehead. "She did not burn it here, as you say the fire was out. She might keep it to see how things would turn out. It gives her £5,000 too."

"Ah, does it? Wait a moment. Does it really? Well, then, we can get it back by a bold stroke. I'm with you in this, Mr. Ford. It gets interesting. The first will, which must be proved if the last be not found, gives the house-keeping cousin two-thirds, about £50,000 say; the later and missing will gives her £5,000. But suppose one were—only suppose—one were to turn up between the two and give her nothing, eh?"

"No chance!" said the lawyer; "I don't think I quite follow you."

"I can explain in two words. You see——"

But as the two words lengthened themselves to two hundred, as two words always do, I need not go through any more of our conversation. Its drift will be guessed by the sagacious reader.

At parting, "It's rather a serious thing, you know," said the lawyer, ruefully.

"Yes," I answered mischievously; "it's five years!"

We were assembled in the dead man's dying room in Gloucester Road to hear the will read. It may seem odd that I should have been present at this merely family matter, but the fact is that I, John Warrington, of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, was not. A silent and humble gentleman, with a beard and glasses, with also a seedy coat and boots to match, and a habit of taking snuff surreptitiously yet with a certain amount of ostentation, was present. But he was merely Mr. Ford's clerk, and if his figure and face were not familiar sights in the offices of Messrs. Ford, Ford and Bittle, why Mr. Ford had a right to engage a special clerk for business of so confidential a nature as this. There were not many present. The tall, gracious, almost queenly woman sitting near the fire with her back to the light and a large black fan in her hand is Miss Chilling, "third cousin to the deceased," as the newspapers would say. The fair nervous girl by the table is Miss Clive Greathead: observe that her pale face flushes a little as she shakes hands with "our Mr. Ford." In the background are old Humphreys the clerk, and several servants.

"I have two wills here which I think I ought to read," says the lawyer, softly, taking his seat at the end of the table. "The first is dated, 1879, the second about a year back. A third will was made within the last six months, but I regret to say that our poor friend must have destroyed it, intending, of this I have no doubt, to make another in its place. In the midst of life, we are—yes, indeed!"

Having uttered this in low but clear tones he takes from me—I mean from the clerk, who produces them from his black bag,

some papers, and proceeds in more business-like tones to read the "Last will and testament of Jonathan Greathead of Gloucester Road, in the County of Middlesex; and of Hare Court, the Temple, in the City of London, barrister-at-law."

"The purport is this," said he, after the usual flood of verbiage had passed for the most part harmlessly over our heads, "that the bulk of the testator's estate would go to his cousin, Miss Chilling, and a share very much smaller, but still considerable, to Miss Greathead. In one respect I very much regret that my task does not end with this will."

Then we all listen to another last will and testament, and a fresh current of conveyancer's English, much shorter than the last, however, is let loose upon us. One person in the room, I can safely assert, feels on the rack, and Miss Chilling's fan never stays but flutters, now slowly, now with a sudden impetus. And, no wonder; her fortune of £45,000 is swept away as by a stroke of the pen, and a miserable £500 all that is given her instead. Of the residue, after payment of certain legacies to the servants, clerks, and others, the whole is given to Miss Greathead. When he ceased, the woman by the fire rose grandly to her full height.

"This is not the final arrangement our friend intended to make; so much I know; it is a sad lesson of the danger of procrastination even in the wisest of us." Thus Mr. Ford, in a low apologetic tone, busy with the paper.

"Oh, Edith, I am very sorry!" Miss Greathead had risen, too, and put her hand upon the elder woman's shoulder. The servants were filing out. Miss Chilling pushed the other aside, not cruelly, but as if she were in the way.

"The will! show me the will!" she said, in hoarse, low tones, holding out one white hand imperatively. Mr. Ford handed it to her without a word. She took it to the window and examined it carefully. Wonderful as under the circumstances was her self command, one could hear the paper rustle in her shaking hands. In a moment she faced us.

"You did not draw this unjust will?"

"No," Mr. Ford answered, nervously, "he took, I suppose, other advice. The attesting witnesses are Mr. Warrington, who, you may be aware, has chambers—had, I should say—with the Serjeant, and the laundress, who died some months ago. So it is evident that it was made at chambers."

There was an uncomfortable silence for a moment. Then Miss Chilling crossed the room and rang the bell.

"Is Mr. Humphreys still here!" she said to the servant.

"Yes, miss."

"Ask him to come to me, if you please."

"My clerk shall fetch him," cried Mr. Ford, hastily, with a glance first at the servant and then at his unprepossessing follower.

"No," said Miss Chilling, imperatively. We all stood still and listened to the clock ticking solemnly, till the old clerk appeared.

"Humphreys," she said, with a strange yearning in her tone, a sudden softening as it were, "please to examine this signature, and tell me if it is your late master's."

He was her last hope.

The old man slowly took out and put on his glasses. Miss Greathead, nervous and frightened, cowered in the window seat. Mr. Ford looked steadily into the fire. I fancy he saw there a short law report, headed "In the matter of Charles Henry Ford, gentleman, one, &c.," or it might be more shortly, "In the matter of a solicitor." As for his clerk, I can answer for it, that no heart in the room was going pit-a-pat like his. How long Humphreys was poring over it! At last he spoke, and then with torturing slowness.

"Ah, that's his writing sure enough, God bless him."

Then two of us drew such a sigh of relief, as, well I am at a loss for a sufficiently strong metaphor, but at any rate it was a very deep sigh.

Mr. Ford murmured a few words of condolence to the one lady, and of congratulation to the other; and he and his clerk got themselves out of the room as well as they could. The last seen of Miss Chilling, she was brooding over the fire, with a face ever so much older, as it seemed to us, than that which had shone in the dusk behind her fluttering fan.

"Upon my honour," Ford whispered to his confidential clerk, as the door closed behind them, "I am almost afraid to leave them together."

"Pooh, your young woman hasn't made a will."

"Why? what! you don't think she——?" He stood still.

"The Serjeant? No, I don't. I've seen his doctor. She was first on the scene that's all; a couple of hours before any one else I expect."

"What, if our plan doesn't answer? How long are we to keep it up?"

"A week won't do us harm; then if nothing turns up we must find out something wrong with our precious document. But I don't think she is inclined to fight." And the confidential clerk of Ford, Ford and Bittle linked his arm with that of "our Mr. Ford" with astonishing freedom, and an utter forgetfulness of his seedy hat and boots.

I, John Washington, barrister-at-law, was sitting alone in my room next day when Thomas came in.

"A lady to see you, sir." I was not greatly surprised.

"Show her in. Good gracious! How do you do? Please to take a seat, miss—ah, yes, Miss Greathead. Very sad things have happened since I saw you last." It was my former visitor, the Serjeant's niece.

"Yes, indeed; they are too fresh to be spoken of. I have called to ask you a question, Mr. Warrington, and I am sure I may trust to your discretion."

"Absolutely," I assented, warmly.

"Please do not think it an odd one. I have a reason. Do you remember witnessing my uncle's signature about a year ago?"

"Well, I remember this much, that I did so, but I don't think I can tell you much about it; as far as I can recall the matter, Mrs. Coll was there. No one else, I think. If I can help you any farther, I will think it out."

"Thank you," she said, with a half-audible sigh, drumming softly on my table with her gloved fingers. "That is all, I think, that I wanted to ask. Now I am here, I should like to see my uncle's room for—for the last time, Mr. Warrington, if you please?"

"Most certainly. Nothing has been disturbed since you were here." I led the way into the room: she stood in the middle, and looked round with a steady scrutinizing gaze.

"I will leave you for a moment," I said, considerably, and, half closing the door, stepped into my own room, and sat down—to finish the Statement of Claim in *Davey v. Davey*?—nothing of the kind, but executed upon my hearthrug a silent dance of triumph that would have gained for me a lucrative engagement at the Aquarium. After five minutes of this, I composed my face, and went back to the old gentleman's room, stumbling carelessly over the mat as I did so. She was still apparently standing exactly where I had left her. It cost me all my self-command to avoid glancing round the room.

"Thank you," she said, sweetly. "I am so much obliged to you. I am very glad I came. You will not mention my visit?"

"You may depend upon my reticence," I said, with a bow, in which I flatter myself, that a sincere personal devotion and an overflowing appreciation of her affection for her uncle appeared to mingle. The moment, however, that I had got her out of the chambers, and the door closed behind her, I sent Thomas off with a note and darted back into the Serjeant's room. There I stood in the middle, where my visitor had stood, and looked around me. There was a melancholy tidiness everywhere. Quickly I opened the drawers, cast my eye over them, felt behind them: as I expected, nothing. Then I procured a chair and a candle, and with a care and minuteness that would have done credit to a Fouché, I looked along the top of row after row of the calf-bound books, that on three sides concealed the walls from floor to ceiling. Two sides had been examined before I found what I had expected. Low down between the fireplace and one of the windows it was, almost within reach of the writing-table. Then I sat down on the floor, put the candle beside me, and took out my watch.

Seven minutes passed before Thomas returned, and some one with him. I did not move, but sung out,

"Ford! here I am: come in, and shut the door."

"There has been a lady here, your boy tells me!"

"Yes, the lady. She wished to see her uncle's room once more. Sweetly appropriate, wasn't it?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Well, out of consideration for her feelings——"

"Bother her feelings!"

"I left her alone—and look here."

He was on his knees in the twinkling of an eye, and had both his glued to the top of the eleventh and twelfth volumes of *Bevan's Reports of the Court of Chancery*. The layer of dust, which elsewhere lay in uniform smoothness, was here disturbed.

"The will is in Chancery, you may depend upon it," I said, airily. At a sign from me Ford gingerly removed the books, and opened first one, and shook it—nothing. I won't swear that our faces did not flush as he opened the other and shook it—nothing! Then he got up and used a naughty word. I examined the volume closely, with the same result. We looked at one another.

"Nothing wrong with our calculations, is there?"

"No; under the missing will she gets £5,000. That will disappear, that she may get two-thirds of the whole estate under the first; when, lo, up starts an intermediate will—a devilish odd will—leaving her only £500, and good, as far as she knows, until the missing one turns up. She's no fool: therefore it will turn up."

"If she has not destroyed it!"

"Exactly. How much time did you give her?"

"Five minutes at least: and some one has been at these books. Wait a minute, what fools we have been!" The two volumes of *Bevan's Reports* still lay upon the floor side by side. I plunged my hand into the orifice caused by their absence from the shelf. I groped. Ford's eyes grew perceptibly bigger. "What's this?" I cried, and brought out a paper.

"Right!" he shouted, as he hastily glanced at it outside. "The last will! We've won."

"No chance of 'five years with—,' eh, now, Ford."

"No, but upon my honour, at one time things looked awkward."

The five thousand pounds were promptly paid to Miss Chilling, and she has passed from our sight with that modest independence. She was a very clever woman, and most certainly will get on in the world. I am glad she never learned how she was checkmated. Clive Greathead is now the wife of "our Mr. Ford," and a cosy, pleasant resort is their house in Grenville Place. So much of the business of Ford, Ford and Bittle comes to my chambers in Hare Court, that I also am thinking of setting up a little double establishment at the West End. Ford and I sometimes chat over the Serjeant's three wills, and the last time I dined with him I heard him say, with singular emphasis, to his guest on the right,

"You never forged a Will, now, I suppose, Sir John?"

"I, sir!" cried the alderman, with portentous dignity.

"Oh, no, of course not; but, do you know, I daresay you've dined at the same table with people who have."

The worthy merchant swelled and swelled with indignation until I quite feared for him. And yet, do you know, I think, Ford was right.

J. STANLEY.

THE MUMMY WASP.

OF kingship, lost three thousand years,
One subject may remain :
A wasp, that in the coffin slid,
Once when the burial flowers were hid,
When subjects shut the heavy lid,
And simulated pain
In mercenary wailing rose,
Around the monarch's stark repose.
Now, after ceaseless ebb and flow
Of so long years, of tilth and grain ;
Of such a many memoried past,
We see the wasp again.
Stingless, as now all evil deeds
Of him who lived and sinned, we know :
And yet the flowers retain their hue,
As when they drank their last of dew ;
As when the long dead fingers laid
Them there, where nought of kingship stayed.
Who knows ? of good, some tiny seed,
Some royal courtesy, help at need,
May bloom, tho' dust to dust succeed,
All else of kingship cold indeed.

J. J. BRITTON.

THE KING'S RED DEER.

CERVUS ELAPHUS, the red deer, has sadly declined from the high position it once occupied in Great Britain. Time was when the stag's "beamed frontlet" was almost too conspicuous among the common objects of this country, and through the best part of the year occupied much of the thoughts of clowns as well as gentlemen. Not that they regarded the great beast in the same light by any means. To a farmer in the Middle Ages stags were an unmitigated nuisance. The choicest valleys had been afforested for their convenience; and not content with their wide-branching privileges as by law established, the antlered thieves were perpetually taking toll—about five-sixths—of the crops of neighbouring farms. These gluttonous proceedings were not, however, viewed by the one-eyed common law of the day as any excuse for measures of retaliation on the part of the rustic, or agricultural hind; for the hind, as everybody knows, is an inferior animal to the royal stag. From the days of the portly monarch—his gracious Majesty King William I.—who, in the quaint words of the old chronicler, "loved the tall game as if he had been their father," and amused his leisure hours by shooting them out of pure paternal affection, to the time when, in equally quaint words, Samuel Pepys recorded a summary execution for deer stealing, the red deer had been fenced about with Draconian legislation, growing more Draconic every year. It was considered by Act of Parliament a greater offence, at one time, to kill a deer than to slay a man, though both offences were graduated in iniquity according to the social status of the slayer and the human victim, and also according to the number of prongs upon the murdered stag's antlers. Severe laws, it is generally supposed, defeat their object; but it has not been recorded that deer-slaying ever became a popular pastime among the agricultural communities, because the laws against the practice were too stringent. It is true that popular sympathy always went with Clym o' the Clough, William of Cloudesley, and bold Robin Hood, in their expeditions into the green-wood to "harry the king's red deer;" but sympathy was the limit. To accompany the bold robbers in person was more than a farmer's life was worth, and farmers have always attached a certain importance to their own lives. Detection in the act of slaughtering one of these sacred beasts placed the offender outside the pale of the law altogether. Even the consolations of religion were scarcely considered admissible, having regard to the enormity of

the crime. Thus it often happened that the sympathetic farmers themselves became the agents—and to do them justice they generally obeyed such orders briskly enough—in providing a hempen rope and hanging the caitiff by the heels without further delay, for daring to do the deeds for which—so far as rustic ballads went—they expressed such unlimited admiration. Human nature was human nature even in the Middle Ages, and sympathy has always been the shallowest of human qualities. “Beauty is only skin deep,” but sympathy is nowhere in comparison with a whole skin.

* The natural result of artificial encouragement of one species of animal—the stag—to the detriment of another species of animal—the farmer—resulted in the multiplication of the former until it became what the ridiculous rabbit now is in New Zealand—an intolerable plague. Unfortunately, too, there did not exist those excellent preserved meat companies, to “preserve” the red deer in tins for consumption by the middle classes of over-populated countries. In the Middle Ages there were no middle classes; and this unfortunate fact, combined with the opposition of “the authorities,” who preferred to preserve their own deer in their own way, and the general lack of commercial enterprise in those benighted times, prevented the establishment of the industry. The discontent against the game-laws, therefore, occasionally culminated in ephemeral rebellions; but organised opposition there was none. “Constitutional agitation” was an unknown art, and the tactics of the Farmers’ Alliance undreamt of. This is only another instance of Darwin’s struggle for existence. When the game laws were strong and oppressive, the farmers succumbed, only at rare intervals giving spasmodic evidence of vitality; whereas now that the game laws are comparatively weak and equitable, the farmers grow more valiant and aggressive year by year. The weakest goes meekly to the wall; and it is only too probable that the Hares and Rabbits Bill may only prove the precursor of the Pheasant and Partridge Bill, and the Grouse, Blackcock, and Snipe Appropriation to the Tenant Bill.

Times have indeed changed. The king’s red deer have found themselves, in spite of a wilderness of protective statutes, no more able than any other creature clad in fur or feathers to withstand the Briareus of encroaching humanity. The sacred beast is fast passing, as far as England is concerned, into the canonized society of the Extinct—the Upper House of Nature’s representatives—whither animals are promoted one by one, when they have become too obsolete, or too conspicuous to jostle with the multitude upon the surface of the earth. As fossilized remains they seek retirement in oolite and sandstone, and when the proverbial New Zealander shall come to dig and poke about among the ruined cities of what once was England, he will doubtless discover, and catalogue with glee, the antlered skeletons of “a large species

of deer, apparently indigenous to Britain so late as the nineteenth century." In a state of nature they exist no longer in the south of England, for the "wild red deer of Exmoor," though numerous enough, bear their title rather from courtesy than fact. The central Grampians, on the vast Athol estates, where the naked ridge of Miniguy frowns upon the glen of Athol on the south and Badenach on the north, will soon be their solitary British home. There, against the unbroken sky-line, above the mountain tracks, still appear at times the long line of stately forms and branching entlers, with one grand old stag standing in all the pride of magnificent maturity, outlined against the dark grey sky—the monarch of the glen; but his kingdom is circumscribed, and the days of his dynasty are numbered. Once they could have been counted by scores in almost every glade of every wood throughout the United Kingdom, and as the grey of an autumn twilight deepened into night, there were few rustic villages where the long-drawn challenge of the rival stags—"rising a sixth by a slur," as a musical naturalist has defined it—could not have been heard close at hand. The New Forest was then their home *par excellence*; and in Wolmer they were numerous enough. Even so late as Queen Anne's days we are told that as Her Majesty was journeying on the Portsmouth Road, "she came out of the great road at Lippock"—now Liphook—"which is just by, and, reposing herself on a bank smoothed for that purpose, saw with great complacency and satisfaction a herd of five hundred head of red deer driven along the vale before her." In 1750, however, owing to constant complaints and constant poaching, they were forcibly removed to Windsor by the Royal keepers, who rode each animal down singly; for although the stag has always been accepted as the type of fleetness, a good rider well mounted has never much difficulty in overtaking a deer in the open. The enormous strength of the great beasts when captured is the real difficulty. The Wolmer stags, however, were all taken, and in the following winter, as Gilbert White narrates, the pursuit of the hinds gave so much sport and so much difficulty as to furnish the country folk with matter of conversation for the next thirty years. The descendants of these same deer may still be seen in the Great Park, as nearly wild as may be, and a source of untold terror to pedestrians, who read upon the trees in October, that the stags are dangerous and must not be approached by the public.

About the same month the red deer becomes an object of interest also to quite another class of persons. On Exmoor the "tufters" are set to work among the "wild" red deer; and all round Windsor, from Ascot Heath to Wraybury, the fields are periodically filled with equestrian crowds of noble sportsmen, "for whose convenience a train leaves Paddington Terminus for Slough or Windsor" on the morning of each meet, and of local horsemen who prefer the comparative *éclat* of riding with the Queen's stag

hounds to the more modest, though more robust, cross-country work with ordinary packs in pursuit of a "common" or "garden" fox. The stag hounds hunt the same district but not the same game as the Eton College beagles, though the latter, with their muddy troops of whooping schoolboys, monopolize the enthusiasm of the country folk. Every farm and village furnishes its quota of volunteers who sally forth to run after the diminutive pack, and by the time poor puss is killed, whenever that consummation is arrived at, half the population of the neighbourhood seem to be panting round her remains. The hunting of the stag, however, is regarded in a colder light, and the ploughman hardly raises his eyes from his furrow as the deer trots across his field or along the high road, keeping a keen look out for "easy-going" ground and open gates, for which no doubt the field are subsequently grateful. Sometimes, indeed, the quarry is roused to sudden exertion by the assault of some roadside cur, or misguided rustic; but, as a general rule, he takes things easily enough, knowing, perhaps, that when the day's sport is over he will ride home again in a cart.

In ancient days, however, the deer was hunted on quite different lines, and "forestry" was one of the exact sciences. Like other sciences, too, it was surrounded and "explained" by an infinity of unintelligible terms, the knowledge and proper application of which constituted no small part of a gentleman's education. The sport nevertheless savoured more of the butchery of a slaughterhouse than would suit modern tastes. There was danger, of course, but only on those rare occasions when a giant stag, wounded to the death, turned upon his enemies with a rage befitting his antlered strength; or when, as in the case of the Red King, a promiscuous arrow found its billet, through accident or design, in a fellow sportsman's person. At times, too, as at Chevy Chase, a deer hunt became a battle field, or the sportsmen found themselves face to face with a band of desperate outlaws, and the bows brought out for pleasure had to be plied for murder. But the slaughter of the deer was in those days a necessity, and the shortest way of filling the baronial larder. Venison was little more than a substitute, and not always an acceptable one, for mutton. It is perhaps one of the most fortunate incidents of the principle of supply and demand, that what is common is on that account undervalued, while rare commodities are enjoyed, not so much for their intrinsic merits as for the price they cost. So with venison; when it was the ordinary food of every day, when each humble farmer's table could be garnished on occasion with the fat haunch or smoking pasty, no food was more despised. "Venison," says an ancient writer, "is a strong and great-grained meat next unto a horse," and Burton opined that "all venison begets bad blood;" while Pepys abused Sir William Hickes because "he did give us the meanest dinners (of shoulder and umbles of venison, which he

takes away from the keeper of the forest) and a few pigeons, and all in the meanest manner that ever I did see to the basest degree." With so many expletives there can remain little doubt as to Pepys's genuine opinion of venison as food for a gentleman; and, as a rule, the natives of all countries where deer's flesh is easily obtained, regard it merely in the light of a last resource against starvation. Civilization, however, and the gradual extermination of the Royal game has given to venison a fictitious reputation and gastronomic value. It is true that in a fresh condition it is inferior to mutton, and can only be decently digested when it has arrived at a stage of decomposition, that in the case of flesh of sheep or cow would be stigmatized by indignant guests as nothing short of putrid. Still, with all this, venison now holds a place in the estimation of esurient mankind, to which on its merits it is clearly not entitled. In 1664, when "my lords of Castlehaven and Arran they two alone did run down and kill a stoute bucke in St. James's Parke," venison was, in Pepys's estimation, "a mean dinner to the basest degree," while white bread was a luxury reserved for the tables of the rich. Now, however, when "my lords of Castlehaven and Arran," or anybody else, would have some difficulty in finding a stout buck in St. James's Park, venison is a sumptuous dish for aldermen; while the beggar in the street gives white bread to his dog. It is not that the comestibles have changed in character; for it wants but rarity "to raise the price of hogs."

E. KAY ROBINSON.

A NOMINAL RENT;

OR, WHAT LAWRENCE CONGREVE PAID FOR HIS WIFE.

IT must be five years, though it seems but yesterday, since Frank Chebsey came into the billiard-room, at the Junior Arcadian, before dinner one evening, with a face that showed him bursting with news. I was playing a fifty up. A break of seven had brought me to forty-eight, and there was an easy two on the table, when he unburdened himself thus.

"Have you fellows heard that Lorry Congreve has come to grief? He dropped more than he can pay over the City and Suburban last week, and has bolted."

I missed, and put my own ball into the pocket, with a naughty little word; for Congreve, of the K. D. G., now home from India, with a year's furlough, was a close chum of mine, he had been my fag at school, and, of late, usually looked me up at the Temple once a week. He had not been near for a fortnight, so that this chatterer's words confirmed my own fears.

"He may have dropped a good deal," said I, grimly, as I locked up my cue, "but Congreve is not the man to lose more than he can pay—nor to bolt either." And with this ungracious answer I left the club and made my way as fast as I could to my friend's rooms in King Street. Lorry was at home, his feet upon the mantelpiece, and the ends of numerous cigars on the table beside him; some empty soda bottles, too, and the sherry; but, thank heaven, no brandy. A glance at his face, though he tried to receive me as usual, told me that some portion of the tale was true enough.

"How much is it, old man?" I asked, propping my shoulder against the fire-place, and looking down at him as I lighted the proffered weed.

"All," was his laconic answer.

"Any more," said I, stooping, to pick up the match I had dropped.

"No," he said, moodily, "I believe not; but I must sell out, and go to the—dogs."

"Not so fast. Let me look into it, will you, old man, and we may put a better face upon it. There is nothing like a lawyer's head for managing any one's business but his own, you know. But first come and have the house-dinner with me at the Junior.

They are saying there that you have bolted." I knew that that would fetch him. Above all I was anxious to get rid of a certain beaten look on his face, and trusted to a good dinner to put him better heart. It is a friend that seldom fails one, and he was tolerably cheerful by the time we were back in his room facing his difficulties. He certainly had come to grief with all the thoroughness that marked Congreve in whatever he took upon himself to do. The City and Sub, which should have saved him, had been the *coup de grâce*. I made up my mind to one thing; that to send him back to India with straitened means, or rather to live upon his pay, would be to hurry him in the direction he had indicated, and therefore I did not oppose his plan of selling out, though I fancied he could clear himself of debt without that. He owned a little place in Gloucestershire, a couple of hundred acres, or so, which, at this time, happened to be unlet. Congreve had country tastes, and the place was capable of improvement. I advised him to settle there, if it could be kept, and try his hand at practical farming. This we settled before we parted that evening.

After a little clever financing, for which I took immense credit to myself, things turned out as I hoped. The storm blew over, and left Lawrence Congreve, Esquire, late of the King's Dragoon Guards, and King Street, St. James's, transformed into the laird of Bockleton, with a pony and a hunter, and as tiny and pleasant a bachelor *ménage* as could be conceived. It was good land, and he was confident, when, for the first time, I occupied his spare bedroom, that he would make his fortune out of his two hundred acres.

Bockleton lay on the uplands, not far from the Severn. It was a compact little farm, with one drawback, that in the centre of it and entirely encircled by it lay some fields belonging to the Brocklehurst Park estate. Every one, who knows anything of Gloucestershire, knows Brocklehurst Park, the seat of Sir William Brocklehurst, Bart.; its glass, its ferneries, its fishponds, and its fountains are the pride of that division of the county, and the pride of the whole county could hardly equal the owner's pride in them. The mansion was hardly a quarter of a mile from Congreve's unpretentious little place, and Sir William was very anxious to add the latter to his possessions. His offers were such that, had I not thought the magic of property, with a tradition or two (the Congreves had long possessed Bockleton), would be Lorry's salvation, I should have advised him to accept them. As it was, when he was settled there, Sir William was obliged to confess that he must give up all hope of getting this Naboth's vineyard at present.

"I think," said I, one evening, when we had been talking this over—the Gloucestershire Assizes had brought me into that part of the country—"I think you should offer to buy those fields in the centre of your land. His right of way to them must be a nuisance."

"He would not sell them," said Lorry; "that's where he gets his

water. The spring that supplies the little brook, which runs through the Park, and that fills the pipes to the house, is in that plot of land. We are so far above the river, there is no other water for miles. It is not long since the water course was diverted towards the Park, and Sir William pays a pound a year as a nominal rent for it, and another sovereign for license to carry the pipes through my land."

"Pheugh!" I whistled; "Then it is not much good his keeping possession of the spring itself!"

"Well, no, I suppose not," Congreve admitted; "but he thinks he might get some pull by it, he hardly knows how, and I'm sure I don't."

"The pull is all on our side, since I suppose you have a right to the water? Of course. Have you this agreement in black and white?"

I must explain, though I need not enter into details, that there was a kind of partnership between Lorry and myself in this farming speculation; some of the capital came out of the red bag—at this time beginning to swell.

"Yes," he answered. "I've got it under seal; my old agent arranged the affair while I was in India."

And there, for that time, the matter dropped, and I thought no more about it. Congreve proved a capital agriculturist, and, more singular still, a man of economy; but then he did everything, racing or farming, with equal thoroughness. It really seemed as if not only would he make his own fortune (he was renting a couple of hundred acres adjoining his own by this time) but mine also.

Well, I had an inkling of it before, but it was, let me see, in Regent Street, last May, a year, that I made it a certainty. To my great surprise, I came face to face with Congreve, looking so like the London dandy he used to be, that I began to think our rural speculation a dream. He was escorting two ladies, and hardly stopped to tell me that he would look me up in the evening. He kept his word, and found me in a thoroughly grumpy humour.

"Visits to London are not in our agreement, Lorry," I complained; "if you are going to fall into your old ways, and spend your life in lounging up and down Bond Street, the sooner I get out of the Bockleton business the better."

"Pooh!" cried he (he was in the highest of spirits, which alone was annoying), "you need not fear I shall fall back into the old life. In fact, Jack, I am thinking of making another change, and I can't afford to lose my old partner, rusty old file as he is, just because I am going to bring a fresh one into the firm."

"A fresh partner!"

"Yes, old man, a fresh partner; in fact, I am thinking of getting married."

I was not surprised, but pleased, for the more settled Lorry became the safer was my investment ; and, besides, I liked him. All I said, however, was, "Is it Gertrude Brocklehurst ?"

"You have guessed it."

"Umph! Well, I congratulate you, I suppose. That will do. That was the young woman with you to-day, I think."

"Yes ; she is staying with her aunt, whom I used to know."

"And what does the great magnate of Brocklehurst Park say to it ?"

"Well," answered Lorry, his face falling slightly, "the truth is, I have not asked Sir William yet."

Remembering what I had seen of the pompous, purse-proud, old gentleman on my visits to Bockleton, it struck me that Lorry, who was in love to such an extent that all things seemed possible, would not find them turn out so smoothly as he expected. But I kept this to myself ; the vision of the pale, sweet face I had seen by his side, its grey eyes looking up so trustfully to his, prevented me uttering any evil prognostications.

As if by chance, I met the pair and their chaperone next day, and was introduced to my future partner. She was as pretty as I had judged, and I left them almost in love myself and devoted to their cause. It struck me that she had a will of her own, and that, if Sir William was for playing the cruel parent, the part would be a difficult one to play with success.

A week later, however, Lorry turned up in my rooms in a state of the profoundest melancholy. Of course it was as I had expected ; Sir William did not fancy an alliance between Brocklehurst Park and plain Bockleton, and had intimated the same in a characteristic manner.

"He's done everything but horse-whip me," cried my friend, upsetting the cigar-box in his rage. "Talked of dishonourable conduct and stealing away his daughter's affection, asked after my means, and pointed to Bockleton, as if it were a dust heap, inquired if I could keep her in the luxury to which she had been accustomed, and showed me his filthy fishponds, as if they could make Gerty happy. And he has locked her up, Jack, or, at least, won't let the poor darling go out of the garden gate."

"Umph!" said I, "take some whisky. The soda is by you."

"You are a perfect brute!" cried Lorry, rejecting this consolation, for the moment ; "you have no thought, but for whisky and weeds."

"Yes, I have, Master Lorry ; and one is that my partner should not be a love-sick swain. You must persuade the old gentleman."

"Persuade him ! he's more obstinate than a mule."

"And even mules—and donkeys too, I perceive—must drink. Come," I added, after watching him mix, "will you put yourself in my hands, if I promise a good chance of success?"

Congreve looked hard at me and put his hand in mine. "Right! I will."

"Then," said I, "sit down at the table and write what I tell you."

Some thirty-six hours later, and I was lounging upon the lawn at Bockleton, ostensibly putting my rod together, but really watching the approach up the lane of a stout red-faced, old gentleman, upon a stout, white-faced cob. Outwardly unmoved, I contemplated man and horse combating the difficulties of a new kind of latch lately put upon the drive gate, and both getting hotter in the encounter. It was a warm morning, but not this nor even the gate accounted for the heat upon the old gentleman's face, when he dismounted, and the groom I had called walked his horse aside.

"Sir William Brocklehurst?" I said, feeling delightfully cool and grave.

"Yes, sir," mopping his face, angrily; "I wish to see Mr. Congreve."

"Unfortunately, he is from home. But I am his legal adviser, and, perhaps, I should do as well."

Evidently the baronet did not think so. The idea of fobbing him off with an agent, him, Sir William Brocklehurst, grandson of a lord mayor! But he was too much interested in the matter to go away without relieving his feelings to some one.

"I have received two very remarkable documents about my water, sir, from some one. Do you know anything about them?"

"Certainly, Sir William. I shall be happy to explain them. I regret that there should be anything obscure about them."

"Then, what does this mean?" he roared, producing a paper.

"This is a formal notice to determine, at the end of three months, the agreement by which your water is allowed to pass through and under Mr. Congreve's land, at a nominal price; and it proposes a fresh agreement, by which you will enjoy the same convenience upon paying him a substantial rent of six hundred a year."

"And do you think he was in his right senses when he sent that document to me—to me, sir?"

"Perfectly so. Indeed he did it acting under my advice, and somewhat against his own inclinations."

"And who the deuce are you?" the baronet spluttered and poured upon me a storm of choice abuse, which, from experience of all kinds of vituperation in courts of justice, I underwent with unmoved suavity.

"Do you suppose," he said, at last, "that I shall submit to this extortion?"

"That is a matter for your decision, my good sir; I may, perhaps, assist your deliberation by telling you frankly that an engineer has assured me that to obtain a fair supply of water for your establish-

ment from any other source would cost at least eight thousand pounds; while, to keep up your system of fishponds and fountains would cost another five thousand. You know, Sir William," I added, waggishly, "you use a great deal of water; you do, indeed."

"Whither can you divert the water, sir?" he asked, quavering with rage.

"We have thought of that. We shall send it through Lord Gisborne's land, where it ran before, and the overflow goes now. You are the best judge whether his lordship will accommodate you more readily." Lord Gisborne and the Brocklehursts were the bitterest foes in the county. I knew that his lordship would gladly see his neighbour die of thirst before he would cool his tongue. "But I think, Sir William," I added, "that Mr. Congreve, in a private letter, proposed a third alternative."

The baronet made me no answer; his rage would not let him. He beckoned furiously to the groom, clambered as quickly as he could upon the luckless cob, and with what seemed a shake of the fist at me, cantered recklessly down the lane.

He did not renew the attack, but various emissaries of his commenced to skirmish round us. First his lawyer threatened us with all manner of indefinite proceedings and vague actions; but when I politely forwarded a copy of a counsel's opinion (not my own), which left no ground under his feet, he fell back, and joined the reserves. Then various underlings from the Park, from the bailiff of the home-farm to the head gardener, came to see whether we were really determined to carry the measure to extremities. Our only answer was an expression of curiosity, in which they felt themselves bound to join, as to the nature of the—well—stench which would arise from the famous fishponds, when the supply of fresh water began to fail. We solemnly warned them that epidemics of the most dangerous character would be caused, and, perhaps, a plague of frogs. They went back to the Park not a whit comforted, and, I have no doubt, communicated our unpleasant prognostics to the rest of the household. I stayed a few days, and mightily Lorry and I laughed over the trouble our pigmy of a place was causing its imposing neighbour. After I left Bockleton, I heard that Sir William had brought from Gloucester a troop of engineers, with boring machines, pumps, and engines, and, I confess, I trembled, for though years ago I knew that the attempt had failed, yet it was not impossible that, with modern appliances, they might reach water. But they failed, and I knew that we had triumphed.

Still the three months were rapidly passing, and Congreve separated from his mistress, was exceedingly heavy upon my hands always suggesting some failure or other, or he would come suddenly up to town merely to communicate his fears of the young lady giving way, and renouncing him, when the game, as he called it, would be over. Not quite, I showed him; a profitable

revenge would be left in our hands, and I comforted him, to some extent, by putting before him the extortionate sums he would wring from the tenant of our water-right; if all, save vengeance, should be lost to us. This was a great resource for him in these fits of depression.

Three days remained, and then, with some ostentation, floodgates, already prepared, were fitted into their places, ready to execute our threat. Never was collector of water-rates more merciless, or more determined to cut off his customers' water, failing the rate. I chuckled, as I sat in my chambers, and thought of the grand mansion far away, as helpless as any beleaguered fortress. Suddenly, there was a loud rapping at the door, and hearing my clerk parleying with some one, I said to myself, "That's Swarer and Filem, after those interrogatories," and I groaned, for the interrogatories in question were not even begun. But it wasn't; it was Lawrence Congreve, and his face was radiant.

"He's given in, old fellow, thanks to you. He came round last night, after dinner, and made the best of, what he considered, a bad bargain."

"And he'll pay the six hundred?" I cried, with feigned eagerness, for I saw how it had gone.

"Not a bit of it. He likes the other alternative better. But we are to wait six months."

And so I think that I am justified in saying that Lawrence Congreve's wife cost him (and someone else) six hundred a year. But, if ever you are visiting Brocklehurst Park, I'll give you a hint. Admire the fishponds and fountains, as much as you like, but don't ask after the water supply.

A WORD MORE ON VEGETARIANISM.

"ALL analogy and comparative anatomy show distinctly that the human teeth, stomach, intestines, gastric juices, &c., are constructed with a view to the digestion of *flesh*, and not of vegetables only." Such is the crushing blow which Mr. Power inflicts on my "Plea for Vegetarianism," at the very commencement of his "answer." One would have thought that this tremendous scientific fact would at once, like Dr. Johnson's "and there's an end on't," put a stop to all further discussion; yet, as Mr. Power himself seems to anticipate, it somehow fails to carry conviction to the unscientific vegetarian's mind. In brief, my answer to Mr. Power's first argument is simply a denial *in toto*. He is utterly mistaken in the assertion he so rashly and confidently makes, and if he will examine his authorities more carefully, he will discover that the analogy and comparative anatomy to which he appeals establish beyond any doubt the *frugivorous*, not *carnivorous*, origin of man. "The natural food of man," says Cuvier, "judging from his structure, appears to consist principally of the fruits, roots, and other succulent parts of vegetables."¹ This opinion is corroborated by that of Linnæus, M. Gassendi, Ray, Professor Owen, Professor Lawrence, and a host of other authorities; but, even without any such scientific testimony, the fact that the apes, who are nearest akin to us in the animal world, are frugivorous, is, as I said in my former "Plea for Vegetarianism," a somewhat strong indication that flesh is not the natural food of mankind. Now whether the vegetarian diet of "roots, fruits and farinacea," or that of the orthodox flesh-eater, be more in harmony with the primitive frugivorous diet, is a point which I shall be quite content to leave for Mr. Power's own consideration. Those who care to study the physiological aspect of the question from the vegetarian standpoint should read Mrs. Kingsford's *Perfect Way in Diet*, pp. 1-17, where the opinion of many scientific authorities is quoted or referred to.

Mr. Power next quits the serene heights of scientific discussion, and deals with the question from what he himself calls "the point of view of an unscientific meat-eater." And, whatever may be thought of the claim of his first argument to be scientific, there can be no possible doubt as to the very *unscientific* nature of the second. It is as follows: Mr. Power finds a complete justification

¹ *Animal Kingdom*.

of the use of flesh-meat in the fact that the Founder of the Christian religion "exerted his supernatural powers to procure a cargo of fish for his disciples;" and he also hints that those who object to a diet of flesh-meat can hardly be Christians at all. This introduction of a theological element into a purely dietetic question seems to me to be most irrelevant and illogical: for what we have now to consider is whether a vegetarian diet is or is not preferable to flesh-meat in the *present* age and under the *present* condition of modern civilization. It is only in late ages that vegetarianism has been seriously studied and adopted as a principle; it follows, therefore, that it is unreasonable to look to the Scriptures for teaching on this subject, which was quite unknown to the Jews of that day, and was reserved for the consideration of a future age. Why need we fear to admit that morality, or rather the knowledge of morality, is progressive, and that what is allowable in one age is not necessarily so in another? For instance, the practice of slavery was sanctioned in the Old Testament and not condemned in the New; yet it is not now denied that the abolition of slavery marked an advance in moral knowledge. Those are not the truest or wisest adherents of the Christian faith who find in their religion an obstacle to the progress of gentleness and humanity. As to the impossibility of a vegetarian being a Christian, I have only to remark that some of the most ardent members of the Vegetarian Society are clergymen of the Church of England.

Mr. Power now passes to a consideration of the three aspects of vegetarianism—economical, "æsthetic," physical—to which I drew attention in my former article. I there stated that I considered the last, the *physical* argument, to be the cardinal point in the whole controversy: for that if the physical advantage, or even possibility, of a vegetarian diet be once admitted, it is impossible to contest its economic and æsthetic advantages. Strange to say, Mr. Power omits all mention of this physical part of the question, and falls back on the usual fallacious objections on the two other points.

First, he argues that there is in the long run no real economy in a fleshless diet, because animals must anyhow be killed for the production of leather and other materials made from their carcases. But here again he is jumping to a conclusion which a very moderate study of the subject would have shown him to be erroneous. It is *not* a fact that animals need be killed in order to supply the various substances necessary for civilized life; on the contrary there is no really necessary or important animal production for which as good a substitute cannot easily be supplied from the vegetable or mineral kingdom. But, of course, at present such substitutes are not manufactured, simply because there is no demand for them: for while there is such an abundance of animal substance at hand, the carcases of slaughtered beasts are naturally used to the exclusion of other material. Let there once be a

sufficient demand, and vegetable leather; &c., will be forthcoming in a sufficient supply.

Secondly, as regards the "æsthetic" point of view, Mr. Power argues that though a slaughter-house is not a pleasant subject for contemplation, it is no worse than flax works, or manured fields, or other such unsavoury localities. I readily admit that there is much dirty work which has to be done in the world, but surely its justification lies in the simple fact that it is necessary; whereas my condemnation of slaughter-houses was based upon the assertion that they are *not* necessary. The only real degradation in work seems to me to be in doing work which need not be done at all, and the slaughtering of cattle must certainly belong to this class of labour, if, as I argued in the "Plea for Vegetarianism," it is a fact that a fleshless diet is physically possible and even advantageous.

On this physical aspect of the question Mr. Power is silent: perhaps we are to consider his argument from "analogy and comparative anatomy" so exhaustive of the subject as to render further reasoning superfluous. Even in that case it will be difficult for Mr. Power to account for the existence of many vegetarians in full vigour of body and mind, and apparently by no means hampered by the carnivorous structure of their teeth and intestines!

Mr. Power draws much consolation from the fact that the animals themselves enjoy the utmost amount of happiness of which they are capable, because it is for the interest of the meat producer to keep them healthy. I reply: first, that it is a notorious fact that a great proportion of the meat sold in our markets is in an unwholesome condition; secondly, that this reference to the "happiness" of the animals themselves is a mere fallacy, by which flesh-eaters attempt to escape the responsibility of their own actions. By a somewhat similar argument it was lately stated in the House of Commons that it is a *kindness* to pigeons to breed them for shooting purposes, because they thus enjoy a happy life and die a speedy death! The animals which are bred and reared under such pious and humane conditions must truly feel very grateful to their unselfish masters. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes* would, I think, be their sentiment, if they were gifted with the power of speech.

Finally, Mr. Power administers a little parting advice to vegetarians in general; *viz.*, that instead of engaging in a crusade against the whole system of flesh-eating, they should direct their efforts towards reforming the methods of slaughter. This, however, is more incumbent on Mr. Power and his fellow flesh-eaters than on those who are not responsible for any slaughter at all. "Humane slaughtering" is, to my mind, a contradiction in terms in a case where no slaughtering is necessary; one might as logically recommend the adoption of "sober drunkenness" or

“abstemious gluttony.” In conclusion, I would venture to advise Mr. Power, and those who hold similar opinions on dietetic subjects, to read carefully some of the literature published by the Vegetarian Society before expressing so decided an opinion as to the folly of a “theory” which may prove to be the beginning of a very practical reform.

H. S. S.

SOUVENIRS.

Do you forget,
Amidst the new glad songs of this new spring,
That other music which she used to bring?
Or do its echoes in your heart yet ring
Some faint regret?

Can I forget,
'Mid any wealth of sweets in any May,
The crown you wove me that I flung away?
Or shall the shadow lengthen day by day
Of that regret?

M. C. B.

THE PARIS SALON.

THIS is the centenary year of the Salon in Paris; or rather, to speak more correctly, this year, 1883, is the hundredth time that pictures have been publicly exhibited in the French capital. Such exhibitions were first held by the French "Academy of Painting and Sculpture," established in the beginning of 1648, and which ejected about the year 1681 some of its members, for no other reasons than because they were Protestants. The first exhibition was begun in 1667 and the four succeeding ones were biennially; then from 1681 until 1727 only seven exhibitions took place; then none were held during the ten years following; again, they were renewed almost annually until 1743; and, finally, were held nearly always regularly and biennially until 1848. From the latter year until the present time such public exhibitions have taken place annually—with a few rare exceptions. At its starting the Salon was held in the Palais Royal; then, from 1699 till 1849, in the Louvre; and, since 1855, in the "Palais de l'Industrie," in the Champs-Élysées. Everyone was admitted free of cost to the Paris exhibition of pictures until the year 1849, when one franc was charged on the Thursday of every week; three years later five francs had to be paid for admission on each Monday. At present the price of entrance is not all uniform. Every morning the fee from eight o'clock up till twelve is two francs, and after that time only one franc; on Sundays admission is gratuitous, except from eight until ten in the morning, when one franc has to be paid; whilst on the opening day and every Friday the fashionable world and the would-be fashionable world will have to disburse five francs as an entrance fee. The organisation of the jury to admit the pictures has much varied at different times, but now the artists themselves choose annually the jury by ballot.

The day before the official opening of the Salon is technically called "varnishing day," and is supposed to be solely for the use of the artists and their friends; so, to keep up appearances, not a few men in white blouses roll up and down the rooms immense scaffoldings on wheels, and splutter forth unearthly and mysterious sounds at irregular intervals. But, in reality, the thirty large halls are filled from nine in the morning until six in the evening with crowds of well-dressed gentlemen and ladies, who come to be admired themselves as well as to admire the five

thousand works of art exhibited in the Salon; whilst if we observe some gentleman more carefully dressed than usual, we may almost say with a certainty that he is some rising young French artist, for the traditional *rapin* of former times, with his long hair and his fantastic head-gear, has long since disappeared.

In all exhibitions of the fine arts examples of grand art rarely deck the walls, but the ordinary level of mediocrity is distinctly lower in this year's Salon than it has been in former years; and though now and then there may be found works of great excellence, betraying careful study and technical skill, the general impression which is produced on the spectator is one of disappointment. The most eminent masters of the French school are conspicuous by their absence, or contribute inferior specimens of their art. That school which only ten or twelve years ago was flourishing so luxuriantly and splendidly, appears now to be rapidly decaying. The walls are almost wholly decked with vulgar and gaudy representations of fantastic objects which resemble nothing of what is "in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth," whilst many daubs besmeared with glaring pigments dazzle the eye and betray a want of knowledge of the first principles of art, a disdain, or a complete ignorance of the most ordinary laws of nature and truth, and a neglect of technicality and of the chromatic canons, not counterbalanced by an audacious display of *chic*, and by crude attempts at portraying models taken most likely from the bar of some inferior *brasserie* or from the marble slabs of the Morgue.

Originality is also wholly absent. Such artists as Henner, Bonnat, Cabanel and Bouguereau—and I quote merely the most eminent—continue year after year to send to the Salon, the self-same pictures, slightly modified. The first, who has a great reputation as a limner of the nude—not quite deserved—exposes at one time a female crouching on her stomach, and the next the same figure lying on her back; sometimes he favours us with the delineation of a ghastly looking model of a boy, stretched on the ground at full length, and then again a similar boy placed perpendicularly on his feet. No matter what the picture is called, whether "A Magdalen," "A Woman Reading," a "Barra," or "A Youth," it is always the same model, delineated with ingenious monotony. M. Bonnat is the portrait painter *par excellence* of fashionable French society, and of all the celebrated men and women of Paris. But he gives us almost always the self-same attitudes, hardly varies his flesh tints and his backgrounds, and though possessing great technical skill shows a lack of inventive genius. The portraits of M. Cabanel please every year by the same high state of finish, glazed appearance, and gentle smile; whilst M. Bouguereau, with a constancy simply heartrending, delineates each Salon almost the same nude figures,

and children, with nearly the same draperies, only slightly varying in colour. However much the French may be accused of inconstancy, that accusation cannot be brought against their artists.

Battle scenes are to be found in plenty, though the two most celebrated painters of such scenes, MM. Detaille and De Neuville, have not this year sent any canvases. The old taste for glory and conquest, for which France has spilt during many centuries her best heart's blood, for which she has sacrificed hecatombs of her noblest and bravest children, through which she has allowed herself to become but too often a prey and a tool of a few intelligent military or political adventurers, seems still to be burning in the hearts of all but a few thinkers. Hence crowds of spectators are attracted by the representations of military tinsel, showy gewgaws, battlements in ruins, and gory corpses, but also, it must be admitted, by that innate and intuitive sympathy which every human being feels for bravery, endurance and contempt of danger. Among the best of such battle scenes may be ranked M. Armand-Dumaresq's "Battle of Bapaume; the taking of Biefvillers," a picturesque representation of a noble feat of arms. The village is in flames; in the centre, almost in the foreground, General Faiderbe, full of anxiety, is waiting for the arrival of the brigade Pittié, of which the colonel is saluting his superior officer with his sword. To the right some badly wounded soldiers are lying on the ground, groaning in agony. The whole canvas is well drawn, but might have been improved by some more brightness of illumination; moreover, it seems not to represent a homogeneous whole, and to be made up of several well-arranged groups. Amongst various other battle scenes which deck—we better not say adorn—the walls of the Salon, many spectators stop before M. J. J. Weert's "Death of Joseph Barra," a youthful enthusiastic soldier, who, during the first republic, though scarcely thirteen years old, was cut down by infuriated Royalist peasants for his energetically shouting "Vive la République," instead of "Vive le Roi." The artist has shown a certain amount of patriotism in the choice of his subject, but only a limited knowledge of drawing and a crude idea of colour. Another canvas which draws the attention of those who admire coarse gaudy colouring and theatrical attitudes is M. G. Moreau de Tours' "Carnot at the Battle of Wattignies." Carnot, with eyeballs starting out of their sockets, and with a frenzied countenance, is leading on the republican troops against the Austrians in an attitude, as if he were directing a sort of English country-dance. In order to play the general the more effectively, he has stuck his broad-brimmed hat on his word, which he is holding up with one hand, whilst with the other he is grasping the scabbard. It is worthy of notice that nearly all the battle-scenes or delineations of historical events represent incidents of the first revolution as well as of

the Franco-German war, and that not a single canvas has been exhibited illustrating a scene of the battles of the second empire.

Still-life paintings are plentiful, and seem to show in their authors a lamentable want of technical skill and a predisposition to group together objects strongly contrasting in colour. (One of the best, a splendid study of fruit, is Madame Annie Ayrton's "Corner of a Table": some peeled and unpeeled oranges are lying on a rather rumpled table-cloth, in front of a large decanter, flanked by a half-open old Derby soup-tureen, and by a big glass basin, partly filled with hazel-nuts; in the centre, a nosegay of wall-flowers in an English jug relieves the monotony of fruit and glass, whilst on the left are limned a silver sugar-pot, a covered glass dish, and an enormous transparent cup filled with lemons. The finish of this picture is exquisite, and its execution is carefully and powerfully handled.

Some patriotic pictures, being of special interest, may be selected for notice. M. Brenner, himself an Alsatian, has limned, with great refinement and artistic skill, a very touching portrait of a pretty young woman, dressed in the Alsatian costume, wearing on her head the cap peculiar to that province, and standing with clasped hands gazing wistfully at the future. On the background is blazing in letters of gold, "A la France-Toujours." There is a large number of canvases in the Salon treating of Alsatian or Lorraine subjects, and betraying far more patriotism than knowledge of drawing or acquaintance with the ordinary principles of art. An example of this may be found in M. Albert Bettanier's "In Lorraine," where a young man, with a head bent by sorrow, is seated near the accoutrements, coat and spiked helmet of a German soldier, railing at fate which compels him to serve a country which he hates, whilst his aged father, in a large chair propped up by pillows, is betraying on his countenance the emotions which animate him. The drawing of this canvas is far from perfect, and its colour is leaden and dull.

The temptation for French artists to depict classical or allegorical subjects is very great, for it gives them free scope to portray the nude they love so well, and to show their knowledge of drawing and skill in colour, if they possess any. Besides this, there exists in Paris a comprataively large class of wealthy connoisseurs of all nations who have a decided predilection for such subjects, and purses long enough to gratify it. There is, therefore, a ready sale for pictures of the nude in France, perhaps much larger than in any other country. Moreover, for many, many centuries, up till 1830, the minds of the French as a people were moulded wholly in a classical form, and strong traces still remain of it, in spite of the present tendency to shake off its trammels. Among the artists who have treated classical subjects this year may be mentioned M. A. C. Mengin, who is very successful in his delineation of "Danae," a carefully drawn, naturally tinted

nude female figure, lying on a brown bear-skin, one arm raised and partly covering her brow, the other in a peculiarly cramped position, whilst an excellently painted maroon curtain is forming the background, and a shower of golden pieces rains down from above amidst a luminous cloud. M. Jules Lefebvre's "Psyche," a beautifully drawn youthful female, with very long hair, in a perfect state of nudity, though her garments trail on the rocks, bathed by the Styx, on which she is seated, is holding an ivory casket in her hands, and is gazing wistfully, trying to pierce the dim future, and waiting for Charon to ferry her over. "The Dawn" of M. G. C. Saintpierre depicts an unclad female figure, not too well drawn, rising out of the clouds, with hands raised in the air, and a star shining above her head, and probably affected by the cool state of the atmosphere, as her flesh is bluish in some of its tints. M. E. C. Daux, in the "Etude de Femme," has kindly endeavoured to immortalise on canvas his female model for the nude, but she has leeringly retreated so far against the wall that it seems she cannot go any farther. I doubt if the artist's attempt at immortalising will be successful. M. Emmanuel Benner's "Three Graces" represents a greenish, badly painted landscape, in which three youthful, awkwardly-limbed, ill-drawn, pale green females are carefully arranging their respective black, brown, and yellow locks with their own fair hands, whilst young Cupid, with a far from happy look and a bow in one hand, seems to be tickling one of the young ladies' calves. Such a picture would be an ornament and a fortune to any fashionable hair-dresser's saloon, above all if he were to state that the capillary charms of the three young creatures were the production of his own inimitable hair-wash. Another large canvas, on which classical nudity revels in every imaginable sort of shape, is M. Leon Comerre's "Silenus." The god, overcome by the liquor he loved "not wisely but too well," is lying on the ground struggling with some Bacchantes, assisted by a horny-footed Satyr, who are trying to force down his throat a bunch of those grapes of which he only likes the juice. Another Bacchante, holding a basket filled with grapes, is mocking the attempts of the god to free himself. The leafy landscape and the rocky soil bring out in great relief the too brilliantly painted and too smooth flesh tints, though the figures have the merit of being well drawn. M. U. Bourgeois' "Innocence," a young female Creole, with a snake in her hand, standing in the portico of an imaginary temple, has unfortunately one arm longer than the other; whilst M. A. Séon represents "Twilight," as a nude youthful figure, wretchedly painted, and not much better drawn, sitting in a faded landscape near the brink of a lake, gazing at the horizon and trying to catch rheumatism. The Alsatian, M. Schutzenberger, would make us believe that "Calysto," a follower of Diana, was footsore, or was suffering from corns. Even the wise-looking dog, in the

left-hand corner of the picture, seems puzzled. M. E. Krug's "After the Tempest," the body of a poor shipwrecked human being, cast on the rocky shore, is a horrible subject well drawn. We were ignorant that the climate at Ragusa-Vecchia was so stifling; but it appears to be so, at least M. B. Bukavac, a native of that city, portrays in his "The Frolic," a loosely-limbed young lady, of an unhealthy, grimy colour, without any garments, playing with some stuffed doves. One of the best of the allegorical canvases is M. A. Bouguereau's "Alma Parens," depicting Maternity, with her sweet, thoughtful eyes and lovingly firm mouth, the head crowned with ears of corn and poppies, surrounded by a host of little nude darlings of all shapes and colours, some of whom try to climb on her lap, whilst one on the left, with folded hands, and a couple of lads on the right are looking at her, and two little scamps are fighting and tearing each other's hair in the foreground. The long, sad, mourning cloak, in which Maternity is almost wholly draped, sets off to great advantage the nicely painted, well drawn, youthful limbs, and is perhaps allegorical of the rapid decrease of population in the artist's native country; whilst some branches of the fruitful vine and a luscious pomegranate, depicted to the right and left of the centre figure, speak of a more hopeful future. Though we have often seen all these figures in nearly each of M. Bouguereau's canvases, yet this picture possesses a mournful charm which is not always found in his others. Full of refinement, charming in colour, and carefully drawn is M. A. Feyen-Perrin's "Spring," a beautiful nude female figure partly draped in a red garment which covers her knees. Another huge representation of Spring is sent by M. G. Bertrand, under the title, "Passing Spring." Five enormous pink females, of more than life-size, thinly painted and badly drawn, bestride, cross-legged and in a perfect state of nudity, as many snow-white animals, which are supposed to represent noble steeds, but have probably been drawn from old Parisian knock-kneed cab horses sent to the knacker's yard. These interesting young ladies brandish branches of may-blossom, in all sorts of impossible attitudes, and seem to be inclined to charge the terrified spectators, who, not seldom, wisely and involuntarily draw back. A good deal of strength, appreciation, and intelligence, as well as rare executive skill, is shown in M. G. Rochegrosse's "Andromache." After a ten years' siege, Troy has been taken; blood has been spilt like water, the gory heads and corpses of many of the slain are visible on the right of the picture in the foreground, and the whole town is in flames. In the midst of this carnage the Greeks have given orders to seize Astyanax, the youthful son of Hector, and to have him put to death. His mother, Andromache, frenzied by anguish and terror, is rushing forward, endeavouring to snatch her son from the arms of a hideous Nubian slave, who is carrying him along the solid granite walls, up the lofty stone steps, on the

summit of which the wily Ulysses is standing expectantly with folded arms. Some Greek warriors are holding her back, her garments are almost torn from her in the struggle; it is all in vain, all is over with Troy, and with the race of its ancient kings. This young artist, whose "Vitellius dragged through the Streets of Rome by the Populace" drew, in last year's Salon, the attention of all visitors, has, it appears to me, a grand future before him. A daring attempt has been made by M. L. P. Bouchard to treat a subject, "The Death of King Candaule," which already had been handled in a masterly manner by M. Gérôme; but M. Bouchard's talent has not equalled his audacity. The false and fair-haired queen, rising from her couch in a semi-state of nudity, is not too well drawn and uncertain in colour, whilst the treacherous rival, ready to stab to the heart the foolish monarch, is scarcely to be discerned. Let me, as a final example of painted nudity, mention the astonishing "Vision" of M. Carolus-Duran. Some very aged, grey-haired saint—perhaps Saint Anthony—is praying on his bended knees, when suddenly there appears before him a young lady, clad in no other garments but her long, fair hair, and holding with outstretched arms some kind of cloak or wrapper of blood-red hue, carefully expanded behind her, so as to bring out in greater relief her beautiful complexion and her well drawn, finely shaped body. She is crowned with roses, and is strewing rosebuds before the surprised anchorite, who looks greatly startled, as well he may be.

The historical pictures seem this year less numerous than at other times, though, of course, the public often applaud the patriotic feelings of the artist, without any regard to the artistic value of the canvas. For example, M. Jules Alby's "Women of Marseille assisting in Defending the Town against the Troops of the Constable de Bourbon" is full of good intentions and wretchedly badly drawn; M. J. Le Blant's "Execution of General de Charette" is scarcely much better; whilst M. J. J. Scherrer's "Capitulation of Verdun," is fairly drawn, though uncertain in colour. M. Luminais, in the "Last Merovingian," tells vividly the story how Childeric III., deprived of his golden locks by order of Pepin le Bref, was shut up in a monastery, the latter assuming himself the kingly crown, in the year 752. The youthful and red-haired prince, seated with his arms bound in the centre of the picture, is casting a sullen glance, full of suppressed rage, at two anxious and uneasy-looking monks, who are firmly gripping his hands; a beetle-browed, heavy-faced monk is standing behind the stool, cutting off the golden locks of the young warrior with an air of stolid indifference. The colour and the drawing are unusually well executed, and produce a favourable impression on the spectator. Very effective, beautiful in colour and mournful in tone, M. H. Scott's "Funeral of Gambetta" draws and deserves the attention of a not always so justly discerning public. Poor

in expression and defective in drawing, is M. Tony Robert-Fleury's "Mazarin and his Nieces." This artist, who at one time was leading the van of promising painters, and whose masterpiece, "The Battle of Corinth," the State bought and hung on the walls of the Luxembourg palace, has, from some unknown cause, year after year been steadily going backwards. A few artists of foreign descent show delineations of historical events of their own native land, such as the Northern artist, Hellquist, with his gaudy, badly painted "Danish King, Waldemar Atterdag, compelling, in 1361, the Inhabitants of Visby, the capital of Gothland, to pay ransom"; and the Brazilian artist, Victor Meirelles, with a colossal "Naval Combat of Riachuelo," an episode of the war between Brazil and Paraguay, of which the figures, as well as the ships appear wooden, and of which the massive frame alone must have cost a small fortune.

The *genre* pictures, either of a domestic or an historical nature, jostle each other on the walls of the Salon, and contain several show pieces and not a few ambitious pot-boilers. Some of the French artists, instead of treating such subjects in the orthodox cabinet-size, have chosen to depict them on huge canvases, so that they may attract attention, if not by exquisite skill, careful handling and splendid colour, at least by the size of their unwieldy delineations. It would, however, be unjust to apply these remarks to M. Ch. Giron's "Two Sisters," a not too brilliantly coloured, well drawn picturesque scene, such as may be often seen in the streets of the gay capital of France. Before the Madeleine, on the boulevard, not far from the flower market, a plainly clad woman is passing, holding by the hand her two children, a boy and a girl, and accompanied by her husband, an honest and hard-working *ouvrier*, who, without coat or waistcoat, is carrying the youngest babe in his arms. Through the incompetency of the coachmen the road is blocked up, as it often is in Paris, by an apparently inextricable string of carriages and pedestrians, and in the midst of these, lolling back in an elegant open landau, the poor woman beholds her own sister, a *cocotte* of infamous repute, arrayed in a white dress of costly materials, set off with light blue trimmings, and wearing a hat with feathers of the same colour, having spread out on the seat before her various bouquets, from which is peeping out a little fashionable Maltese puppy. The honest woman, indignant at suddenly seeing the disgrace of the family, addresses her passionately, and with outstretched hand, whilst her husband, casting at his unworthy relative a glance of withering indignation, is forgetting at the same time that he is also carrying a pick-axe that may, at any time, go through the head of a fashionably dressed lady, bargaining with some aged flower-seller, whose stall with its many-coloured nosegays is depicted in the left-hand corner of the picture. The *cocotte* gazes on this encounter apparently unmoved, at least no

emotion is visible through the powder and paint hiding the complexion which Nature has bestowed on her. The little boy, held by his mother, and stolidly staring before him, is clasping nervously an enormous umbrella, whilst his elder sister, having on her arm a basket from which a suspicious looking wine-bottle is peeping, gazes with astonishment at the scene. This meeting is also witnessed by some quietly dressed ladies in their carriage, the passengers of an omnibus which cannot move on, and by an elderly looking military man in "mufti," wearing a brown overcoat, and a white hat with a mourning band. Though I much admire this picture, I imagine a smaller size would have greatly enhanced its merit. This same remark applies to M. L. Bérond's "In the Louvre," a picture also of goodly size, well drawn, but rather indifferent in colouring and wooden in texture. An elderly gentleman is guiding a company of visitors through the picture galleries of the Louvre, where Veronese's "Marriage of Cana" and Murillo's "Virgin" are hanging. One of the ladies is unconsciously assuming the pose of the Virgin. M. H. Gervex's "Bureau de Bienfaisance," another large canvas, depicting a charity organisation office, with a crowd at the window of the ticket wicket, is carefully treated, but uncertain in colouring. The girl in the centre of the canvas and the careworn woman and child in the corner are full of expression; and through the window the spectator perceives a striking view of the neighbouring streets. M. A. Falguière's "Sphinx" represents the entrance of the cave of that fabulous animal which devoured the audacious adventurers who could not unravel its riddles. The corpses of several of these obtuse gentlemen are lying in different attitudes in front of it. The effect of the whole, though powerful, is, however, confused, and far from attractive. In the carefully drawn and beautifully painted "Pope and the Inquisitor" we see the sombre character of all the works of M. J. P. Laurens. Lovely in colour, excellently drawn, and natural in tone, M. L. E. Adan's "Daughter of the Ferryman," portraying a girl, using a long pole with all her strength, and moving forward a big boat on a calm, broad river, lined with low hills as far as the eye can see, attracts general admiration. M. José Frappa's "Song of the Vicar" depicts to the life a few priests enjoying a cup of coffee after their dinner, whilst one of the curates is singing a song, accompanying himself on the guitar. The partly devout, partly free and easy expression on some of the countenances, as well as the merry twinkle in their eyes, is carefully rendered. This picture possesses far more merit than another by the same artist, "The Female Ambassador of the Devil," in which a handsome, meretricious looking girl, wrapped in a cardinal's robe, knocks at the half opened door of some anchorite's cell, intending to surprise him at his devotions. Among the many pictorial representations of Parisian life none is perhaps so beautiful in colour, so carefully

drawn and so realistic in its rendering, as M. Paul Le Comte's "Quay of La Tournelle." The church of Notre Dame is seen in the distance; on a bench a soldier is sitting in deep conversation with a pretty looking servant girl, whilst three cabmen—one of them belonging to the *Urbaine* company—are probably engaged in discussing the affairs of the nation. In the foreground a dragoon, who is passing on foot, looking curiously at the loving couple, a widow and her son, dressed in mourning, and several other passengers, lend variety to this charming scene. Full of strength and careful observation, drawn in excellent style and sober in its colouring is M. Jean Béraud's "Interior of an Ale-house," with its lady-attendants sitting beside the customers, with its flaring gas-lights, and also with a wretched looking man counting his money as he leaves the room. M. Josef Israel's "Sleeping Child," an infant asleep in the arms of his mother, and his "Fine Weather," a youthful Dutch boor and a peasant girl walking together, too shy to speak to one another, possess a prevailing tone of strange, indefinable gloom; but perhaps no picture in the Salon produces on the beholder a more weird and infinite impression than M. A. G. Demarest's "In the Cemetery," so admirable in drawing, light and shade, colour and effect. The scene is laid in a Brittany burial ground, covered with snow. In the distance is looming the spire of the village church, where tidings of a future life are preached. Through the open gate the mother, wrapped from head to foot in a hooded long black cloak, is leaving, holding a little boy and girl by the hand, and accompanied by her eldest daughter, dressed in a similar mantle. A youthful Breton peasant, bareheaded, his long hair falling on his shoulders, and with a countenance expressive of heartfelt sorrow, is looking at some gravediggers, filling up a grave, in which perhaps the remains of his wife or of one of his beloved children have just been buried, whilst the aged father, grasping him by the arm, is endeavouring to lead him away.

There is no paucity of representations of Eastern life on the walls of the Salon. M. F. E. Bertier's "Women of the Harem," a handsome Oriental beauty in gorgeous dress, fanning herself with a peacock's feathers' fan and standing before the entrance of one of the interior apartments of the harem, with an almost nude young negress crouching at her feet, is ably drawn, and the flesh tints, the draperies and the accessories are beautifully painted. The two small pictures of M. J. J. Veyrassat, "The Escort of the Caïd" and "Arabs on the Move," are charming representations of Algerian Arab life, forcibly drawn and brilliant in hue, above all the second, with the chief in a red "burnous," seated on a white horse, and his band parading before him in a wild *fantasia*. The "Forced March of Arab Soldiers across the Desert," by M. L. Couturier, adroit in composition and Eastern in colour, has the figures of the Bedouins very carefully rendered. M. T. Frère's

represents the "Northern part of the City of Cairo," as, bathed in light, its domes and minarets standing out clear against the Egyptian sky. But the gem of the delineations of life in the East is M. Benjamin Constant's splendidly painted and well drawn "Caïd Tahamy." The Caïd, seated on a kind of stone bench and dangling his bare black legs carelessly against it, is dressed in a tight fitting embroidered pink garment, over which is thrown a large blue mantle, lined with white, and above which appears a cruel negro countenance, stern and ferocious looking, surmounted by an enormous white turban. A crooked sword in its scabbard is grasped with one hand, ready for use, if need be, whilst a saddle, covered with some kind of red cloth, on the left side of the picture, and in the background an old leathern screen, stamped with faded gilt ornaments, bring out in greater relief the solitary figure of the Morocco judge.

The school of impressionists is this year well represented. These gentlemen, whose great apostle, M. Edouard Manet, died only a few weeks ago—protest against the canvases painted by ordinary artists in their studios. They argue that such pictures only represent human beings in the forced attitudes which the painter compels them to take, portrayed in an artificially violent light which falls from above on the heads of the conscious victims. They further maintain that on beholding a landscape or a human being the first impression of the spectator will be a slight but a true one, and that it is the business of the real artist to endeavour to reproduce such an impression on canvas. Among the most eminent disciples of that school—though he does not ride the impressionist hobby to its fullest extent—is M. Bastien-Lepage, whose "Love in a Village," a study of rural courtship, has made a hit this Salon. A loutish, heavy featured, short-cropped rustic is leaning against a style, intently engaged on playing with his fingers, too shy to enter into conversation with the young country girl, who is leaning against the other side of the wooden palings, and whose back is only visible. The landscape, especially the village in the distance, with its squalid cottages and church spire, is charming, but the trees and the leaves, with their violet and bluish tints, unlike to anything in Nature, are portrayed with such extreme elaboration that they rivet at the first glance the attention of the spectator, who, only after some time, observes the great attraction, the perfect drawing, the delicious and sober tone of this masterly delineation of country life. Another artist, inspired by the impressionists and considered one of the lights of their school, is M. J. C. Cazin, whose "Departure of Judith," a very large picture, with a quotation from the book of Judith, seems to puzzle every body. Instead of a biblical scene we have a modern peasant woman, followed by some faithful attendant and leaving behind her the battlements of a town on which fires are blazing everywhere. To the left of the canvas a group of men

and women are looking on, amongst whom we specially observe a bare-backed youth, with a very dirty skin, without any muscles, a sort of *lusus naturæ*. What it all means is more than we can say, unless the poor peasant woman represents some modern Gallic Judith going to kill some Teutonic Holophernes.

The landscapes in the Salon do not belie the skilful handling of the brush generally ascribed to French artists, and, though none of them possess any startling merit or originality, yet not one presents any glaring defects. Quaint mills, pools in which boys are bathing or ducks are swimming, cottages covered with foliage, hill sides appearing in the full lustre of the setting or in the twilight-shadows of the rising sun abound, whilst the monotony is broken by finely painted cattle or carefully drawn rustics, by boulders overgrown with lichens, shrubs and herbage of many coloured hues, and by sombre or silver-lined clouds, illumined by dashes of light. M. Tristan Lacroix, in his huge "Wolves' Gorge," evidently inspired by Corot, gives us a fine woodland scene, with good light and colouring, enlivened by a stag and some mossy rocks. In M. Jules A. Breton's pretty "Rainbow," the landscape and the figures are expressive, the countenances of the peasant woman riding on a donkey and of the dull-looking boy plodding along at her side are admirable, but the horizon seems too artificial; M. Alfred de Knyff's "Neighbourhood of Bruges" is beautiful in tone and well drawn; and M. H. Bonnefoy's "Wood Scene," carefully brushed, is quite realistic in colour.

There are some good marine paintings in the Salon, though the French artists have a tendency to make the waves too green, and the horizon either too purple or too dark. This remark may be applied to M. E. Renouf's "Pilot," a boat manned by four sailors, battling with the waves and going to the rescue of a ship, visible on the horizon. The men are excellently drawn and skilfully brushed, but the colour of the sea is too verdant. M. F. Tattegrain's "Deuillants at Etaples" is a fine large sea piece, with transparent waves, real breakers, and three persons, up to their knees in the water, praying. In M. A. Flameng's "Low Tide at St. Vaast," the receding tide is carefully rendered, whilst a fine warm sunset lits up the scene. Charming in tone and true in colour are M. P. J. Clays' "Ostend" and "Zierikzee." In the first canvas, above all, the artist has succeeded in delineating an aerial effect of considerable difficulty, whilst the boats seem to be gliding on the pellucid waters. "A Saturday at Scheveningen," by M. L. P. Sauvaige, represents the boats quietly drifting home to lay by on the Sunday. Scarcely a breeze ripples the surface, and the whole scene is delicious through its softness and repose, and its refined colouring.

There is no lack this year of pictures reproducing eccentric subjects or denoting a sort of want of balance in the artistic mind of their creators. Of course, nothing is easier than to effect a

sensation, or to startle the general public by crude, horrible or revolting subjects; but art has scarcely anything to do with this. Such canvases are the great attraction for the vulgar during one year, and are forgotten the next by the very noodles who admired them, and by the cultivated minds, who never did. M. A. H. de Beaulieu's "Alcohol" represents a repulsive drunkard, with idiotic look, his head bent on his breast. The treatment is worthy of the subject. "Turkeys finding a Lady's Dress Improver," by M. Schenck, an odd looking canvas, is not repulsive, and well painted. Very comical are the flock of turkeys gobbling and fizzing with rage at beholding a red-cotton *tournure* lying in a field. When an artist has the good fortune of bearing a name as illustrious as Delacroix's, I think he should send to the Salon some other picture than "Killing a Pig," however well drawn and realistic it has been treated. M. Paul Merwart has been eccentric in the treatment of his "Young Moses," killing an Egyptian. I strongly suspect he had the beautiful Egyptian frame made first, and painted the subject afterwards to suit it. Usually artists act in a directly opposite manner. Another illustration of the liking of some painters for what is horrible is afforded by M. A. Bréauté's "Bringing the Murderer in the Presence of his Victim at the Morgue," a canvas realistic in the extreme, but sober in colour. The supposed assassin is placed in the presence of the naked body of the woman he is accused of having killed, whilst all her clothes lie scattered about, and whilst a magistrate, a doctor and some detectives are anxiously scanning his features. M. Alphonse Osbert sends a very pretty subject. "The last Post-mortem Examination of Andreas Vesalias," in which the famous anatomist is about to dissect the body of a man still alive, and endeavouring to rise from the dissecting table. If ever there was a saint whose history I am unacquainted with, it is St. Francis of Assisi's, according to M. T. Chartran's canvas, "The Vision of St. Francis of Assisi." The saint is sitting on some straw in a stable, with one of his companions sleeping and snoring at his side, and is staring with might and main at an angelic apparition, holding in its hands a pair of bagpipes, at which even some wooden looking sheep and a melancholy goat gaze with astonishment. I am not learned in hagiology, and regret I cannot, therefore, inform my readers what Scottish angel was wandering about at the beginning of the thirteenth century, presenting bagpipes to holy men in a state of beatitude.

It is said there are a goodly number of ladies and gentlemen, natives of the United States, studying the fine arts in Paris. It seems that the study of painting is eminently suitable to the highly sensitive and nervous temperament of many of them, if we are to judge by the results shown in the Salon. Let me select only a few of these satisfactory productions of our transatlantic brethren of the brush. Mr. Franck Myers Boggs' "Square of Saint-Germain des Prés, in 1882," with the rain falling heavily, is

beautiful in tone, charming in colour and exceedingly well handled. Mr. T. A. Harrison's "A Slave," a merry looking mulatto boy, with one foot in the hoop he has just been playing with, appears not to be oppressed by his unhappy lot; whilst the artist's "Amateurs," a young girl fishing in a large boat, and an obstreperous urchin trying to get hold of the rod, are carefully drawn, but rather monotonous in colour. Full of promise is Mr. Charles Sprague Pearce's "Female Water-carrier." A youthful maiden, scarcely yet freed from the trammels of childhood, in a ragged faded brown jacket, and with a worn, dull greenish apron, is toiling along a narrow path amidst luxurious meadows, carrying with difficulty in the one hand a large green water-jug, and in the other another jug of a brownish colour. Her face betrays her acquaintance with the troubles and worries of life, but she is going her daily round of duty, whilst her parents are, mayhap, dwelling in the wretched cottage near the old windmill, just visible on the horizon. Subdued in tone, admirable in drawing, sympathetic in its subject, this canvas is one of those before which connoisseurs linger lovingly. Another artist of American lineage, but born in Florence, Mr. John S. Sargent, whose picture of "El Jaleo" attracted last year crowds of admirers in London as well as in Paris, is winning now golden laurels by his "Portraits d'Enfants," a handsome group of four children, splendidly portrayed, and as delicate in the flesh tints as if the talented painter had borrowed his colours from Nature's studio. A pretty chubby darling, with cheeks full of dimples, and blue eyes beaming with innocence and mirth, is playing with a doll, much the worse for wear, whilst a nice fair haired girl, a few years older, and in a maroon coloured dress, is quietly looking on with arms folded behind her. A little more in the background we distinguish an enormous white and blue china jar, against which is leaning a lanky dark-haired maiden, clad in a marine blue serge dress, over which a white apron is carefully fastened, talking to a sister of hers, similarly attired and attentively listening to what is said. Another huge blue and white china vase, partly hidden by a red screen is to the right of the picture, whilst quite in the background we behold an open cupboard, in which large white pots, probably all filled with jams and preserves, hickory nuts and ever so many different aids to indescribable child-happiness, speak of a delicious Eldorado for youngsters, a luscious treat at breakfast and lunch, undisturbed by any prospects of indigestion.

Some of the canvases sent in by foreign artists seem accidentally not to have been hung in too favourable a position. Thus a charming picture of a young English artist, Mr. W. H. Bartlett, "Mussel Fishing in the Lagunes of Venice," so much admired last year in the French gallery in London, is "skied" too high to be even perceptible. The same lofty eminence has also been granted to the "Antony and Cleopatra" of Mr. S. Wertheimer, a talented

Viennese artist, and whose "Siren's Kiss" produced such a great sensation in the Salon of last year. The "Antony and Cleoptara," splendid in drawing, luxuriant in tone and glowing with oriental magnificence represents the Roman soldier, followed by his retinue, bearing the gorgeous presents with which he is about to propitiate the favours of the Egyptian queen, just stepping out of her richly ornamented boat, surrounded by swimming nymphs. The Belgian artist, Jan van Beers, was so enraged at the place allowed to his picture, that on varnishing day, and before the eyes of an astonished public, he entirely besmeared it with lamp-black.

In portraits, valuable as likenesses but not as works of art, the Salon is unusually strong, and not a few of the artists have beautified their models with fanciful costumes and graceful appointments. It would be tedious to give a mere list of the names of those gentlemen, as well as of their friends and patrons who have been more or less successfully portrayed. But one cannot fail to observe the sooty ring round the eyes, the tired, effete, *blasé* air, the general appearance of weariness and *névrosité* which is depicted on nearly all these countenances. If such are the fathers and mothers of the rising generation of Frenchmen, one involuntarily re-echoes the cry of the royalists of old, "Que Dieu sauve la France!"

HENRI VAN LAUN.

THE THIN RED LINE.

"BLESSED be the memory of Edward III. and Queen Philippa," exclaimed a monkish chronicler, "for they invented clothes," by which (explains the amiable historian of the Queens of England, who quotes the passage) the writer simply meant cloth—our staple commodity having, as he thought, arrived at perfection, during the reign, and through the encouragement, of those great and glorious sovereigns. In like manner, at the present time, will doubtless say the wool merchants, cloth manufacturers, and army tailors and contractors of this country, in happy greeting of the announcement, now officially promulgated, in relation to the proposed change in the colour, uniform, and equipment of Her Majesty's army. I use the words, "*proposed change*," advisedly, for, although I am too old a disciplinarian to suggest the ordeal of an army *plébiacite*, in opposition to the wish of the powers that be, I may venture to say that I speak in the name of the large majority of English officers of experience when I unhesitatingly assert that Her Majesty's Royal Army, if polled to-morrow, would almost unanimously vote for retaining our time-honoured and exclusively national colour of red or scarlet, in preference to the grey or neutral tint suggested by the committee now sitting. That the colour we at present wear is a truly national one I shall have no difficulty in showing, for when I call attention to the fact, not perhaps generally known, that red was the uniform colour of the Yeomen Archers of our first Tudor Monarch, Henry VII. (1485), and that these Royal Guards are allowed by our best historians to have been the earliest attempt at the formation of a standing army, I think my case may be taken as *quod erat demonstrandum*. But I am not satisfied with an antiquity of four hundred years for the hue of our soldiers' coats, so I will claim the indulgence of my readers and ask them to travel back with me a few more centuries to investigate into the colour and fashion of male garments in the earlier periods of the world's history, and we shall then trace up, through the long vista of changes in costume, to the present day. Having made this journey into past ages, I shall then be in a position to explain my reasons against the proposed abolition of a colour peculiarly national, and associated with so many cherished traditions of the British army. But in retaining this popular and venerated "red rag," so dear to all who value tradition and *esprit de corps*, the

life and soul of the true soldier, there can be no possible reason why those who fight our battles in all quarters of the globe should not, when requisite, wear a "rough and ready" dress, suitable in all respects to the exigencies of the climate and the conditions of warfare of the field of operations. I propose to show hereafter how this can be simply and clearly arranged, without increasing the soldiers' kit.

In view of the suggested reforms in the hue and fashion of our soldiers' garments, I purpose, as I have said, in these pages, to give a brief summary or sketch of military costume and equipment, in past and present days. Under the sunshine of royal favour, and the encouraging influences of our gracious Queen and her cultured and intellectual family, the spirit of archæology has made gigantic progress in the paths of Art, and the research, intelligence, and industry of our modern authors, artists, dramatists, and theatrical authorities have helped largely in opening to public consideration the treasure-chambers of the past, so long closed to all save the professional antiquarian. The taste and desire for correctness of detail in painting, sculpture, architecture, costume, and general decoration, so useful and indeed essential to the historian, the novelist, the poet, the artist, and the actor, have, until the present time, unfortunately, been singularly conspicuous in absence from the council chambers of our military hierarchy, whose authorities seem to have gone out of their way to dress and equip the long-suffering and patient "Thomas Atkins," in the most inartistic, hideous, and uncomfortable garments.

Changes in the fashion of our soldiers' clothing and accoutrements have, in the memory of our present generation and that of our fathers, been most frequent. After the Crimean war came a Gallic mania in regard to the cut of our uniforms, which lasted until Prussia came to the front and avenged Jena by Sedan, Metz and the occupation of Paris, and the Frank then had to give place to the German, as our *type militaire* in sartorial reform. South Africa, the Indian Mutiny, China, Abyssinia, Ashantee, Afghanistan, Zululand, the Transvaal and Egypt, have, since Balacava, Inkerman and Sebastopol, given lessons to our little army, and the truth has slowly dawned upon us that, fighting and marching, as our soldiers fight and march, under the most varied conditions of warfare, especially as regards climate, it becomes advisable to give our men a dress suitable to the requirements of the field of operations. It should be obvious to the dullest comprehension that no experienced traveller selects the same species of outfit for Canada as he would choose for Barbadoes or Mauritius, nor does he intentionally clothe himself for a residence in the Carnatic, in the garments of waterproof he found so comfortable when fishing at Killarney. And yet I can remember the days, not very far back, as a subaltern, I mounted guard in the identical thick-cloth scarlet coatee, gold

embroidered wings, sash, shoulder belt of white enamelled leather, with silver whistle and chain and heavy shako, at Osborne, Isle of Wight, and Port Louis, Mauritius, respectively, the thermometer being at the one place considerably below freezing point, and at the other 100 in the shade! On the first day of May, in those days, every infantry soldier commenced to wear his summer trousers, and, wet or dry, cold or hot, the commander in chief, the Great Duke, invariably set the example by appearing in spotless overalls of white duck.

The Thomas Atkins of the ante-Crimean period was, undoubtedly, heavily handicapped for marching and fighting in his tightly fitting coatee, high leather stock, regulation "ammunition" boots which never fitted him, multiplicity of belts, all requiring pipeclay and no inconsiderable amount of objurgation, and all manipulated by small buckles, which necessitated brass ball and incessant polish, ponderous leathern chako, the usual receptacle of his pocket-handkerchief, pipe and tobacco, bread, cheese, onions, and such other *objets de luxe* as he loved to collect and carry on the march; and encumbered with his heavy "brown bess" and still more heavy knapsack, which required two men to put on and the same number to take off; but, in spite of all these impedimenta, and notwithstanding his invariable routine of diet, consisting of three-quarters of a pound of boiled fresh beef, his ill drained barrack, his badly ventilated sleeping room, and his homœopathic scale of pocket money, usually about one penny per diem, our Thomas fought and marched in consonance with the traditions of his forefathers, who stemmed so long the tide of hireling chivalry at Sanglac, and stood from morn till night in adamantine squares under the leaden showers on the slopes of Mont Saint Jean! From Hastings to Waterloo is a long vista, but, lit up by such memories as Créci, Poitiers, Agincourt, Blenheim, Ramilies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet, Plassy, Quebec, Assaye, Corunna, Talavera, Fuentes d'Onor, Albuera, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, Salamanca, Vittoria, Pyrenees, San Sebastian, Nivelle, Nive, Orthes, and Toulouse; and such names as Edward III., the Black Prince, Henry V., Marlborough, Clive, Wolfe, Wellesley, Moore, Hill, Beresford, Mackinnon, Crawford, and Picton, our "island mastiffs" have shown no degenerate blood, though they have been often ill-clothed, badly armed, and roughly fed.

Since the Peninsular War, while an improvement has been gradual and steady in the arming of our soldiers, as much cannot be said in regard to the clothing and accoutrement. The iconoclast, it is true, has been hard at work with his heavy hand and hatchet, and has succeeded in taking away much that was handsome and attractive; but what has been substituted has been generally ugly to the eye and, too often, unpleasant to the wearer. Let us hope that the present War Office Committee on clothing and accoutrement, may, in their sartorial reforms, show that the

artistic, the picturesque and the serviceable are not incompatible. That this can be effected without discarding our national colour, I venture to maintain and propose to show later on. Our army must necessarily be numerically less than that of any Continental nation, but so long as we feed its ranks by purely voluntary enlistment we shall find it expedient to attire our "fighting machine" in a becoming, attractive and useful manner. Armour has given place to feathers, lace, velvet, and embroidery, while they, in turn have been supplanted by plain broad-cloth and serge. Starch, pipeclay, pomatum, powder, pig-tails, leather stocks, lace cravats, gold and silver trimming, and clouded canes, have become obsolete and *rococo*, under the pen and pencil of the caricaturist; but I speak under favour when I venture to opine, that all

"This gay and tinkling trashery,
Of sabretache and spur;
This walking haberdashery
Of feathers, lace and fur,"

were not altogether useless in their days. The old law, which asserts that "cleanliness is next to godliness" is not wholly erroneous, and is, I believe, peculiarly appropriate to the soldier, who, like his weapon, should he ever clean, bright and free from rust. The Egyptians, Jews, Assyrians, Persians made war in bright apparel and splendid armour; the Greeks bathed and perfumed themselves before going into battle; the Roman generals, in Rome's best days, gave much attention to the attire of their legions; the ancient Britons, the Gauls, the Franks, the early Saxons, the Danes and Normans, all warlike peoples and instinctive soldiers, were proud of their arms and of adorning their persons in time of war. Scott in *Ivanhoe* gives us a vivid and historically accurate picture of the Norman warrior "dandy" or "swell" of the period, and shows us how the love of dress went hand in hand with the stern mettle of the brave knight. Edward the Black Prince, "Harry of Monmouth," the Chevalier Bayard, Francis I. of France, Gonsalvo de Cordova, the "Great Captain," Sir Walter Raleigh, Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, Prince Maurice of Nassau, Henri Quatre, Condé, Turenne, Luxembourg, Marshal Saxe and the Duke of Berwick were all more or less noted for the fashion of their armour or the bravery of their garments. Brantôme gives an admirable picture of the Spanish army which Phillip II. sent in 1567 to harry the Netherlands, under the command of the terrible Alva. The French chronicler posted expressly into Lorraine to see it pass on its march to Brussels. According to his account, the privates of this "gentille et gaillarde armée" all wore engraved or gilded armour, and were in every way equipped like officers. They were the first troops who were armed with muskets, a weapon destined very soon to astonish the Flemings. "These *mousquetaires* might have been mistaken for princes, judging from the

agreeable and graceful arrogance with which they bore themselves." Each was attended by a servant, who carried his musket for him on the march, and all were treated with extreme respect and deference by the rest of the army as if they had been officers. D'Alve (*Vie des grands hommes*) says of the Duke of Alva's array, "De plus il y quartres cens courtézanes à cheval, belles et braves comme princesses et huit cens à vient à point aussi."

Later on by some fifty or sixty years, we read of the Black Mousquetaires, who formed part of the Household troops, or *Maison du Roi*, of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV.; and William of Orange, with his splendid English and Dutch Infantry, found to his cost, how these *gants glacés* and perfumed exquisites could fight, charging through the solid and stubborn ranks of the allied troops as if they had been walls of paper instead of mail-clad men. The Iron Duke, we all know, loved his dandy officers; Joachim Murat, the son of an innkeeper, the *beau-sabreur* par excellence of the first French Empire and Napoleon's most brilliant cavalry leader; the Earl of Uxbridge, who lost his leg at Waterloo in leading the Union Brigade against the mail-clad cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard; and Lord Cardigan, the finest cavalry officer England ever possessed, were all, off duty, exquisites of the first water, and magnificent in their ideas of military dress and equipment. The Duc d'Aumale, in his spirited and brilliant *brochure*, *Les Institutions Militaires de la France*, gives us a glowing picture of the Spartan-like simplicity of the dress and appearance of the soldiers of the Republic, who from the cannonade of Valma dated their career of victory which carried their armies to Vienna and the Kremlin; but, under the empire, these "sons of fire," as Carlyle calls them, "the adroitest, hastiest, hottest ever seen since Attila's time," grew into the gorgeously clad *corps d'élite*, which carried all before them at Austerlitz, Wagram, Friedland, and against the combined array of Europe, until the fatal eighteenth of June, when the famed and hitherto invincible *Garde Imperiale* saw for the first time, and stood face to face with the English Household troops; Napoleon, plain to simplicity in his own attire, dressed his best regiments in all the pomp of war, and if we wander through the long galleries of Versailles and see therein the magnificent collection of battle scenes and the glories of Horace Vernet's gifted pencil, we shall have ample evidence of the variety and picturesque-ness of the uniform of *la grande armée*.

I cite these examples to show the *prestige* which attaches to the well-dressed soldier, and before we come to the "Thin Red Line," now threatened, I will ask my reader to recall, with me, some past episodes of military dress.

Taking a cursory glance, in chronological order, at the various military forces which the world has seen, since the primeval days when Ismael was cast forth to war upon mankind, we see, in the

earliest records we possess, whether sacred or profane, of the Egyptian, Assyrian, Persian, Greek, Roman, Teuton, Ancient British, and other races, frequent mention of fine linen, brilliant garments, personal adornments of gold, silver, and precious gems, of offensive weapons and defensive armour, and the relics which, from time to time, modern research disentombs from sepulchral caves, the mounds of battle-fields, and even the beds of rivers, show how few, after all, have been the important changes in the apparel and the arms of man during the period of which we have reliable information. History and fashion repeat themselves in a marvellously frequent manner, and egotistic man is continually discovering that what he claims as an invention was known ages and centuries before history was written. Philologists, astronomers, painters, sculptors, architects, and physicians, can return to ancient Egypt to learn the origin of writing; a knowledge of the solar and calendar motions; the art of cutting granite with a copper chisel; of giving elasticity to a copper sword; of moving vast blocks of syenite for any distance; of building arches, round or pointed, with masonic precision, unsurpassed at the present day, and antecedent by 2,000 years to the *Cloaca Magna* of Rome; of sculpturing a Doric column a thousand years before the Dorians were known to history. The craftsman of almost any class can behold, in Egyptian monuments, the progress of his art 4,000 years ago, and, in military organization especially, we shall find that, even at this early period, Egypt was far more perfect than any warlike nation of the middle ages. The military class or caste was held in the highest esteem, and came in rank and order next to the priests or holy men, and the high priest of a god was often a military commander. The soldier was, without exception, a landowner, on the principle that a man who has something to defend will fight well, and Herodotus tells us that each soldier was allowed twelve *arouræ* of land, in return for which he was bound to provide himself with arms and equipment, and be ready at any time for service in the field. Here we have the feudal system at once, but more methodically arranged as direct from the Crown. The strength of the army consisted considerably in archers, whose skill appears to have mainly contributed to the success of the Egyptian arms, as it did in the case of our own ancestors during our frequent wars with France. Ancient Egypt was famous for its breed of horses, and in the various distant expeditions into the interior of Asia made by the monarchs we find that cavalry were largely employed. At Jacob's funeral a great number of chariots and "horsemen" are said to have accompanied Joseph. Horsemen, as well as chariots, pursued the Israelites on their leaving Egypt; the Song of Miriam mentions the horse and his rider in Pharaoh's army; Herodotus represents Amasis receiving the messengers of Apries on "horseback;" Diodorus speaks of 24,000 "horse" in the army of

Sesostris, besides 27,000 war chariots; Shishak, the Egyptian Sheshonk, had with him 60,000 cavalry when he went to fight against Jerusalem, and mention is made in sacred and profane history of Egyptian cavalry employed in several parts of Asia. The Egyptian infantry was divided into regiments and tactical units, very similar, as Plutarch observes, to the lochoi and taxies of the Greeks, and were organized according to the arms they bore. They consisted of bowmen, spearmen, swordsmen, clubmen, slingers, and other corps, disciplined, according to the rules of regular tactics and divided, as in our day, into battalions and companies, while each officer had his peculiar rank and command like the chiliarchs, hecatontarchs, decarchs, of the Greeks; or the captains over thousands, hundreds, fifties, and tens of the Jews. The troops were summoned by sound of trumpet, as with us, marched to battle to the sound of the drum and fife, used battering rams, scaling ladders in attacking fortified places, as in the Middle Ages; had field encampment, as in our modern system of castrametation, from which was copied the Roman camp; their engineers understood regular and field fortification, and nearly all, we learn from Vauban and other modern authorities, as to ramparts, parapets, ditches, scarp, counterscarp, and flanking defence, terrace, glacis, abattis, &c., was known to them. In the delightful pages of Layard we gain an insight to the *vie intime* of the Assyrian nation and its military organisation, and we find there a civilization far in advance of the feudal age. To the perusal of this work by that scholarly actor, the late Charles Kean, we are indebted for the splendour of archæological research and decoration shown in the representation of Lord Byron's magnificent dramatic poem on the stage of the Princess's Theatre some years ago. Josephus gives us an accurate account of the military organisation of the Jews; and Whyte Melville, in the eloquent pages of his *Gladiators* reproduces the siege of the Jewish capital and the details of their army system in the most vivid colours. Their infantry was formed in line from ten to thirty men deep, the archer and slingers occupied the front ranks, with the heavy armed men in the rear. Their regiments were 1,000 strong, divided into companies of 100, in which they fought with the sword, the spear, and the bow.

The Persian infantry, armed at its first creation with only offensive weapons, was composed of large masses of 24 to 30 men deep. Cyrus the Elder reduced this depth to 12, and clothed his men in defensive armour. They were exceptionally strong in archers and cavalry, both light and heavily armed, but we know how easily they were defeated by the Greeks at Marathon under Miltiades, who with 11,000 infantry utterly routed 100,000 of the king's best troops, including a large body of Scythian horse. A hundred and fifty nine years elapse, and we find the Macedonian army of 40,000 infantry and 7,000 horse, under Alexander the Great, defeating Darius of Persia with a host of 1,000,000 foot

and 40,000 cavalry. The Persian infantry, like that of every other people of antiquity before the Greeks, was divided by the decimal, as a base-tactical unit, into bodies of 10, 100, 1,000 and 10,000. I have never understood why we should not do the same, as such method, from its simplicity, would smooth away many difficulties in the preparation of army estimates, accounts, commissariat arrangements, camp and barrack accommodation and the mustering of troops.

The most perfectly scientific military system of the ancients I have always considered to be that of Greece, and the modern *corps d'armée* is but a modification of the Greek phalanx, which was composed of four elementary phalanxes, and constituted an entire army. A complete Greek army consisted of 32,000 men, of which one half were "hoplites," or heavy armed infantry; one quarter "peltastes;" one eighth "psilites," or light infantry; and one eighth "cataphracts," or heavy cavalry. To each army was also assigned a body of light or irregular horsemen. This mass was, as I have said, divided into four phalanges, or *corps d'armée*, and numbered from the right, which was, with the ancients as with us, the post of honour. The defensive armour of the hoplites consisted of a helmet, cuirass, buskins protected by steel, and an oval shield on the left arm. Their offensive weapons were a spear, sixteen feet long, and a sword. In preparing to give or receive a charge, the ranks were closed in and the shields were locked together. The phalangites were clothed in a uniform of deep crimson, and marched to the sound of the fife, with a regular cadenced step. Their light troops were gradually increased until the days of Philip and Alexander of Macedon, when they played a more prominent part than heretofore in the wars and conquests made from the shores of the Bosphorus to the banks of the Indus.

During their war with the Gauls and Samnites, the Romans gradually improved their tactics. They gained experience in every campaign, and never hesitated to borrow from their enemies that which could contribute to their efficiency. The legion, pliant and mobile as the phalanx was solid and impenetrable, was better adapted to the genius of the Roman people, which aimed at universal dominion, and was constantly engaged in long marches and distant wars. The defensive armour of the soldiers consisted of a brazen helmet, surmounted with red or black plumes, which, according to Polybius, had a grand and terrible aspect, a plate of brass covering the region of the heart; a boot bound with iron, to protect the right leg in hand-to-hand combats, and a shield of semi-cylindrical form.

WALLER ASHE.

(To be Continued.)

